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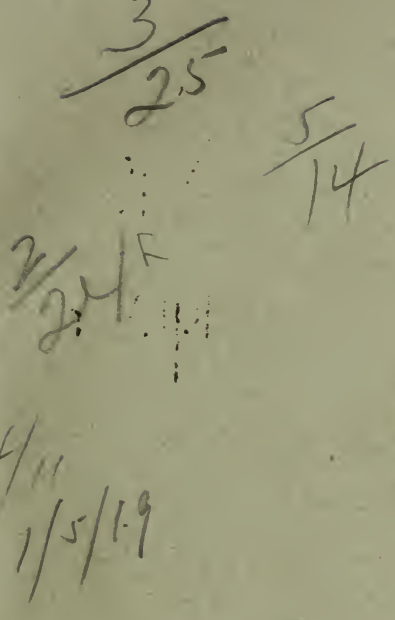

STRAWBERRY SHORT CAKE with MARSHMALLOW SAUCE

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

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Vol. XVIII No. 1

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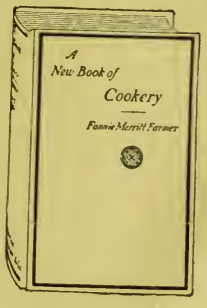

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OF

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Piazza Spreads, June-July

"Muskmelons and grapefruit may be allowed to precede a meal, if served without ice, which certainly impairs their flavor."—Finck.

I

Fresh Strawberries in Halves of Melon
Creamed Chicken, Peas and Peppers
(in chafing dish)
Buttered Biscuit
Frozen Apricots
Sponge Cake
Coffee

II

Clam Broth, with Cream
Chicken Croquettes, Green Peas
Buttered Rolls
Mayonnaise of Lettuce and Tomatoes
Strawberry or Raspberry Ice Cream
Macaroons
Coffee

III

Cold Roast Chicken, Sliced Thin
Creamed Potatoes Asparagus Salad
Buttered Rolls
Rice Bavarian Cream, Strawberries or
Raspberries
Coffee

IV

Cheese Croquettes
Lettuce and Tomatoes, French Dressing
(with Chives)
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Raspberry Shortcake, Hot Marshmallow
Sauce
Coffee

V

Cream of Spinach Soup
Veal Loaf Potatoes Maître d' Hôtel
Lettuce, with Cherries, in Jelly,
French Dressing
Meringues, with Whipped Cream and
Berries
Coffee

LIVING-ROOM WITH FINE FEATURES

The

Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XVIII JUNE-JULY, 1913 No. 1

An Attractive Living Room

By W. F. H.

THE living-room, in which the family gathers every day, should be the most attractive room in the house, as it is the most important. Combining as it does the functions of parlor and reception-room, library and sitting-room, its manifold uses should lend it a charm of expression, if worked out with painstaking intelligence.

The real essentials are that it should be cleanly, cheerful, and comfortable. When these ends have been gained, it will be surprising if we do not find the room beautiful, provided that we have taken due care to break none of the well-known laws of harmony.

In order to insure perfect cleanliness, in accordance with sanitary standards of the present day, we have discarded in a large measure the heavy and cumbrous hangings which were in vogue only a few years ago. Portières, carpets, and heavy window draperies are looked upon with disfavor, and in their place we have rugs and washable hangings.

To promote cheerfulness, we prefer a light, trim and inconspicuous wall covering, with restful lines and effects in both furnishings and architecture. We choose cheerful subjects in pictures. We tone up dark and sombre colorings with touches bright and attractive.

In making the room comfortable, we find it necessary to use furnishings along Colonial lines, or along those of the modern Mission and Craftsman types. We try to have a fireplace, for warmth and companionship. We favor built-in seats for the bay window and for the ingleside.

The older idea of a number of small separate rooms was a good one for the days when stoves furnished our only heating apparatus; but for the present time, when heated houses are the rule, it will be found more convenient in many cases to throw two or three small rooms into one, by removing partitions. In the case of old houses having front and back parlors, the union of the two by taking down the division will convert the whole into a delightful living-room.

In a house where alterations or repairs are necessarily being made, such a change can well be secured at little additional cost, by having it put into the original estimate. It is well to be sure that the items include such details as built-in seats, bookcases, or china closets, together with wainscoting and cross-beamed ceilings, if they are desired, as the lumping of the details together often effects a considerable saving.

When remodeling is being done, it is well to remember that all the woodwork for a living-room should be plain to the point of severity, especially in houses of moderate cost. Basswood, whitewood, or white pine, make a very good finish

where the trim is to be light paint. If a stain is desired, it is well to use some wood with more beautiful grain, as yellow pine, ash, or chestnut.

The furniture should harmonize with the trim, as far as possible, but good Craftsman lines ought to harmonize with anything; so would good Colonial, and the useful wicker furniture, which can be used in its natural color until we tire of it, and then can be stained green, brown, or mahogany.

In general, a plain wall covering will give most satisfaction in a room of this character, where the number of objects makes an unobtrusive background especially effective. If a paper with a pronounced figure were used here, much of the charm of the room would vanish. A plain effect as a background is absolutely necessary in any room where there are many pictures and much bric-a-brac.

Color combinations are always hard to suggest, but we will suppose that a red room is wanted, to convey the impression of warmth and cheer, while the furniture is mostly oak, of the Mission type. A very pleasant effect would result from combining an ivory ceiling with soft red walls, in plain or two-toned paper. Let the trim be light Flemish, the tiles of the fireplace green, the curtains dull green, the rug a mixture of red, green, and ivory, or tan, with red predominating.

A very good effect for a living-room results from the combination of green with blue, two colors whose blending is most pleasing when done properly. One satisfactory method would be to combine a slate green ceiling with side walls of olive and a trim of olive brown. Choose curtains of Gobelin blue, and rugs and upholstery of green and blue, with a dash of orange.

When blue and green are combined, a third color used sparingly adds to the harmony. Since orange is the complement of blue, its use with blue makes a harmony of contrast. At the same time, it forms an analogous harmony with

LIVING ROOM IN MISSION STYLE

LIVING ROOM, SHOWING STAIRWAY, ETC.

green, because both orange and green are composed in part of the same color, which is yellow.

Now another good way to combine these two colors, and such a combination has enjoyed great popularity this year, would be to combine an old ivory ceiling with Gobelin blue walls and a trim of medium olive. Let the curtains be dull green, and the rugs and upholstery blue, mingled with olive green and a little clear yellow, but with blue strongly predominating. Here we should have a related harmony, instead of a complementary, because green is formed by mixing blue and yellow.

As the piano has to stand in the living-room, and forms its largest piece of furniture, we can sometimes gather valuable suggestions for furnishing from simply considering the kind of wood in its case. Take the instance of a living-room where the piano case is mahogany, and there is also a mahogany table and old-fashioned desk. The white trim shows scars, and the owner is tired of white paint, and also tired of green cartridge paper. She longs for a change, and the room needs renovating.

Now white trim with mahogany furniture is always safe, but if we tire of it, we must not deem it inevitable. There is another combination fully as charming, and that is its union with old rose and silver.

The trim must be gone over in pearl gray enamel, and one coat will suffice, unless the white is badly scarred. Then put on a ceiling paper of pearl-gray with silver stars, and a side wall of pearl-gray ground with very small dull pink roses and gray-green leaves climbing up silvered stripes. Your rug will do. It has green and mahogany predominating, with glimpses of gray and pink. See that all the fixtures are silvered. Put up certains of old rose cotton crepe, and portières of the same material; or, if you prefer the rajah for its uneven weave, get both hangings in that; or get the portières in rajah and the curtains in sheer China silk. The old rose coloring is the vital point; your taste must govern material. See that your couch cover has old rose predominating, shot with green and silver. Let the cushions incline

strongly toward old rose, with mere hints of the other two colorings. The result will be charming.

The cheerfulness of many living-rooms is impaired by the disproportionate hight of the ceiling, when compared with the length and breadth of the floor space. This is a fault more common in city houses than in country homes. It makes less difference in a formal parlor than in any other room in the house, because such an apartment is not marred by distance and stateliness; but a living-room should be cosy and homelike. The housebuilder should see to it that its inviting charm is not sacrificed to undue hight of ceiling.

For those of us who may not build our own houses, but must perforce inherit the mistakes of former architects and occupants, the case is not hopeless. The artful introduction of horizontal lines will do much to reduce this difficulty. The color used in the ceiling can be brought down upon the side wall at least eighteen inches, with a picture molding to cover its joining with the covering of the side wall proper. A wainscoting can be extended up from the floor to a hight of four or five feet and capped by another molding as a finish. There is no room in any house which is not improved by a suitable wainscot, and such is their infinite variety that one may be selected to suit any room, at a cost to suit any purse.

Where the trim is white and the effect Colonial, the plaster between the baseboard and chair-rail can be painted white, like the woodwork, and makes a very good substitute for wainscoting. Another popular substitute is made by laying strips against a burlap backing. Where the trim is chestnut, use chestnut strips about three inches wide, laid in panel effect against a burlap wall-covering of tan or green. Finish by a plain chestnut molding about five feet from the floor. The number of strips and the resulting width of the panels must depend upon the size of the room and the hight of the wainscot, which might better be four feet than five, in case that the room is ten feet high, since we must

COLONIAL LIVING-ROOM

UNIQUE AND OUT OF THE ORDINARY

avoid lateral divisions into halves, as they prove commonplace and monotonous. Wainscoting the wall is perhaps the best method of lowering the apparent hight of the ceiling.

Next to the remote and unfriendly aspect of the lofty ceiling, the greatest drawback to cheerfulness in a living-room seems to be lack of a suitable supply of light, both natural and artificial. Sometimes this is due to prevalence of dark tones in woodwork, wall-covering, and furniture. More often, it results from poorly-planned and inadequate windows. There seems to be little help for this unless we can call in the services of architect or skilled workman, and have one or two good groups of modern windows inserted into the walls of the apartment.

Where this cannot be done, great care should be used to employ a white or very light-colored trim, with yellowish tan for the leading color in wall covering, rugs, and couch cover. Curtains of yellow China silk will do much to brighten up such a room as this, and special pains must be taken not to introduce hangings of heavy weight or of dark colors to absorb the light.

As to artificial light, in a large room, a central chandelier may be necessary, and it must be hung high for safety; but see to it that the side-lights about the room are placed conveniently low, and let the main source of light in your living-room be a large reading-lamp, in an effective situation. Beautiful lamps for such a purpose are now made, to be connected with a supply of gas or electricity, or in country bungalows not supplied with these modern innovations, to be filled with kerosene. The effect of a light placed on a table makes for beauty in the whole living-room. The introduction of this one homelike touch does wonders for the evening appearance of the ordinary apartment.

The appearance of comfort in this room will be much enhanced by the introduction of a built-in seat, either at the window, in a corner, or at the ingleside. A couch is also desirable, in fact almost imperatively necessary, for a living-room, in order to convey a proper sense of ease and informality.

Only chairs that are comfortable should be selected. Too often flimsy caricatures that have no utility and therefore no permanent beauty, are chosen. The best types are those of Mission and Craftsman design.

CORNER OF LIVING ROOM IN HOME OF KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

A Ballad of Too Much Beauty

There is too much beauty upon this earth
For lonely men to bear,
Too many eyes, too enchanted skies,
Too many things too fair;
And the man who would live the life of a man
Must turn his eyes away—if he can.

He must not look at the dawning day,
Or watch the rising moon;
From the little feet, so white, so fleet,
He must turn his eyes away;
And the flowers and the faces he must pass by
With stern self-sacrificing eye.

For beauty and duty are strangers forever,
Work and wonder ever apart,
And the laws of life eternally sever
The ways of the brain from the ways of the heart;
Be it flower or pearl, or the face of a girl,
Or the ways of the waters as they swirl.

For beauty is sorrow, and sorrowful men
Have no heart to look on the face of the sky,
Or hear the remorseful voice of the sea.
Or the song of the wandering wind in the tree,
Or even watch a butterfly.

Ah! Beauty is such a hallowed thing,
So holy a flower in the garden of God,
That none but the holy should dare to look
On the painted page of that sacred book,
Look in the eyes of spring,
Or hear the morning sing.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, *in The Smart Set.*

Mrs. Jessup's Birthday Cake

By Anna W. Morrison

I'LL do it," exclaimed Mary Lydell, as she watched Milly Norton walk briskly down the bricked walk to the street.

Miss Norton, the village dressmaker, had just dropped in a second on her way to the grocery, to tell Mary about Hester Snow's wedding dress and incidentally remind her of another marriage which might have taken place but did not, and for which she had never quite forgiven Mary for stoically refusing to give her a hint as to the reason.

"Mrs. Jessup's seventy years old today," Miss Norton added as she rose to leave. "But there isn't any reason of my telling you that. You're too familiar with the family events, I'm sure." Miss Norton continued insinuatingly as she peered at Mary from a pair of narrow grey eyes.

The entire population of Bethel had watched the courtship of Mary Lydell and Ralph Jessup for several years; then rejoiced when the engagement became a fact. It eagerly awaited the church wedding and feast, which village gossips had set for June two years past. Why Ralph Jessup should suddenly throw up a good position in the bank and leave for the west the villagers were never able to secure an answer. Mary Lydell ignored all questions on this subject and Mrs. Jessup just glared at anyone bold enough to question her. Betsy Liep, the Jessup's hired help, drew her mouth into a mere slit when the subject was referred to by neighbors.

Before the wicket had ceased clicking, as it swung back and forth after Miss Norton had given it a careless push, Mary was in her immaculate kitchen. She slipped an amethyst set ring from her finger and placed it on the little shelf above the kitchen table; then scrubbed her hands thoroughly at the sink.

"Shall it be molasses, fruit, or election cake?" she asked herself as she gave her hands an extra wipe on the roller towel.

Evidently it was the latter, for she lifted the pan of bread dough from the warming shelf where she had placed it for its second raising. Carefully she measured out one pint of the creamy mixture, setting the bowl one side, while she molded four velvety loaves of bread and disposed them in their pans for their third raising. Carefully she arranged them side by side on the warming shelf, then commenced the cake. Into the big gray mixing bowl she dumped the dough, following with butter, sugar and egg yolks; then measured out the cinnamon, cloves, all-spice and grated nutmeg, tapping the spoon against the tin cans to ensure just the correct measurement, which would ensure the delicate flavor that had made her spice cakes famous. As she worked these ingredients into the dough, her thoughts reverted to the eventful day three years ago this month. She was making election cake then and Ralph was bolstering up the door jamb leading to the back yard. He had cut cross lots to tell her that he was willing to eat her election cake forever if she was willing.

Mary's face flushed and burned at the recollection of his words, then she became angry for allowing herself to even think of that day. She stirred the soda vigorously into the milk until a thick foam covered the top. By the time the whites of the eggs were whipped to a froth that resembled newly fallen snow she had regained

her composure.

"It was probably all for the best," she voiced aloud as she larded the paper neatly fitted into the loaf pan. "Ralph was always obstinate, his mother said, so it is just as well we never got any further than being engaged." Mary reached for the little Scotch jar that held the raisins and lifting the lid peered into its depths.

"Land sakes! Not a raisin." She was disgusted with her carelessness. Scraping the dough from her right hand she snatched up the measuring cup and hurried out of the door, across the yard to her next door neighbor.

"May I borrow a cupful of raisins, Martha?" she asked, as she faced Mrs. Chapman, elbow deep in the dish-pan.

"That you may. Is it raisin loaf today?" she asked, as she wiped her hands on her gingham apron as she walked to the cupboard for the jar. "Don't bother about measuring. Take the jar and use what you like."

"I'll only want a cupful as I'm baking election cake. It's for Mrs. Jessup. She is seventy years old today." Mary could have slapped herself as she felt the hot blood rise to her face. She felt Martha Chapman's keen eyes on her as she filled the cup heaping full of the rich fruit. "I thought I'd surprise her with a birthday cake."

"I suppose you'll use those new Boston tubes for the icing. You beat the Dutch for fussing," Martha called after her as she slipped through the hole in the side fence.

"What are you doing up there, Pumpernill?" Mary exclaimed, as she entered the kitchen and spied her sleek black cat perched contentedly on the little kitchen shelf. Pumpernill just opened his yellow eyes lazily and looked at his mistress a moment, then closed them again and settled himself for a nap.

Mary poured alternate layers of the spicy dough over the raisins until the pan was a little more than half full; then placed it on the warming shelf with another pan over it.

Mrs. Jessup was knitting by the sitting-room window when Mary Lydell all smiles pushed the door open and entered.

"I rapped, but as no one seemed to hear I thought you might be away from home and I could leave my package," Mary said apologetically, feeling a little embarrassed under the scrutinizing eyes of Mrs. Jessup.

"Well, Mary Lydell, you are a stranger. Whatever brought you here today?"

"Your birthday," answered Mary as she placed her package on the center table and commenced to unwrap the snowy napkin.

Mrs. Jessup looked up rather surprised. She was pleased, nevertheless, that Mary had not forgotten her birthdays, although she refused to allow Betsy, the hired help, to remind her of them with "fussing."

"Yes, I remember how you used to like my election cakes," Mary continued, as she carried the confection to Mrs. Jessup and placed the dish in her upturned hands.

"My goodness, Mary Lydell, it looks like a weddin' cake. How did you ever do it?" Mrs. Jessup asked as she feasted her eyes on the billowy icing, crimped and fluted in snowy miniature drifts over the round form. In the cavity made by the pan tube was placed a cluster of Martha Washington geranium blossoms.

"Jessica Killip sent me a set of piping tubes from Boston and I have been spending my spare moments making frills and waves like those on Ellen Spencer's wedding cake. I thought I'd surprise you with one of my election cakes dressed up like a wedding cake. I hope it is as good as it looks," Mary added.

Mrs. Jessup assured her that there was no doubt about it. Everybody in

Bethel knew that Mary Lydell never failed with her cakes and pies, without which no social or sale was complete or a success.

"Shall I give it to Betsy to put away?" Mary asked, to hide her confusion at this compliment. It had been so many months since she and Mrs. Jessup had met and visited that it seemed like beginning anew to be acquainted. Mary tried to feel at ease, but there seemed to be a slight strain on both the women's part, although Mrs. Jessup urged Mary to remove her hat and coat and sit down awhile. Mrs. Jessup also refused to allow Betsy to be called.

"I'll attend to putting it away. I want to feast my eyes on it awhile," Mrs. Jessup added as she held it up again to inspect the decorations. Mentally she added that Mary certainly did keep her looks wonderfully well for a woman of thirty-five. She also noted how becoming to Mary's brown hair and eyes was the brown cloth suit and hat, the pink lining and wings of the latter just matching the pink in Mary's cheeks. She wondered what Mary would say, if she told her of another surprise which had come to her that very morning. She did not dare to tell her, yet she wished she might.

"You won't stay away so long, Mary. The days have been somewhat lonely since Ralph went away. There's plenty of company such as it is," Mrs. Jessup said, a touch of pathos in her voice. "It isn't like your own. I've always looked on you as my own."

Mary's face flushed at the mention of Ralph's name. But when Mrs. Jessup spoke of her being one of her own, she nervously pushed her hat to one side, then straightened it again.

"Yes, I'll come again. I've been somewhat busy with Mrs. Koppel. She's had rheumatism so badly and there's no one to look after her, you know. I go there every day to help her a bit. But I'll run in often to see you." Mary added, a pleased look coming into her eyes as they rested on the slight form of Mrs. Jessup. As she closed the door behind her, Mrs. Jessup called Betsy, who raised her hands in astonishment as she viewed the cake.

"My, but where did you get th' weddin' cake?" she queried, placing her elbows akimbo in admiration.

"It isn't a wedding cake. It's my birthday cake. Mary Lydell baked it."

"Umph," puffed Betsy, raising her nose in disdain. "Whatever possessed her to bake a cake today for you? Don't suppose she knows he's comin'?"

Mrs. Jessup shook her head. "No one knows that but you and me. Mary used always to bake election cake for my birthdays. We'll cut it for supper," she added as she passed the loaf to Betsy.

"Then we won't have that yellow sponge?" asked Betsy anxiously as she turned to leave the room. She had put in an hour earlier that morning to concoct one of her famous yellow cakes for this occasion and she was disappointed that Mary Lydell should "butt in," she mentally declared to herself. Her spirits arose when Mrs. Jessup answered that they would have both. "And take the flowers out of the cake so they will keep fresh for tonight when you serve the cake," she added.

At six o'clock Ralph Jessup, whose coming home was a secret between his mother, Betsy and himself, sat down for the first time in two years with his mother to enjoy a "real, homey meal," he explained.

"I'm so glad that you were willing to keep my coming a secret, mumsy. I'll have to be off early in the morning and I wanted this brief time with you and without the whole town calling in tonight," the big, bronzed-faced man declared as he helped his mother to her chair.

Mrs. Jessup nodded and smiled on

her boy as she poured out the fragrant orange pekoe into two of her best gold-banded cups. "That suits me. And Betsy is just as jealous of your short stay as I so that not a soul knows you are here. Your disguise is complete with that beard. Your best friend would never guess who you are." So excited was this mother that she could not eat, but found satisfaction in watching the creamed potatoes, pink ham, sliced thin as a wafer, and flaky biscuits disappear down her boy's hungry throat.

"It seems bully, mumsy, to get home-cooking again after existing on hotel fodder for two years. Two years —it don't seem so long, mother, does it?"

Mrs. Jessup's eyes filled with moisture as she answered that it seemed like a hundred. Then as her son reached for another biscuit she added that he must save room for the cake. "It's election cake, Ralph."

The man dropped the biscuit and smacked his lips like a boy as he repeated eagerly, "election cake. Hookey, mother, I haven't tasted one since I left here." Then jokingly he called at the top of his voice, "Betsy, bring on your cake," again smacking his lips in anticipation of the tidbit as Betsy appeared, bearing on one upturned hand a plate of golden squares of sponge cake, the other holding the election cake, which she reached toward Ralph, who stared at it in wonderment.

"It looks like a wedding cake, mumsy. Where did you get such a fluffy ruffle? Start up your wedding march, Betsy," he added as he lifted the plate to the table, and all three joined in a hearty laugh at his timely jokes.

"That's my birthday cake," Mrs. Jessup announced emphatically, as her son lifted the cake knife and pushed it carefully through the creamy billows of icing; then lifted a generous piece upon a plate for his mother.

"Betsy has outdone herself, this time," he answered as he picked out the cluster of geraniums to lay beside the section. He did not notice the motion of silence which Mrs. Jessup made to Betsy, as the latter was about to correct the impression that she was the author of the wonderful concoction. Then Mrs. Jessup added hastily:

"No, no. You keep the bouquet. Pin them on your coat. I can see them better there."

Between a running comment on how good things tasted; how great the pleasure to be home once more, and what a treasure Betsy was, the slice of cake soon vanished.

"May I, mother?" he asked, balancing the knife over the cake as he looked at the beaming face across the table, knowing what her answer would be.

"All of it, if you wish."

"It's too bad to be a greedy boy and eat all of your birthday cake." He lifted the section to his mouth. "This is the only way to enjoy election cake, mumsy. You can eat any old kind of cake with a fork, but not this." He bit off a generous piece from the point. He chewed a moment on the spicy mixture, then a queer expression spread across his face. He stopped chewing suddenly, clutched his jaw and putting the slice of cake down picked something from between his lips and held it toward the lamp.

"What is it? A tooth?" anxiously enquired his mother.

Ralph scrutinized the object more closely; then answered: "No, it's a ring." He wiped the moist crumbs from the object to examine it to better advantage. His face clouded. He knit his brows into an angry scowl and the blood surged over his face as he recognized the ring. These signs passed unnoticed by his mother as she exclaimed:

"A ring! Then it's for me. Mary

must have intended a double surprise for me."

"Mary! Mary who?" Ralph pretended to be much surprised as he questioned his mother, who was smiling with joy at this latest addition of joy to her birthday surprises, and was holding out her hand for the ring. As she realized that she had given away a secret which she had warned Betsy to keep, she dropped her hands in her lap and faintly answered that it was Mary Lydell.

"She made the cake and brought it over to surprise me this morning. I never was so taken back in my life when she walked in on me as I sat knitting. I hadn't seen her for months, excepting across the street." Mrs. Jessup did not know why she should excuse herself for getting surprised.

"Did she know that I was coming?"

"Oh, no, no," Mrs. Jessup hastily assured her son. "We have guarded it as secret as the grave. But what's the matter," she asked anxiously as she noticed something queer about her son's face.

Instead of replying he stretched across the table to place the ring in her hand. She remembered it. She had assisted her son to select it during a visit at Boston, and she had seen it many times on Mary Lydell's third finger of her left hand. She had selected the ring on account of the little cluster of for-get-me-nots of pearls sunk in the center of the purple stone. Quick to sense the situation she laid the ring beside her plate.

"It is a mistake, Ralph. It isn't meant for me. It slipped from her finger when she mixed the cake. You don't stir election cake. You mix it with your hand."

Early the next morning Mary Lydell was searching the kitchen for her amethyst ring. She remembered taking it from her finger and placing it on the shelf before she mixed her bread so she could not have baked it in the loaves. That is the last she realized seeing it. At the present moment, she was down on all fours beside the kitchen range feeling along the mopboard for a stray knothole in which it might have rolled, if she had been careless when putting it on the shelf.

"Let me help you."

Mary backed awkwardly from behind the range. She was never nervous, but it was surprising to have a deep bass voice sound so near one, and in such an embarrassing position to meet a stranger. She raised herself to her knees before she was able to look up at the intruder who had opened the kitchen door and entered, unannounced.

"Mercy! Gracious!" She recognized those deep-set gray eyes looking at her. She knew the mouth was smiling at her discomfiture, although it was hidden with the mustache and beard. "Why, where did you come from?" She tried to rise to her feet but sank back in a sitting position. Her face reddened beneath his gaze; then it paled. The man towered above her and she saw his eyes twinkle as he asked:

"You were looking for something? May I help you?" Down on his knees beside her he went before she had an opportunity to protest.

"A ring. I baked a cake for your mother yesterday and took off my ring. I haven't seen it since. I must have dropped it on the floor." Her embarrassment was pitable. Ralph Jessup enjoyed it.

"Was it a valuable one?" he asked, making a pretense of searching for it, but keeping his eyes on her face.

"I was very fond of it. It was—a friend gave it—it—" Mary stopped as her voice choked. She was angry at herself for being so upset and before him, too. What if he should find it after all these admissions!

Ralph Jessup had managed to bring himself close beside her. "Mary, is this it?" He opened his closed hand and showed her the missing ring. She reached for it.

"Where did you find it?" Her voice

was filled with astonishment, but she fairly wilted as he replied:

"In my portion of mother's birthday cake you baked."

They gazed at each other a second; then Mary began to laugh, which relieved the situation.

"Pumpernill did it. He knocked it into the dough when I was at Martha Chapman's for the raisins." Mary was still holding out her hand for the ring. Ralph lifted it from his palm with his thumb and finger of the other hand.

"Have you worn it ever since?"

Mary knew what he referred to. She dropped her eyes beneath his earnest gaze. The pink flowed into her face, then became red.

"May I place it in its rightful place again?"

For an answer Mary lowered all her fingers but the third one of her left hand. Ralph Jessup grasped the hand and lifted it to his lips, then slipped the ring in place.

"I was to blame, Mary," he whispered in her ear as he pressed her closely to him. "That wasn't a birthday cake, sweetheart, I knew it was a wedding cake."

The Hardworkers' Monument

By Madeleine Burrage

IT'S funny, but it never struck me as bein' the least bit odd or out o' the way, our moniment, I mean, till the other day Miss Parker, she's my summer boarder, an' the most elegant young lady, she come in an' she says, "Well for New England quaintness, commend me to this town!"

"What now?" I says, real amiable, bein' used to city folks.

"Why," she says, "that monument down in the square that says on it. 'To All the Hard-Workers in This Village Who Have Never Got Any Credit'!"

"Oh," I says, "you mean that!" An' then I had to tell her all about it.

You see, it was this way. Leily Powers had always run our village from the word go, so when she up an' died all of a sudden last fall, an' we was cut off from our guidin' light, so to speak, we had an awful dazed an' left-behind feelin' for a while. An' then, gradual-like, it was borne in upon us that we'd ought to do somethin' real big for her, to show how high we held all she'd done for us. So after a good deal o' backin' an' fillin', we pitched on a moniment, to be set up down in the square, right in the middle, so's it shouldn't be no nearer one store than the other. An' we had Steve Plummer an' Job Perkins down on their knees in the road with their whole stock o' yard-sticks, all het up, measurin' for fear one of 'em would get it an inch his way!

Some wanted a hoss trough, 'cause they said it was useful an' an honor, too, but the rest of us stood firm for a plain moniment, bein' as they always look more elegant an' expensive jest because they ain't no earthly use to a livin' soul! An' besides, the hoss trough didn't seem what you might call awful appropriate, since Leily'd always been skeered blue o' hosses.

So in the end the others come over an' we sent off to the granite works for the stone. It was to be jest square an' plain like you see, an' the letterin' was to be put on after it got here. There were folks that wanted everything done down to the works, but I said no, there ought to be some home talent, as you might say, connected with it, an' Elmer Stevens was jest the man for the job. His

cuttin' is always neat an' creditable, even if his real genius does run toward sign-paintin'.

Well, it come home, an' then things begun to get lively. Everybody thought up a different piece to put on that moniment, an' everybody thought his was far-an'-away the best. Mis' Snow hit on "Gone but Not Forgotten" an' stuck there. Mis' Perkins wanted "Our Leily!" with an exclamation point, which give Maylo Pease the idee for "Noble Woman!!" with two exclamation points! An' Deacon Plummer wrote a thirty-nine verse poem beginning'

"Why is this moniment here, under the sun and the showers?
To show to our children, dear, what a woman was Leily F. Powers!"

which he said he thought could be got on with a little crowdin'.

Things jest capered from bad to worse, till, finally, it come to me the best thing to do was to have only her name an' underneath a list o' the things she'd done for the village. So I told my Hiram to suggest it some night down to the store, an' then, if it met with favor, to call a meetin' of the whole village, an' all make out that list together.

Which he done, an' on the evenin' appinted, at the stroke of seven, we was there in a body. Amos Emery persided. He set up on the platform with a little table, an' a drink o' water, an' paper an' pencil, all ready to write down whatever we said. We'd decided beforehand that we'd begin way back at the beginnin' an' work up orderly, but we was all sort o' hazy 'bout what happened twenty or thirty years ago, so things went sort o' slow at first.

Mis' Plummer offered the Organizin' of the Church Choir, which Leily done when we was jest young things, an', I declare, if we didn't get to gossipin' 'bout what a good time we used to have practisin', till we clean forgot what we was gathered for. But Amos understood his business, an' called out "Order!" real loud, an' we started again.

Mis' Stone put in Organizin' the Sewin' Circle that Leily always said was for the amelioration o' the tiresomeness o' darnin' by yourself, an' Mis' Snow remembered how she planned out Sprucin' up Round the Station, with a little grass an' a flower bed. 'Twas wonderful what a difference it made, an' I've always hoped the sight was grateful to them hot dusty summer travelers. I took down a sweet-william root, I recall, 'specially for the children; they like bright things so.

Well, after that, idees begun comin' thick an' fast, an' Amos was kep' a-writin' so hard that his arm was lame for more'n a week, an' had to be rubbed with hoss liniment every night. Things jest sang, till somebody suggested the Raisin' o' Money for Books for the School House, by havin' a fair for the city folks to come to, an' at that I see Mis' Holcomb squirm, but she didn't say nothin', an' it went on till my Hiram mentioned Gettin' the Church Carpet. At that Myra White riz right up an' she says, all pink, "I'm the last person," she says, "to want to take away credit from the dead, but," she says, "Leily Powers never had any finger in that affair. All she done was to sail in an' get the praise, an' I was glad enough for her to have it, heaven knows! But," she says, "it don't seem quite right to let it be put on everlastin' granite!" An' down she sat. But no sooner had she done so than up riz Maylo Pease. "I never should 'a' mentioned it," she says, all of a tremble, "but for Myra. But," she says, "this is the way the Village Improvement come about. Leily an' a lot of us was up to her house one day when she says, 'This town is a disgrace! Somethin' ought to be done! It needs its hair combed and its face washed!' Well, I went home an' thought, an' the next day I talked it over with others, an' in the afternoon we went over to Leily's an' says 'Let's have a Village Improvement Society, an' you be president.' 'All

right,' she says, 'an' I appint Maylo to look after things!' Which I done, an' was real pleased to have her let me. But that's how it was, an' now I ain't sure—there, I wish I hadn't said anything!" she says.

But she had. An' then it did seem as if everybody was on their feet to once. They'd all thought o 'somethin'! Amos was kep' a-crossin' out an' a-puttin' in till he didn't know where he was at, an' in the excitement he tipped over his drink, an' he got all wore out!

Finally, I got up an' I says, "Now let's calm down. Amos, you read your list, an' then we'll see what we've left out or o-mitted an' put it in *quiet!*"

Amos, he riz, tried to take a drink but there wan't none left after the catastrophe, cleared his throat, looked the paper over front an' back, an' looked again.

"Don't be bashful, Ame," sings out someone.

"I ain't," says he, real cold. "The trouble is, there ain't anything here but what you've crossed out!"

Now wan't that difficult? We didn't know what to do. We jest sort o' sat an' pondered, and gradual-like it dawned on us that we'd been taken in, managed! First, I was mad, an' then it come to me how Leily must 'a' spent her life laughin' up her sleeve. We'd done the work and made her a present o' the credit!

There wan't no more to that meetin', but we had another the next night. There was the moniment on our hands. We didn't like to send it back an' be the laughin' stock o' the whole county, an' yet what could we do with it? That was where some o' the hoss-trough folks came in real disagreeable.

Two or three days passed, an' then I had my inspiration. I reasoned it this way. We'd gotten the moniment for Leily, because we thought she'd done so much for us. Findin' she hadn't, why shouldn't we keep it for ourselves? We'd done all the work, an' never got a speck o' credit yet. Why shouldn't we have that moniment as such?

Lots o' folks disapproved, o' course, at first, but in the end they come around. I made up the words for it myself, "To All the Hard-Workers in This Village Who Have Never Got Any Credit," an' I can't help feelin' it's for Leily, too, in a way, because she may have worked hard, unbeknownst to us, an' we certainly ain't givin' her no credit; we are treating all alike.

A Poetical Laundress

The moon, a tub of yellow gold,
  Is brimmed with sparkling suds,
And, tossed in heaps across the sky
  Like careless fairies' duds,
The little clouds are strewn about—
I wish that I might wash them out.

I'd have a dainty washboard made
  Of amber sunset bars,
A basket, draped with silver gauze,
  And edged with evening stars,
And gaily, in my lunar tub,
The fleecy cloud-clothes I would rub.

With gentle hand I'd rinse them well
  In waves of crystal dew,
And blue them lightly with a mist
  Of palest harebell hue;
Then, evenly along the sky,
I'd spread them, fresh and sweet, to dry.

HARRIET WHITNEY SYMONDS.

Neighborhood Clubs

By Luellen Bussenius

FOR dwellers in the suburbs and small country towns, a neighborhood club is a veritable blessing in disguise. While it is true that many people like solitude, and do not favor or encourage neighborly calls, and "running in at the back door," yet the little club of co-residents must not in any wise be confused with anything of this kind. For in many clubs of this type, organized for the object of lessening the loneliness of dull days, to give a bit of entertainment to the monotony of housework, or to afford some instruction in studies, it frequently happens that the members see each other only on those rare, looked-forward-to days of meeting.

Solitude is not always the best medicine for tired nerves. Even Bacon said that "He who prefers solitude is either God or beast." One surely does become dull from lack of exchange of ideas, if about nothing better than to plan something in the household. It is contact with personality, with other natures, that brightens the intellect, as it is assuredly the humor of some one else that cheers one up. And what with the hum-drum routine of everyday work in the house, in which a woman's work is merely stopped at night, but never done, we all need that ineffable little process of "cheering up." And it is from others that we must get it, for unfortunately one cannot always perform the miracle in oneself.

The Neighborhood Club may meet if for no other purpose than to invite its members to bring their darning, and while performing the monotonous task, to be entertained with social chat. Or once in a while the meeting may be varied by a modest little card party, or a musicale. If the hostess does not wish to spend even the small amount on refreshments, it may be made a "Dutch treat," each member contributing her quarter or her share of the food. Such a slight tax is never objected to.

Such affairs, however, must be determined by the hostess herself. The Club should make no pretentions other than to offer a comfortable cheerful afternoon at one of its member's homes. Its simplicity and lack of attempt to make it elaborate are its main requirements, and it should indeed be a "neighborhood" informal meeting of its members.

Perhaps if one of the members reads well, she could give added pleasure by reading some pretty story aloud, or possibly a tale of travel. Or, the musical member can always add greatly to the entertainment. It need not be much, but each brings its little ray for the "cheering" up.

Many women grow dejected and morose through family cares, sickness and excessive household tasks. We often hear the expression, "Oh, women are always complaining," but we do not always think of how few of these women ever "give up" and leave their duties undone. For a woman's limitations of endurance surpass all understanding, and even when really ill, the whirl of the household duties leave her no time to realize how badly she feels. A "day off" through the week, or fortnight, is better than a doctor's prescription, for such a change and rest tones up the mind as well as the body. If women would try this plan, dismissing from their minds all thoughts of the petty worriments of their homes, and start out on their holiday with a mind clear and free, and open for new impressions, there would be fewer "complaining" women in the world.

The Neighborhoood Club is the open arena for many perplexities, and for numerous theories. Perhaps there is fancy work one likes to work on at odd

times, (darning may be thought too suggestive of its accompanying tasks at home). If so, take the bit of embroidery along, knowing all the time that the work does not need to be accomplished in a certain number of hours, and that you can lazily take your time. And be sure that your mental attitude is right to start with, for if you feel like a culprit stealing a holiday, you will lose all the pleasure in listening to the small news of the community, as well as the plans of friends and the helpful hints in their many suggestions.

Perhaps a popular book may be purchased by each member paying a proportionate share, and in turn, as might be determined by drawing, each could read it aloud at home within a given period, the same as with a library book. Finally, when all have finished its perusal, the author's work may afford delightful discussion for one of the club meetings.

So much the better, if some of the members possess a Victrola or piano-player, whereby an impromptu concert can be given. And for the sake of instruction, a brief sketch of the singer or composer's life may be read. For while we may each pride ourselves on knowing something of the lives of all celebrities, when it comes down to the point, it would be hazy, for these poor brains of ours are crowded with a nondescript collection of good and bad things. And it is chiefly by repetition that one remembers.

The Neighborhood Club takes on its atmosphere from its location. If it is in a mall town, its outlook is more or less limited, yet it can bring in news of the outside world, and help its members over many a thorny path in the days of tribulation and annoyances. Enlivening the week as it does, it strengthens one anew for other combats, and gives new vigor and strength with which to meet burdens.

If the club is formed amid suburbs, its character grows more or less cosmopolitan, in proportion to its nearness to the city. The theme of popular plays becomes the topic for afternoon meetings; little theatre parties are formed to go and see the play, perhaps for one meeting. If the gods are propitious, the husbands are included, and the diversion takes place at night, with, perhaps, a dinner before.

Again, the Neighborhood Club need not be necessarily confined to residents of one particular portion of the town, merely because its name implies that. Its membership, is gained, of course, by invitation, and to a great extent by congeniality; for even if many people dwell side by side in a community, it does not at all indicate any similarity of taste or pursuit.

As a plant unfolds its tiny leaves to the warming influence of the sun, people generally find in the same inexplicable manner others of like desires, and harmony. Like attracts like. A fragmentary word or so leads to the discovery of some strong point in common, and thus are friendships founded. While it is all very well for the sake of the theorists to consider their dictum that people of dissimilar temperament should be allied, yet one must admit that the average person prefers one of similar taste, if it is only for an outing, or for a brief visit. Friends of similar tastes are restful and soothing; a temperament of opposite polarity arouses only by defence, and instead of soothing, one is challenged into activity. There is no common point of understanding, pleasant or otherwise, as the case may be, which is not what one wants for a quiet hour.

The members of the Neighborhood Club should, therefore, have tastes in common, or dissension and strife will surely arise, and its purpose be defeated. For it must always be remembered that its organization is for the purpose of neighborly interests and needs, as well as for companionship. A member must feel that she can, indeed, waive all formality and not "dress up" for the occasion. She must be free to come and go, free

to speak out her mind when a question arises, as well as to dress as she pleases. She would do this in her own home, and the club is only a home issue,—a combination of several homes, where each member has a home privilege.

There are numerous diversions for the afternoon as soon as summer arrives. If one has a garden, an outdoor meeting is pleasant. Little tables for sewing may be placed cozily under the trees, and afterwards be used for serving the refreshments. If the latter are to be served, they may be selected from the fruits that ripen during the month. With cake and iced tea, sherbet or some dainty cooling drink, the needs of the "inner man" will have been attended to. For be it remembered that on the point of refreshments many excellent clubs have gone astray, and if such are to be considered, let it be instituted at the start exactly how far, or how little one can do in this line.

Many hostesses do not relish the idea of having extra food to prepare, even if it is for a club meeting. Especially is this true where one has to do her own work, and lives far beyond the aid of the stores, and other figurative "first aids" in the housekeeping line. Again, one may not be accustomed to these little duties, and hardly knows what to do, or how to do it right. Make the task, therefore, as light and easy as possible. One cannot fail, if these instructions are followed, for remember that even sandwiches alone, with lemonade, cocoa or tea become appetizing under the spirit of kindness and good cheer.

When one has even one friend she is most fortunate. If she has more than one all the better. Neighborhood Clubs form strong ties, and make friends who are willing to lend a helping hand if emergencies arise, and they always do for the majority of us, no matter in what part of the globe one lives. In sickness, bereavement and all dark hours there is ineffable solace in the ministrations of friends and their silent acts of kindness.

The Neighborhood Clubs fits in inconspicuously into the every day life of a community, disturbing nothing from its ordinary routine, merely checking the wheels of the household for an occasional pleasant afternoon. It takes nothing from its members and its return is invaluable; for it gives friends and cheer and offers escape from lonely hours and dull thoughts. Best of all in its miracle-working does its subtle power extend beyond physical boundaries, giving medicine to the mind and to the soul.

Some women living in isolated places almost forget how to laugh, or how to take even small doses of enjoyment. Perhaps the nearest neighbor lives miles away,—a several hours' journey. If so, all the more reason for starting a club for making the acquaintance of other lonely women in the vicinity. Exchange books, plants ideas, words of cheer, and remember, what you give some one else gives back to you in multiple form. Best of all, the touch of a friend's hand is worth far more than the unreckoned count of a hundred acquaintances. That is one reason why I am so enthusiastic over the Neighborhood Club idea!

Transmutation

A grain of sand in an oyster's shell
That it couldn't eject, so it covered it well
With a precious coat which we call a gem,
And deem it fit for a diadem.

A bit of care that the heart lends space—
That love cannot escape, but can outwardly grace
With such royal beauty till all the world
May see how a care can be empearled.

ELEANOR ROBBINS WILSON.

Suggestions on The Artistic Use of Housefurnishings

By Minnie C. Anderson

IN dealing with the artistic treatment of housefurnishings, the *two* essential elements are simplicity and individuality. The modern house of today is apt to be overcrowded with a sameness of furniture, bought because in fashion, and with no meaning for your particular home. You admire the glass cabinet in your friend's large dining room; don't think you need one in your small dining room; you need the space much more.

Fortunately, with the advent of the new Wall Papers, with their one and two-toned effects, there is less of a possibility for unattractive backgrounds for pictures and furniture. Papers in the olive, brown and gray effects are most restful and pleasing to the eye. Green is always satisfactory when used in the darker tones. Unless you are an artist, avoid strong yellow and blue greens, or come to grief as I did. Red and blue papers require careful handling. A red room in a small house will not produce the cheerful effect you wish to attain; while certain gray papers are beautiful in Colonial houses, with broad halls and stairway. A small dark hall, or room papered in gray, has a cold and most depressing effect. The size and height of the room (whether dark or sunny), and the *use* to which it is to be put, must always be taken into consideration.

In an old country house which had sheltered five generations, additions having been built, from time to time, to suit the needs or wishes of its occupants, was a room called the "Garden Room." It extended from east to west, shaded on both sides by elms and locust trees, opening through a vine-covered porch (as its name indicated) into the garden. This room was papered in soft yellow, with ivory-white woodwork, rattan furniture, one or two smaller pieces done over in ivory white; the cushions in yellow, the pictures (all water colors) framed in simple frames of dull gilt. There, life was full of sunshine; you felt it, you knew it.

Another advantage of the one and two-toned effects in wall papers, is that they do not clash with the many colors that are brought out in the beautiful Oriental rugs. These rugs are costly, and we cannot all have them; then choose rugs or carpetings of neutral colors or small figures.

Window draperies add much to the home likeness of a room. If one finds that the white or ecru lace, or net curtains, fail to furnish the room as much as desired, beautiful effects can be obtained in overhangings of cretonne, damask, and soft silks, which harmonize with the wall paper.

Have you ever noticed a sick person, convalescing, wants all the unnecessary things removed from the room? They tire, not rest, the eye; and a pot of ferns, or a blossoming plant, will give more real beauty to a room than vases or knicknacks. If you have boys, you will see, as they grow older, their once prized souvenirs, banners and photographs (designated as so much "truck") are given a general clearing out; a few "specials" being retained. We may not care to pattern from the Japanese, the severe simplicity of their housefurnishings, but we may learn that overcrowding, either in draperies or furniture, detracts rather than adds to the attractiveness of our homes.

Young couples of moderate means have a greater opportunity of adapting their houses to themselves and their needs, than those who leave their furnishings in the hands of a decorator. The result may not be as artistic, but it is much more suggestive. Their houses

cannot be furnished, all at once, but a piece or two of furniture is added from time to time. This, probably, represents some thought and self-denial; and the purchases becomes an event. If true home-builders, they will be careful in their selections.

If one is fortunate in being able to travel, and in having money to spend (be it much or little), reminders of a day's pleasant outing, a city or town visited, will be found in odd bits of tapestry or embroideries, foreign prints and curios, which give a most distinctive touch to certain rooms. The hall is, usually, considered the place for family portraits; yet I have seen living rooms, yes, dining rooms, where an old portrait, or portraits, owing to the skill of the artist, gave the room a dignity quite its own.

If your house is large and you lack suitable pictures for so large a room or hall, you are safe in choosing a paper that furnishes in itself.

When furnishing a room with *old-fashioned* furniture, do not piece it out with *modern,* yet many a modern room owes its attractiveness to the one or two heirlooms it contains.

What shall we do—many of us who go into homes already furnished and are confronted with photographs of the family in elaborate frames, wax flowers or stuffed birds under glass, marble top tables and stuffy dust-collecting chairs? We fail to see in them anything of beauty; but they are valued by their owners, either from association, or money-wise. When you suggest the removal of the photographs to a less conspicuous place, one often hears "the frames cost so much apiece—the wax flowers are quite natural, the birds were shot by so and so—or it was a pet in the family. If you would have your home a beautiful one, love and consideration for other's feelings, must come first; time and tact will do the rest.

Do you recall the story of the young couple who received as a wedding present from a maiden aunt, Rodger's group, called "You Dirty Boy" (now used as an advertisement for soap). "What shall we do with it," was ever the question, for it must always be in evidence, lest Auntie should take umbrage. It was broken—quite by accident. No one knew how; the pieces were collected and put in a box in the tool room. Months afterward, the old gardener called the mistress to the tool house; and, with a face beaming with pleasure, showed her the carefully mended group, "with never a piece missing ma'am."

Warning: If, quite by accident, you break anything, be careful what you do with the pieces.

The Honeymoon

When you write a sonnet,
Subject, "Honeymoon,"
Take my word upon it,
You must start with *June.*
Next comes *floral arbor,*
Parson, rice and rings;
Lake George or Bar Harbor,
Saratoga Springs.
Speak of *blissful creatures,*
Hotel, waiter, tip;
These are special features
Of a wedding trip.
Ah, the end of pleasure!
Back to work goes John,
While his little treasure
Ties her apron on!

LESLIE DAVIS.

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HEALTH FIRST

"Health and happiness fulfill the desires of the average individual," says Doctor Joseph Collins, in his "The Way with the Nerves." "The former often exists without the latter, but a considerable degree of health is necessary to the average individual, if he is to be happy. Hence the necessity of avoiding those experiences which rob us of it." Doctor Collins was discussing the subject of alcohol, but what he says is quite as true with reference to too much food, too much meat, tea, coffee, excessive work, injurious clothing, lack of recreation—anything, in fact, which steps in between the "average individual" and the health and the happiness that come from good health.

AN OPPORTUNITY

THIS is the best number with which to begin a new subscription, for the magazine year begins with this, the June-July issue. Our year ends with the May number, which holds a Title Page and Complete Index for the year. This renders the numbers of each year a very valuable cook-book and work of reference, and we find it is largely appreciated. No other culinary publication, of which we are aware, maintains this invaluable feature. We point to our seventeen indexed volumes as a specific work with which there is nothing to compare.

Why not begin now a trial subscription of the eighteenth volume? Each successive volume, we are sure, is better, in every sense, than the preceding. You can not fail to find the magazine of inestimable helpfulness in your home. It will be well worth preserving. We can live without many things, but we can not live without food.

THE BUSINESS OF HOUSE-KEEPING

HOUSEKEEPING is rapidly becoming to be regarded as a profession. The conditions of life are such, today, that efficiency in the home is a necessity. It is now conceded, world-wide, that business of every sort must be prudently and skilfully conducted, in order to avoid inevitable failure and disaster. Method in household management has become a large factor in general economics.

A chief occasion for the present high cost of living is the distance between producer and consumer. Food products are manipulated and exploited too much before they reach the larder of the housewife. From producer to consumer the difference in price of commodities has steadily grown to be excessive. The time has come, it is well said, for the American housewives "to organize for educational, constructive and defensive

work for the home." Among other things it is up to the housewife today, to insist upon sanitary markets and cleanliness in the handling of food, to demand pure food products of all kinds, —products that shall be what they are represented to be, to patronize tradesmen only who comply with the laws, and to demand fair prices for all commodities; in short, to work for honesty, quality, efficiency and a fair deal for all.

There is work enough for women, in the ways of home-making, profitable, beneficial work, provided only that they will take advantage of the opportunities which are presented to them. We want to get into full sympathy and keep up with the progressive spirit of the day.

ECONOMY IN TAXATION

IT is past all comprehension that our legislators and public officials should be so dense as not to realize that people do not take kindly to increase in rates of taxation. As conditions now are, if a legislator wishes to misrepresent his constituency and become odious, let him simply advocate an advance of rates in revenues of any sort or description. The most glaring and disastrous economic blunder of a generation is the fact that, as a people, we have steadfastly set our faces towards high instead of low tariff.

It is now nearly fifty years since the close of our civil war. High tariff was declared a war measure, at the close of which a reduction in tariff rates was promised. Promises have been made since, even pledges to reduce the burden have been given. Up to the present time, however, we have had little else than promises. Instead of a reduction in rates of taxation, through pensions, implements of war, etc., etc., our burdens have been constantly increasing. Finally a tax on incomes is to be imposed, which, it is thought, may not be an unjust means of raising needful revenues.

Now people are clamoring for a revision of the tariff that is, indeed, downward; and they are ready to submit to the result, be it unmixed good or ill. A reduction all along the line is called for. Taxes, unless they be self-imposed, are always odious. Economy is a wise and prudent policy to pursue in public as well as in private affairs.

KITCHEN ALCHEMY

IT is to France chiefly that the world owes this invaluable lesson, which gives to those of moderate means many of the advantages of the well-to-do. In that country the humblest peasant family enjoys palatable meals because the cook is an alchemist who knows how to transmute the baser metals into silver and gold.

The secret of this alchemy lies in the use of the stock-pot, which saves for the table a vast amount of animal and vegetable nutriment and flavor, such as in American cities and on American farms are wickedly wasted.

It is no consolation to know that the British are almost if not quite as foolishly wasteful as we are. But they are beginning to learn of the French. Sir Henry Thompson's "Food and Feeding" sounded a note which is being listened to more and more attentively. A more recent writer comments instructively on "French Thrift and British Waste":

"In a French household such a thing as waste is almost unknown. The positive waste of odds and ends in this country is simply appalling. Look not only under the vegetable stalls in our streets, but also in almost all dustbins, and you will see as much as, if it had been kept clean, might have given health literally to thousands of people.

Besides the outside leaves of cabbages and cauliflowers, and the outside layers of onion skin, there are the peelings of potatoes, turnips, carrots, and apples, and the tops of beet-roots and turnips, and the large outside sticks of celery. In France and other countries these go, as a matter of course, into the stock-pot. In England the stock-pot is scarcely used

at all among the poorer people. It is not too much to affirm that half a dozen changes in the ways of English poor people, including first and foremost the use of the stock-pot, would increase our national prosperity more than our social reformers dream of."—*Food & Flavor.*

THE MODERN HEROINE

Not long ago a friend remarked to me, apropos of the heroine of "A Woman of Genius," that he would have run away from that kind of a woman. Very likely; he was that kind of a man. About the same time I heard an Englishman undertake to tell a New York audience of quite the better sort that, if the ladies insisted on having the vote, men would no longer love them, and he was received with hilarious groans. The remark and the incident brought out for me suddenly the extent to which the stuffing has fallen out of one of the stock bogies with which women used to be terrified into good behavior—the fear that men would no longer find them attractive.

What the feminist revolution of the past few years has proved for us is that men are not so easily frightened away from loving as they thought they were going to be, and that women bear up under their defection much better than anybody supposed they would. Following on this discovery has come a change in the character of the heroine of fiction.

Until within the present generation the prime requirement has been that she should be a charmer of men. She has been ravishingly beautiful, and both the hero and the villain were madly in love with her; this demand for the quality of the enchantress extended even to the villainess, only her charms were of the deadly boa-constrictor sort. And she must be also unmaried. Even Charlotte Bronte, who dared to make Jane Eyre both poor and plain, dared not show her other than able to draw the masterful and caddish Rochester to eat out of her hand.

Perhaps the real cause of the prevalence of the captivating type in fiction is accounted for by our all being more or less under the obsession that forbids women telling the truth about themselves. We are not trained to speak or expect the truth, and the most advanced of us are still occasionally, by reversion, shocked by it. The business of women has, for ages, been held to be to please men, and men do not really care how women feel, but how they make men feel. A woman who can not make them feel the way they are accustomed and wish to feel about her is unwomanly. This is the plain definition of that word. Not by any particular behavior, but by any that gives men sensations at variance with their predilections, is woman unsexed.

She once did it by putting starch in her collar, and in some countries she does it by going about on her own feet. What society has expected of women is not a truthful presentation of herself, but an acceptable one. If she hadn't it by nature, she must be trained and coerced into it.

We are still half-unconsciously under the old racial habit of thinking that, if a woman fails to please men, she fails in all.

But just as women of today are arising to the call of a thing higher than the personal predilection, the call of the genius of the race, so the quality of heroines will rise with them. They will be women fit to be the mothers of men; whether they will also be attractive will depend largely on the quality of the men. What will astonish the particular man is that she will not care so much for his opinion, and what will astonish him even more is that he will go on marrying her just the same, for the genius of the race does not care a great deal for private opinions, either.—*Mary Austin.*

STRAWBERRY SHORT CAKE.

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

Broiled Sardines

DRAIN and wipe one or two dozen sardines; let broil in a well-oiled broiler two or three minutes, turning each ten seconds. Dispose on hot slices of toast. Spread the sardines with maître d' Hôtel butter or pour over them a little cream sauce. A cup and a half of cream sauce will be enough for two dozen sardines.

Broiled White Fish, Mackerel and Bluefish

Oil the broiler thoroughly. Do not have too fierce a fire, as strong heat hardens the fibres very quickly. Cook from fifteen to twenty minutes. Baste with butter once or twice during the cooking. If the fish be thick, the last of the cooking might be done over a dripping pan in the oven. In broiling, turn, after cooking the flesh side ten seconds, the skin side five seconds. With a fork separate the fish from the wires of the broiler, on both sides, then slide to the serving dish. Spread with maître d' Hôtel Butter.

Maître d' Hôtel Butter

(*For broiled fish, steak or chops*)

Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream; beat in half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and, very slowly, a tablespoonful of lemon juice. The heat of the broiled article will melt the butter. For a change add a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley with the seasonings.

Potatoes Maître d' Hôtel

For half a three or four pound bluefish, broiled, to serve three or four people, cut out between two and three dozen potato balls. Let cook until tender in boiling salted water, drain, add half a cup of milk and, when scalded, remove to a cooler part of the stove. Have

ready a tablespoonful of creamed butter mixed with the yolk of an egg, half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of paprika, and a tablespoonful of lemon juice; stir this into the potatoes. When the sauce thickens a little, shake the balls over the fire a moment longer. Dispose in a hot dish or on the dish around the fish. Sprinkle the whole with fine-chopped parsley.

Eggs à la Aurora

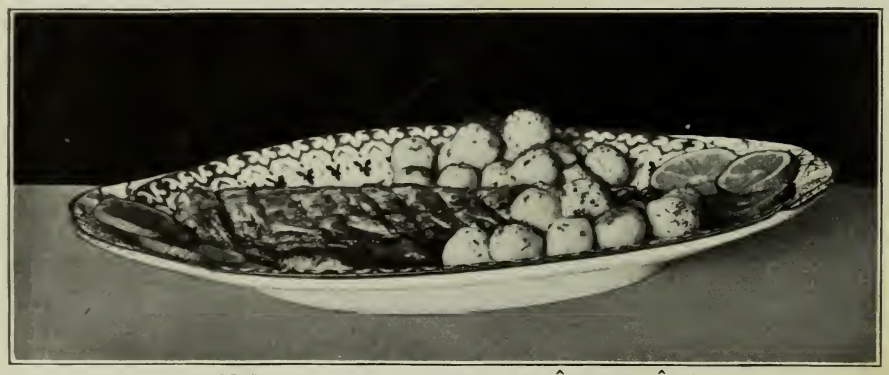
Toast rounds of bread; dip the edges lightly in boiling salted water; spread lightly with butter; set a carefully poached, fresh egg on each slice; over three or four eggs pour a cup of sauce made of two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, three-fourths a cup of tomato purée, and one-fourth a cup of hot cream or rich milk.

Eggs, Canada Style

Select round fresh tomatoes; cut out a piece around the stem end of each, and remove enough of the seeds and pulp to make an opening to hold an egg. Season the inside of the tomatoes with salt and pepper; break an egg in each. Set the tomatoes in an earthen baking dish; pour a tablespoonful of white sauce over the egg in each tomato. Bake in a very moderate oven about fifteen minutes. Pour a cup of hot white sauce around the tomatoes in the dish and serve at once.

Eggs Baked with Cheese

Let four eggs, covered with water at the boiling point, remain on the stove, where the water will keep hot without boiling, half an hour; plunge the eggs into cold water, and when cold remove the shells and cut in thick slices. Have ready about six tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, and a cup of white sauce made with rich milk. Put a layer of the eggs into an earthen baking dish and sprinkle with cheese; continue until both the ingredients are used; pour over the cream sauce; sprinkle on half a cup of cracker crumbs stirred through two tablespoonfuls of melted butter; set into the oven long enough to brown the crumbs.



BROILED BLUEFISH POTATOES, MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL

Stuffed Eggs au Gratin

Pour a quart or more of boiling water over six eggs; let the water boil, then cover and draw to a cooler part of the range (where the water will not boil), to remain half an hour. Let cool in cold water; shell and cut in halves, lengthwise. Remove and sift the yolks. Have ready cooked ham, chicken or veal, one or more, chopped and pounded to a smooth paste. To the yolks, add an equal measure of the meat, half a teaspoonful of paprika, a little mixed mustard, also salt as needed. With this

mixture fill and press together corresponding halves of the eggs. Prepare a cup and a half of bread, tomato or cream sauce. Dispose one half of the sauce in an earthen baking dish; in this lay the eggs and pour over the rest of the sauce. Sprinkle on half a cup of cracker crumbs mixed with four tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Set into the oven, to reheat the whole and brown the crumbs.

Bread Sauce

To one cup and a half of rich milk, add half a cup of fine, soft bread crumbs and half an onion in which three cloves have been pressed. Let cook in a double boiler about an hour, stirring occasionally. Remove the onion, add one or two tablespoonfuls of butter, a scant half-teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, and beat well.

Pilau à la Turque

Blanch one cup of rice; add one-fourth a cup of butter and stir over the fire until the rice has taken up the butter; add three cups of hot chicken or veal broth, half a cup of tomato purée, two branches of parsley, an onion, into which three cloves have been pressed, and a teaspoonful of salt, and let cook until the rice is done. The rice should be quite dry. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook three tablespoonfuls of flour and a scant half-teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika; then add one cup of broth and half a cup of tomato purée; stir until boiling; add one cup, each, of cooked chicken and ham, sliced very thin; let stand over hot water to become hot. Remove the onion and parsley from the rice and dispose

PILAU A LA TURQUE

LEG OF LAMB, ENGLISH OR LOIN CHOPS, RIB OR FRENCH CHOPS

the rice as a border on a serving dish. Pour the meat into the center and serve at once. Tender veal or lamb, or chicken alone, may be used in this dish.

Chicken Timbales

(Cooked Chicken)

Beat two eggs; add one cup of cold, cooked chicken, chopped fine, one-fourth a cup of soft, sifted bread crumbs, half a teaspoonful each, of salt and pepper, and one cup and a half of thin cream or rich milk. Turn the mixture into eight well-buttered timbale molds. Set these, on several folds of cloth or paper, in a pan and surround with boiling water. Let cook in the oven until firm in the center. The water should not boil after the pan is set into the oven. The timbales will take from twenty to thirty minutes to cook. Serve, turned from the molds, with a sauce made of chicken broth and cream.

Cheese Sandwiches

Cut bread in slices one-quarter of an inch thick, remove crusts and trim into small shapes; toast a delicate brown, spread lightly with a cold "rabbit" of any kind and press together in pairs. For afternoon tea, these sandwiches should be very small. For chafing dish suppers or for picnics, larger sandwiches are admissible. Any soft cheese (even the common factory cheese, if it be soft enough to be creamed), may be beaten smooth with a little chili sauce or tomato catsup and used for a sandwich filling.

Cheese Croutons

Cut stale bread in slices one-fourth an inch thick. For luncheon or supper, trim the crusts and leave the slices whole. To serve with soup or salad, cut the slices in narrow finger-length pieces. Spread the bread with butter and cover with thin slices of American factory cheese. Set in a baking dish in the oven to melt the cheese partly. Serve at once. The whole slices are appropriate, at supper or luncheon, with scalloped tomatoes.

MOLDS OF JELLIED HAM AND FISH WITH LETTUCE, ETC. (SEE PAGE 40)

Tomato Cream Toast

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook three tablespoonfuls of flour and a scant half-teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper; then add one cup and a fourth of tomato purée (stewed tomatoes, strained) and half a cup of hot cream. Dip the edge of six slices of toast, one after another, in boiling salted water, then dip into the sauce, and remove to a serving dish. Grated cheese of any kind may be stirred and melted in the sauce if desired.

Lima Beans in Cream

In season use fresh or green beans; at other times canned or dried beans will give fair results. If dried beans are

CHERRY ASPIC SALAD

used, let soak overnight in cold water; wash and drain, then set to cook in fresh water. Simmer until tender, keeping the beans whole and replenishing with boiling water as needed. When cooked the water should be reduced to one or two tablespoonfuls. To about a pint of cooked beans add two tablespoonfuls of butter, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and black pepper, and let cook, tossing meanwhile, three or four minutes; add one-third a cup of hot cream, turn into a serving dish and sprinkle with fine-chopped parsley.

Cherry Aspic Salad

Soften one-fourth a package of gelatine in one-fourth a cup of cold water and dissolve in half a cup of boiling water; add one-half a cup of sugar and stir until melted and cooled a little; then add the juice of two lemons and half a cup of cherry juice; stir in ice-water until beginning to set; then stir in a generous cup of cooked cherries. Turn into individual molds or into a shallow agate pan. Unmold and serve with lettuce hearts and French dressing. Raw cherries, if the skins are tender, may be used, though these would make quite as good a salad without the addition of the jelly.

Rhubarb Bavariose, Charlotte Style

Soften one-third a package of gelatine in one-third a cup of cold water, and let dissolve in one cup and a half of hot cooked rhubarb; add two tablespoonfuls of orange marmalade and stir over ice-water until beginning to set; then fold in one cup and a half of cream, beaten firm. Turn into a mold, lined with lady fingers and sections of orange or candied grape-fruit peel.

Cooked Rhubarb for Bavariose

Cut pink, tender stalks of rhubarb in

BANANA SPONGE

half-inch lengths. Use a scant pound of sugar to a pound of stalks; let cook slowly (without water) until the rhubarb is tender.

Banana Sponge

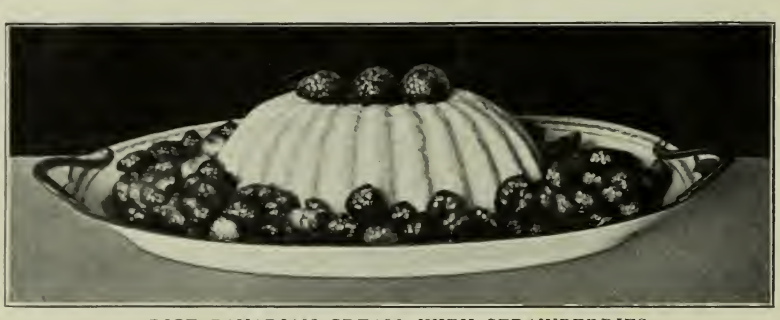
Soften one-fourth a package of gelatine in one-fourth a cup of cold water. Remove the skin and coarse threads from four small bananas, and press the pulp through a ricer. There should be a generous cup of pulp. Scald the pulp over a quick fire; add the softened gelatine and stir until dissolved; add half a cup of sugar and the juice of a lemon, and stir over ice-water until the mixture thickens slightly; then fold in the whites of two eggs, beaten dry. Turn into a mold lined with slices of banana. Squeeze a little lemon juice over the slices of banana to keep them from discoloring.

Pineapple Sponge

Let two cups of grated pineapple and half a cup of water simmer ten or fifteen minutes, then strain through a cheese cloth, pressing out all the juice. Reheat the juice and dissolve in it one-fourth a package of gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water, and two-thirds a cup of sugar. Let chill in a dish of ice and water, then add the juice of half a lemon and the whites of two eggs, beaten dry, and beat until the mixture will hold its shape. Turn into a mold. Serve, unmolded, with sugar and cream or a boiled custard.

Rice Bavarian Cream

Blanch one-fourth a cup of rice, add a scant half-teaspoonful of salt and a cup and a half of milk, and let cook until the rice is tender. There should be about one cup and a half of the rice. Add half a cup of cooked (seeded) raisins or of cooked chestnuts, broken in pieces, or of French candied fruit or preserved strawberries. Soften one-fourth a package of gelatine in one-fourth a cup of cold water and let dissolve over hot water, and add to the rice mixture with a scant half-cup of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla; stir over ice and water until the mixture begins to thicken, then fold in one cup and a half of cream, beaten firm. When the mixture will "hold its shape," (when a spoonful lifted and returned does not run level), turn into a mold. When unmolded garnish with some of the fruit used in the dish, or leave plain. At this season the dish may be made without fruit and surrounded with strawberries mixed with sugar.



RICE BAVARIAN CREAM, WITH STRAWBERRIES

Almond Meringues with Strawberries and Cream

Beat the whites of four fresh eggs dry; then gradually beat in one cup of granulated sugar, and when very firm, take a spoon and beat in half a cup or more of chopped almonds. Lightly tack strips of waxed paper (such as is used in wrapping butter, &c.) on to a board about one inch in thickness; with an oval

dish as a pattern, pencil out oval shapes on the paper. On half of these shapes draw a second line, about half an inch from the first, all around. With a spoon fill the solid ovals with the meringue mixture, making it flat on top. Use a pastry bag and plain tube to fill the narrow oval shapes; dredge all with granulated sugar. Set the boards into a slack oven to let the meringues dry out rather than bake. After three-fourths an hour increase the heat to color the meringues delicately. When baked lift from the paper with a spatula. Press the soft part of a solid meringue and an elongated, ring-shaped meringue together, to form a case. Fill these, at serving, with whipped cream and sugared strawberries. To make in quantity allow one white of egg and one-fourth a cup of sugar for each meringue. A cup of cream and half a box of berries will fill six.

ALMOND MERINGUES, WITH STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM

Strawberry Shortcake

Sift together three cups of pastry flour, six teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one teaspoonful of salt. With the tips of the fingers or two knives, work in from one-third to one-half a cup of shortening; then gradually stir in milk as needed to make a dough a little softer than for biscuit. About one cup and a half of milk will be needed. Spread the dough in two well-buttered pans. Bake in a quick oven. Spread the bottom of each cake generously with butter. Have ready two baskets of berries, hulled, washed, cut in halves, and mixed with two cups of sugar. Put the layers together with berries between, above and around. Serve at once. For a change, serve with hot marshmallow sauce poured over each portion.

Hot Marshmallow Sauce

Boil one cup of sugar and half a cup of hot water five or six minutes, after boiling begins. Do not stir after the syrup boils. Remove from the fire; add

PIECE OF STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE, WITH HOT MARSHMALLOW SAUCE

half a pound of marshmallows and beat until they are melted. Flavor with half a teaspoonful of vanilla, if desired. If serving be delayed, keep the sauce hot over warm water, then add a few drops of hot syrup or boiling water and beat again.

Butter Scotch Pie

Bake pastry rolled as for pie crust on the outside of an inverted pie pan. Prick the paste all over and set it on a tin sheet to keep the edge from contact with the oven. When baked set inside the pan, turn in butter-scotch filling and cover with a meringue, made of the whites of two eggs and one-fourth a cup of granulated sugar. Let bake about ten minutes. Serve when partly or wholly cold.

Butter Scotch Filling

Scald one cup of milk in a double boiler; stir three level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt with half a cup of cold milk to a smooth consistency, then let cook in the hot milk, stirring constantly, until smooth and thick. Cook two tablespoonfuls of butter with one cup of brown sugar until the sugar is soft and bubbly throughout. Do not cook it to caramel. Stir the sugar into the cornstarch mixture, then add two yolks of eggs, beaten light and diluted with a little of the hot mixture. Use when cooled a little.

Jellied Fish, Ham, etc., with Lettuce

Soften one-fourth a package of gelatine in one-fourth a cup of cold water, and dissolve in one cup and a fourth of hot, well-seasoned broth. For fish use fish or chicken broth; for ham or corned beef use chicken or veal broth. Season the broth with carrot, parsley and onion —also sweet herbs if desired. Add about two cups of cooked ham or corned beef, chopped, or the same quantity of cooked fish, separated into flakes. Turn into molds. Serve unmolded, when cold, with lettuce and salad dressing. Cucumbers are good with the fish.

Before filling the molds the letters are outlined with the sifted yolk or chopped white of a hard-cooked egg. In like manner pickles, capers or parsley may be used. See page 36.

HOUSEMAID'S PAIL, READY FOR USE

Menus for a Week in June

"The more trouble you take in kneading the dough, the more bread you will get, and the better it will be. You cannot get anything good without work."

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Strawberries
Broiled Sardines
Maître d' Hôtel Butter
White Hashed Potatoes
Parker House Rolls
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Leg of Lamb, Roasted
Franconia Potatoes
Asparagus Baked Bananas
Rice Bavarian Cream,
Sugared Strawberries
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Cheese Sandwiches
Drop Cookies Stewed Prunes
Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Thin Cream
Scrambled Eggs, Broiled Bacon
Corn Meal Breakfast Cake
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Broiled Loin Chops (lamb)
New Peas
Old Potatoes Cooked as New Potatoes
Rhubarb Pie
Cream Cheese
Tea

Supper
Creamed Bluefish au gratin
French Fried Potatoes
Baking-Powder Biscuit
Dry Toast

MONDAY

Breakfast
Eggs à la Aurore, Radishes
Fried Rice
Whole Wheat Baking-Powder Biscuit
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Pilau à la Turque
Boiled Spinach, with Eggs
Strawberry Shortcake
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Kornlet Custard
Rye-Meal Muffins
Drop Cookies
Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Creamed Salt Codfish Olives
Baked Potatoes
Graham Bread
English Muffins, Toasted
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Tip of the Loin of Beef, Roasted
Mashed Potatoes, Browned
Scalloped Tomatoes
New Turnips Butter Scotch Pie
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Baking-Powder Biscuit
Smoked Fish
Strawberries
Tea Sponge Cake

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Sliced Bananas, Cereal, Thin Cream
Poached Eggs, with Creamed Asparagus
in Ramekins
Dry Toast
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Bluefish, Stuffed and Baked,
Drawn Butter Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Beet Tops
Rhubarb Jelly
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Egg-Salad Sandwiches
Cream Pie
Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Thin Cream
Salt Codfish Cakes, Poached Eggs
Spider Corn Cake
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Hot, Boiled Fresh or Canned Salmon,
Egg Sauce
Boiled Potatoes
Green Peas
Cucumbers, French Dressing, with Chives
Pineapple Sponge or
Shredded Pineapple, Sugared
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Stewed Lima Beans, with Cream
Cheese Croutons
Garden Cress, French Dressing
Tea Cookies

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Strawberries
French Omelet, with Green Peas
Wheat Meal Muffins
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Boiled Corned Beef
Boiled Potatoes
New Cabbage, Boiled
New Turnips, Boiled
Rhubarb Pie or
Scalloped Rhubarb
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Cold Corned Beef, Sliced Thin,
Mustard
Yeast Rolls
Strawberries
Tea

Menus for Boys from 14 to 16 Years Old

Set One

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Boston Baked Beans
Brown Bread Codfish Balls
Milk

Dinner

Old-fashioned Fricasséed Chicken, with
Baking-Powder Biscuits in Gravy
Mashed Potatoes Celery
Pineapple Ice Cream
Sponge Cake

Supper

Milk Toast
Strawberry Preserves
Sponge Cake
Cocoa

MONDAY

Breakfast

Cream of Wheat with Steamed Dates
Scrambled Eggs Bacon
Graham Muffins
Milk

Dinner

Mutton Stew
Canned Peas Boiled Rice
Rhubarb Tarts, with Meringue

Supper

Baked Potatoes, with Cream
Apple, Celery-and-Nut Salad
Cup Custards Cocoa

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Sliced Oranges
Fried Cream of Wheat Maple Syrup
Eggs in Shell Toast

Dinner

Smothered Round Steak
Spinach, Egg Garnish
Mashed Potatoes
Cottage Pudding, Foamy Sauce

Supper

Vegetable Soup
Whole Wheat Bread
Apple Snow, Custard Sauce
Cookies

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Prunes
Beef Hash with Poached Eggs
French Toast

Dinner

Veal Cutlets
Escalloped Tomatoes
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Chocolate Blanc Mange with Cream

Supper

Baked Apples
Cottage Cheese
Graham Bread Ginger Bread
Milk

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Stewed Rhubarb
Creamed Dried Beef on Toast
Baking-Powder Biscuits Honey

Dinner

Pot Roast of Beef
Browned Potatoes
Corn Pudding
Sliced Oranges and Bananas

Supper

Escalloped Eggs
Milk Toast
Cream Puffs

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Pettijohn's Breakfast Food
Omelette
Popovers
Peach Marmalade

Dinner

Boiled Halibut, Egg Sauce
Boiled Potatoes Lettuce
Cornbread
Lemon Pie

Supper

Beef Croquettes
Creamed Onions
Creamy Rice Pudding

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Oranges
Bread Griddle Cakes Maple Syrup
Cocoa or Milk

Dinner

Hamburg Steak
Horseradish
Macaroni in White Sauce
Sliced Bananas and Oranges

Supper

Boston Baked Beans
Brown Bread
Apple Sauce
Cocoa

Menus for Boys from 14 to 16 Years Old

Set One—Simplified

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Boston Baked Beans
Brown Bread
Cocoa

Dinner
Fricaseed Chicken, with Baking-Powder Biscuits
Caramel Ice Cream
Sponge Cake

Supper
Corn Flakes Sliced Bananas
Graham Bread

MONDAY

Breakfast
Cream of Wheat, with Steamed Dates
Toast
Milk

Dinner
Mutton Stew
Boiled Rice
Rhubarb Tarts

Supper
Apple, Celery-and-Nut Salad
Cup Custards
Cocoa

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Sliced Oranges
Scrambled Eggs and Bacon
Graham Muffins

Dinner
Smothered Round Steak
Spinach with Egg
Cottage Pudding, with Foamy Sauce

Supper
Vegetable Soup
Whole Wheat Bread
Sugar Cookies

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Beef Hash
French Toast

Dinner
Veal Cutlets
Escalloped Tomatoes
Chocolate Blanc Mange with Cream

Supper
Baked Apples
Cottage Cheese
Ginger Bread

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Stewed Rhubarb
Creamed Dried Beef
Toast

Dinner
Pot Roast of Beef
Browned Potatoes
Cream Puffs

Supper
Biscuits and Honey
Milk

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Pettijohns Breakfast Food
Popovers
Peach Marmalade

Dinner
Boiled Halibut, Egg Sauce
Corn Bread
Lemon Pie

Supper
Beef Croquettes
Lettuce Salad
Creamy Rice Pudding

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Bread
Griddle Cakes Maple Syrup
Cocoa

Dinner
Hamburg Steak, with Horse-radish Sauce
Macaroni in Cream
Sliced Bananas and Oranges

Supper
Boston Baked Beans
Brown Bread
Apple Sauce
Milk

Boys of 14-16 years require the same amount of food, approximately, as adults leading a moderately active life. The character of the food is not very different either, except that stimulants are forbidden and fried food and pastry, allowed to a limited degree.

In an institution where numbers are to be served, it would be rather difficult to cut down the menus to one or two dishes and appeal to the varying appetites, unless certain foods could always be kept on hand and served as substitutes, such as dry cereals, milk, bread and butter, crackers, etc.

Menus for Boys from 14 to 16 Years Old

Set Two

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Steamed Dates with Cream of Wheat
Soft Cooked Eggs
Graham Muffins Syrup

Dinner

Chicken Pie
Mashed Potatoes
Tomato Salad
Baked Cup Custards
Cookies

Supper

Egg Sandwiches
Potato Salad
Apple Sauce Cake
Milk

MONDAY

Breakfast

Rolled Oats, with Cream
Chipped Beef Gravy
Milk Biscuits and Honey

Dinner

Roast Beef, Gravy
Yorkshire Pudding
Browned Potatoes
Milk Apple Pie

Supper

Cold Sliced Beef
Creamed Corn
Sponge Cakes
Cocoa

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Bananas
Corn Flakes
Griddle Cakes with Syrup

Dinner

Meat Loaf
Escalloped Potatoes
Chocolate Cornstarch Pudding,
with Cream or Sauce

Supper

Macaroni and Cheese
Stuffed Onions
Gingerbread Milk

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Baked Apples
Rice with Cream
French Toast Syrup

Dinner

Pork Chops, Gravy
Baked Potatoes Tomatoes
Rhubarb Pie

Supper

Rice Croquettes
Apple-and-Celery Salad
Berry Sauce Sugar Cookies

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Cornmeal Mush Milk
Scrambled Eggs and Bacon
Plain Muffins

Dinner

Beef Stew and Dumplings
Spinach with Eggs
Baked Apple Dumplings with Cream

Supper

Potato Soup Crackers
Popovers
Peach Sauce
Cocoa

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Fried Corn Mush Syrup
Poached Eggs on Toast
Cocoa

Dinner

Salmon Loaf
Browned Sweet Potatoes
Cabbage Slaw
Apple Tapioca

Supper

Lettuce-and-Egg Salad
Prune Sauce
Hot Cinnamon Rolls
Cocoa

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Pettijohns Breakfast Food
Creamed Codfish
Corn Muffins
Milk

Dinner

Steak and Gravy
Boiled Potatoes Creamed Peas
Cottage Pudding, Chocolate Sauce

Supper

Baked Beans
Brown Bread
Rhubarb Sauce
Currant Biscuits

Menus for a Week in July

"Color and flavor both aid digestion very materially, most especially flavor."—Luther Burbank.

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Raspberries
Spanish Omelet Yeast Rolls
(reheated in paper bag)
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Cream of Asparagus Soup
Chicken Broiled in Oven
Mashed Potatoes, Vienna Style
New Peas
Sliced Tomatoes, Mayonnaise Dressing
Raspberry Sherbet
Sponge Cake (potato flour)
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Spaghetti, Italian Style Lettuce Salad
Baking-Powder Biscuit, Toasted
Berries Tea

MONDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Thin Cream
Chipped Beef, Creamed
(with beaten egg)
Corn Meal Muffins Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Lamb Broth, with Barley
Hot Boiled Ham,
Spinach, with Hard Cooked Egg
Mashed Potatoes Banana Sponge
Drop Cookies
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Lamb, Potato-and-Green Pepper Hash
Sliced Tomatoes
Hot Buttered Toast
Tea Cocoa

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Berries
Calf's Liver and Bacon
Lyonnaise Potatoes
Graham Rolls Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Beef Broth with Spaghetti
Baked Bluefish (Bread Stuffing)
Cucumbers, French Dressing with Garlic
Mashed Potatoes
Buttered Bermuda Onions
Cherry Pie
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Bluefish Salad (New Beets as garnish)
Graham Biscuit
Blueberries
Cake Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Blueberries, Thin Cream
Boiled Rice
Eggs Scrambled with Chopped Ham
Coffee Cocoa Dry Toast

Dinner
Fowl Cooked in Fireless Cooker
Mashed Potatoes
New String Beans
Mayonnaise of Tomatoes
Red Raspberry Shortcake,
Hot Marshmallow Sauce
Small Cups of Coffee

Supper
Tomatoes Stuffed with Mayonnaise
of Chicken and String Beans
Lady Finger Rolls
Grape Juice Punch

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Red Raspberries
French Omelet, Broiled Bacon
Brown Hashed Potatoes
Lady Finger Rolls (reheated)
Boston Brown Bread, Toasted
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Chicken Broth, with Rice
Breast of Veal, Stuffed and Poëled
New Beets, Buttered New Currant Jelly
Bermuda Onions, Buttered
Franconia Potatoes
Prune Jelly, Whipped Cream
Small Cups of Coffee

Supper
Potato Salad Tea Biscuit Sardines
Cream Cake, Chocolate Frosting Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Berries
Eggs Shirred with Veal and Crumbs
Pickled Beets
Boston Brown Bread (reheated in oven)
Dry Toast
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Fresh Fish Chowder
Cucumbers with Chives
Cherry Pie
Cheese
Small Cups of Coffee

Supper
Stuffed Eggs au gratin, Bread Sauce
Baking-Powder Biscuit
Berries Sugar Cream
Tea

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Smoked Halibut Balls,
Cucumbers, French Dressing
Tomato Sauce
Wheat Meal Muffins
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Veal Souffle, Mushroom Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Beet Greens
Pie of Half-Ripe Currants
Cream Cheese
Small Cups of Coffee

Supper
Cream Toast
Cold Beet Greens with
Hard-Cooked Eggs
Berries
Tea

Keeping Well in Summer

By Minnie Genevieve Morse

IT is a curious fact, but one well established, that as one season succeeds another there is a change not only in weather conditions, fashions, and ways of living, but also in the character of the diseases that are most prevalent. In the winter a liberal harvest is reaped by various childish infections, the spread of which is favored by indoor life, defective ventilation, and the closer herding together of humanity, resulting from the opening of schools and the resumption of church and social activities. Then, too, diseases of the respiratory organs enjoy their greatest popularity; colds of all kinds, grippe, bronchitis and pneumonia number their victims by scores and hundreds. With the onset of warm weather, however, these ailments, while not entirely disappearing, cease to be much in evidence, giving place to totally different classes of disorders, among which the most prominent are those that are largely communicated by summer insects, those resulting from the rapid decomposition of food substances, and those produced either by exposure to the sun or great heat, or by eating or drinking when over-heated. These facts once thoroughly understood, the indications are plain as to the direction to be taken in planning a campaign of prevention.

The war against the house-fly will, if continued with unabated energy, unquestionably go far to wipe certain infectious diseases, notably typhoid fever, off the face of the earth. Interest in the misdemeanors of the house-fly is of recent growth, but no one who once realizes that the average number of germs clinging to the legs of a single fly has been estimated at 1,250,000, that many more taken into his digestive tract pass through as active and virulent as before, and that he is equally attracted by food ready for the table and by filth of the worst description, passing often directly from one to the other, will ever willingly tolerate the presence of flies in kitchen or living rooms. Flies travel much further than is generally known, and it is beyond question that many of the cases of infectious disease that appear mysteriously, and cannot be traced to any exposure on the part of the patient, are communicated by these summer pests.

The various forms of malarial fever, which were formerly supposed to be due to the "bad air" of certain localities, and especially to nocturnal exposure to it, are now known to be communicated by, and only by, a certain variety of mosquito. The germs are not carried about on the insect's body, as are the germs of typhoid fever, tuberculosis and infantile diarrhoea by the housefly, but within it; the micro-organism causing malaria goes through a portion of its life cycle

inside the body of the mosquito. A case of malaria can only be produced by the bite of a mosquito which has previously bitten a patient suffering from the same form of the disease.

War to the death against house-fly and mosquito, then, is one of the first essentials for the prevention of illness in summer. Careful screening of doors and windows will accomplish much in keeping both flies and mosquitoes out of the house, but in neither case is it a sufficient protection. Where malaria is known to exist, screened verandas are necessary for safe out-door life, especially in the evenings, when mosquitoes are most troublesome, and if, in spite of care, mosquitoes are found in the house, it is best to protect the beds by netting. A net covering for the baby's carriage is needed even where there is no malaria to be dreaded. Devices to exclude mosquitoes are of course equally effective in keeping out flies, but as the latter are many times more numerous than the former, and are most active during daylight, when the constant opening and closing of doors gives them greater opportunity of access to the house, further measures are necessary. A screened-in back porch, containing near the outer door one of the many varieties of fly-traps, is very effective in preventing flies from entering the kitchen. Fly traps and fly papers can also be used inside the house, if they are kept out of the way of babies and pet animals, but the most effectual way of dealing with flies within-doors is by a faithful use of the "fly-swatter." House-flies multiply with startling rapidity, and in matters of this sort eternal vigilance is the price of safety. Furthermore, the war against both the fly and the mosquito must not be confined to preventing their access to the house and destroying them when there, but must be carried into the enemy's country, the outer world. Uncovered rain barrels and other standing water, which are favorite breeding places for mosquitoes, should be carefully screened, while garbage pails, which will quickly call myriads of flies, should be thoroughly cleansed on the outside, tightly closed, and if possible provided with one of the fly-traps recently devised for the purpose. Out-door privies should be equipped with modern sanitary provisions against the entrance of flies. Chicken houses, stables, and out-buildings generally should be frequently cleansed and whitewashed. It is true that such precautionary measures cost a certain amount of money, time, and trouble, but one serious illness in the household will eat up far more of all three.

Another very common cause of illness in summer is the eating of food in which putrefactive changes have begun to take place. It is not always possible, when one is traveling, living in hotels, or visiting in other people's houses, to know much regarding the source of the food supply, but the housekeeper who herself does the ordering for the family, and keeps watch over the condition of ice-box and pantry, can to a very large extent prevent the occurrence of the poisoning accidents of which one hears so frequently, and which often result so tragically. It may be a temptation to the economical housewife to buy of the butcher whose meat is a few cents less a pound than at the highly recommended market in the next block, but she will do well to make sure of the quality of his wares, especially in summer, when the out-door temperature does not furnish a natural cold-storage system to preserve questionable food. The tradesman who is known to conduct his business in the most up-to-date and sanitary manner is the safest man to deal with, even if one must buy meat a little less frequently. A close watch over the way in which supplies are cared for, after arrival at the house, is also necessary, for many

kinds of food can deteriorate very rapidly in a hot kitchen. Moreover, there are certain articles of which one should be especially suspicious in hot weather, and among these fish holds prominent place. At the seaside, along trout streams, and in other localities where the time between the catching of the fish and its appearance on the table is very short, nothing can be nicer than this kind of food for the summer table; but where this is not the case it is wiser to omit it altogether from the menu in very warm weather.

Fortunately for the housekeeper, her family are really better off with a diminished supply of protein, and especially of the red meats, during the hot months, and the abundant summer fruits and vegetables can take a leading place in the bill of fare. Even these, however, may prove unfriendly under certain conditions. If there is any suspicion that fruit, which is to be eaten without cooking, has met with any uncleanly handling, it should be thoroughly washed before being sent to the table. It may be complained that berries lose something of their flavor by this process, but the injury is negligible compared with the possible results of neglecting such precaution. The danger of serving unripe or over-ripe fruit has been proved so many times that it is unnecessary to dwell on it; but even the best fresh fruit and vegetables should be avoided by anyone suffering from an overactive condition of the bowels. Certain individuals, moreover, are unable to eat certain articles, notably strawberries and tomatoes, without unpleasant effects, such as rheumatic attacks or a skin eruption; these persons should allow no exceptions to their rule of self-denial.

The question of a pure milk supply is one of the most important factors in the summer welfare, in the case of children even more than of adults; and here again the best is none too good for one's household. The water supply in cities is usually safe, in these days, but wells in country places are not always above reproach, while drinking from wayside springs, whose origin is not known, is always a dangerous procedure. A fatal case of typhoid fever known to the writer is supposed to have been due to drinking from a contaminated spring while driving about a country district. Whether in town or out of it, if there is any uncertainty regarding the purity of the water used for drinking purposes, the wisest plan is to drink one of the many bottled spring waters, or else to boil all the water used. If milk is boiled, it becomes very constipating; but if it is merely "pasteurized," or brought to just below the boiling point, and kept there for twenty minutes, all injurious germs in it are destroyed. The necessity for great care in the cleansing of milk bottles, and the danger of giving young children milk that has been allowed to stand about unprotected, are too generally understood by the twentieth century mother to be dwelt upon here.

While cold and especially iced foods are particularly agreeable in summer, there are certain dangers connected with their use which should not be forgotten. On even the hottest day, it is risky to serve a meal at which the greater part of the dishes are ice-cold, for the eating of very cold food retards digestion, and, carried to excess, may cause a serious disturbance. This is even more true of the taking of iced food and iced drinks when overheated; severe illness and even immediate death have been known to result from carelessness in this particular. A medical man once said in the hearing of the writer that ice-water was an insult to the stomach; and when a person has been exercising violently on a hot day, or is thoroughly over-heated by exposure to the sun or

a very high temperature, the shock produced by the hasty drinking of ice-cold fluids or the eating of ice-cream may be a deadly insult not only to the stomach but the whole organism, and the most disastrous results may follow. The drinking of plenty of cool water is of especial value in summer, when the body perspires most freely; but ice-water, particularly when taken rapidly and in large quantities, is good for no one, and those who can teach themselves to drink, instead, water of a temperature differing less violently from that of their bodies, are sure to be the better for it in the long run.

Soft drinks of all descriptions, especially soda water, have an enormous sale in hot weather, and what has been said of drinking cold water when overheated is even more emphatically true in their case, as these popular and delicious combinations of carbonated water, fruit syrups and sugar may work woe to the digestive machinery, where water alone would not do so. Furthermore, young people are often given to treating one another, in turn, to soda water and other iced drinks, thus perhaps indulging in them several times in one afternoon or evening. Even if the strong digestive power of healthy youth preserves them from immediate disaster, such habits may lay the foundation for trouble later in life.

Actual sunstroke is not of very frequent occurrence in temperate latitudes, except among those engaged in laborious occupations, which expose them to the direct heat of the sun or to very high artificial temperatures, and among heavy eaters and drinkers, especially the latter. However, it is by no means unknown under other conditions, and heat prostration, which is quite a different affection, and needs exactly opposite treatment, is very common. Sunstroke,—or, more properly, heatstroke, since direct exposure to the rays of the sun is not necessary to produce it,—is characterized by very high bodily temperature, absence of perspiration, and, usually, unconsciousness. In heat prostration, the body is cool, and the patient pale weak, sick and faint; an attack may be so slight as to produce merely a headache and a sense of exhaustion, or so severe as to cause the patient's death from failure of the heart. In heatstroke the temperature must be lowered by a cold bath, cold wet packs, or the application of ice to the body; heat prostration, on the other hand, should be treated by rest and stimulation, as in the case of faintness and exhaustion from other causes. A person who has once been affected is very liable to a repetition of the experience, and in order to keep in good condition during the heated term, he should, as far as possible, avoid exposure to the sun. Nor is it well for those who have never suffered from this cause to be too confident of their ability to withstand the power of Old Sol's rays.

Playing tennis or baseball, or even golfing or walking, especially bareheaded, under the blazing sun of a midsummer day, when the thermometer is high and the humidity considerable, is not a wise proceeding even for the strongest; and, though children will often continue their out-door play with little regard for the heat, they should be kept in the shade and prevented from engaging in too strenuous forms of amusement during the hottest hours of the day.

The substitution of gas and electric stoves and fireless cookers, as far as possible, for the coal range in the kitchen will do much to prevent danger from working in an over-heated room to those who have in charge the preparation of meals for the household, while the use of gas or electric irons will save not only time and trouble, but much of the discomfort of laundry work, which is, perhaps the most trying of all housework.

Cold Dishes for Hot Days

By Marian C. Kellar

Fresh Fruits Best

FREEDOM from the preparation of hot heavy dishes should be the housewife's declaration of independence during the long summer months. When possible, it is a good plan to follow the custom of the women in the smaller towns, and serve the hot meal at noon, and a cold supper, generally with a creamed vegetable and tea biscuits as the hot dish. Cold sliced meat, salad and fresh fruit complete this sensible menu.

The dishes which custom has made us serve hot, but which can be served cold and made just as tasty, are legion. Nature intended us to eat fruits and vegetables fresh as possible in the summer, as they are more cooling to the blood, and it is popular and sensible to substitute them, especially fruit, as a first course instead of hot soup,—fresh berries, mixture of fruits, sweetened and kept on ice for an hour or two before serving, pineapple, orange, bananas and melons. With a big spoon "eggs" may be scooped from the pink pulp of the watermelon. The effect of the pink eggs on a bed of ice or grape leaves, as a first course, with pink flowers in the center of the table, is cooling in itself.

An appetizing hors d'œuvre for summer consists of two not too thick slices of firm ripe tomato for each plate. To a French dressing, made with half a teaspoon of mustard and an extra drop of vinegar, add fine-chopped watercress until thick; cover each slice and put two together in a sandwich. On top lay an anchovy, curled as it comes from the bottle.

A tasty and beautiful first course for dinner is formed of bananas. Select perfect fruit, pale yellow and without specks, and not too large. Prepare one for each guest. Cut the bananas lengthwise, not separating the two pieces at the stem end, so that a case is formed. Remove the fruit and, with a scoop, make four round balls. Put these back in the skins and pour in as much sweet lemon gelatin as the skin will hold. Lay the lid back and place on ice. When opened the banana looks like a mammoth yellow pea pod. Eat with a spoon. This is, also, good for dessert.

For variety there are baked fruits, peaches, baked just as you bake apples, taking out the peach stones and filling the cavity with chopped nuts, raisins, and sugar. Set the peaches in a pan with a little water and bake. Serve each in an individual glass with whipped cream. Bananas may be baked in their skins for twenty or thirty minutes, then arranged on a hot dish with melted currant jelly, poured over them.

A popular hot weather dessert is to take half of a cantaloupe and fill it with ice cream or ice. Pulled pineapple is always acceptable for a first course or for dessert.

Pare the pineapple, take out the eyes with a sharp knife, then pull the pulp apart, using two forks. Only ripe sweet pineapples should be used. The pineapple shell, when left intact, makes a pretty receptacle for a fruit salad.

Vegetable salad can be made from a small quantity of vegetables. A combination salad for six persons can be made from two tiny heads of lettuce, two or three tomatoes, one cucumber, one green pepper, and a couple of radishes. When the ingredients are sliced thin or chopped fine, they go farther than one would imagine. The odds and ends of fruit left in berry boxes and baskets will combine into a delicious fruit salad.

Making Work Easier

One vital secret of making one's work easier in hot weather is to buy food in small quantities. Let the grocer and butcher keep food fresh in their big ice boxes. Even if you have to make more trips to them, you will have dollars by not having to throw out spoiled meats, vegetables and fruits.

Shun big roasts unless the family is large; small steaks, chops, cutlets, chicken croquettes, veal and beef loaves, sweetbreads, kidney, heart and tenderloins,—these offer a great variety in the way of preparation and are just as wholesome and much cheaper than big roasts; but the less meat we eat in hot weather the better for us. Many housewives only serve meat once a week during July and August. Eggs are the most popular substitute.

Foreigners have learned the art of serving vegetables, cold, with oil, vinegar, chopped parsley and a hint of onion. Asparagus, tomato, cauliflower, string beans, beets and spinach, are the best liked for cold service.

In Place of Meats

One can dispense with meat even at a company luncheon, by making a specialty of some attractive vegetable dish; and this may be served either as a first course or as a salad. Stuffed peppers, tomatoes, and potatoes are popular for luncheon and supper dishes. Here are some rules for the preparation of these dishes.

New Corn Puddings—Grate the corn from one dozen ears, add two eggs, one-half pint of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Bake in individual molds, in a moderate oven, for three-quarters of an hour. Unmold when cool on a large platter, cover with a white sauce and place around the edge a border of tomato fritters, and then a wreath of parsley. The color combination is good and the dish is delicious.

Stuffed Green Peppers—Cut the stem end from green peppers of equal size and remove the seeds and white skin. Parboil and stuff with cooked rice or macaroni, minced chicken or veal, breadcrumbs, and chopped, hard-boiled eggs. Season with minced parsley, onion juice and salt. Moisten with stock. Bake in a pan with a little water until they are tender, but not overdone.

Stuffed tomatoes may be prepared in the same way, with the same mixtures. Stuffed potatoes are a very good dinner dish, also potatoes au gratin; both take the place of meat.

Well-Seasoned Cold Soups

When you get in the habit of serving cold soups, you will never set a dish of hot soup before your family in dog days. The cold soups are really aspic, made of soup stock and vegetables, just as any soup is made and thickened with enough gelatin to give them the proper consistency. Cold soup is served in cups. Chicken comes first in popularity, then tomato, then beef stock. Of course, in preparing soup to be served, it must be well-seasoned, for you wish your family to like it instantly.

Parsley, celery and bay leaves give chicken soup a good flavor, and a bit of red pepper adds piquancy. The water in which the vegetables were boiled, and the creamed vegetables, left over, may be converted into summer soups, cream soups, by the addition of milk and soup stock, thickened.

When the vegetables are used, as spinach, celery, asparagus, peas, or beans, they are first cooked until tender, then rubbed through a fine sieve, and added to the milk and soup stock in the proportion of two cups of vegetable pulp to one quart of soup stock or milk, or half stock and half milk.

Gelatin as an Ally

Gelatin is the housewife's best ally in summer. By its aid she can evolve many delicious cold dishes, but it must always

be flavored to render it digestible and nutritious. Aspic is gelatin made of meat stock. One can make a great variety of vegetable aspics. Boil carrots, lima or string beans, beets and asparagus, and when cold cut them into fancy shapes or dice them. Arrange in layers and cover with the aspic, letting each layer harden a little before arranging the next. When covered with the aspic set away to harden. Chicken, tongue, and other meat aspics are always well liked. If one has only a few slices of chicken, ham and tongue, these can be made into an attractive dish by garnishing the platter with little molds of aspic, hard-boiled eggs, slices of beet pickles, and a border of cress. Everything here is good and nutritious.

Cold boiled fish are delicious when covered with jellied mayonnaise and decorated with capers, beets, lemon points and so on. Cold eggs may be served in a variety of ways during the summer. Little individual ramekins are nice for serving shirred, poached or cold eggs, custards and souffles. There is less waste of foods served in individual forms than from a large dish.

Ideal Hot Weather Menus

An ideal menu for a June luncheon consisted of cold consomme in cups, cauliflower in ramekins, asparagus salad, each tip passed through a ring of pimentos, and served with French dressing. The dessert was a slice of sponge cake over which was poured a sauce made of strawberries, prepared as for shortcake, with creamed butter and sugar. The sauce is poured over the cake at table, so that it has no time to become soggy. Chicken croquettes were also served with lemon sauce.

For a dainty Sunday evening tea the menu may be aspic, cream of pea soup, a fruit salad, toasted crackers and cream cheese, and ice cream served in individual forms, with vanilla wafers. An emergency dessert, and a good one, is quickly made by slicing as many bananas as there are people to serve into a deep glass dish. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and pour over one-half as many tablespoons of lemon juice as there are bananas used. Heap upon the sliced fruit whipped cream, and sprinkle with crystallized ginger, cut in fine straws.

Simple Living

It's perfectly splendid how healthy we feel
Since restricting ourselves to "one thing at a meal."

Now, dear, come to supper; strong bouillon and toast
And think of our neighbors all heavily dosed
With soup, fish, meat, salad, dessert, coffee, cheese,
While we are contented with just one of these.
Do sprinkle some Worcestershire into your cup:
I think that the bouillon needs livening up;

And then spread your toast with this fresh mayonnaise . . . . .
It's fine! I've had nothing so tasty for days;
And wouldn't this mayonnaise go well with pears?
All right! there they are by the chocolate eclairs.

And while you are *up*, darling, reach down those dates
And the walnuts and figs and those two dinner plates—

Fresh cookies? They're up on the shelf in that jar
Where the fruit cake and crullers and gingersnaps are.
Your mother sent over some nesselrode too;
It's awfully rich but I like it—don't you?
Well scoup out your half and then pass it to me
While I brew a pot of that lovely strong tea . . . . .

All finished! and oh, how aesthetic we feel
Just because of our rule of one thing at a meal.

JANE BURR.

Making The Home Comfortable for Summer

By Anne Guilbert Mahon

"I SPEND my summers at home," said a busy woman. "My husband gets no vacation during the summer, and I do not feel like leaving him alone. Apart from a few week-end trips together, and a day's outing once in awhile, I am at home all summer—in the city.

"I manage to keep very comfortable and happy, too. Sometimes I think I am happier than some of my friends who go away for the whole summer and who do not always find the place chosen for their vacations satisfactory.

"I prepare for the summer, however, just as if I were going away, and I try to get all the benefit I can from change. In the first place, I make my home as different as I can from what it is in winter. That provides some sort of a change, you know, even to make the rooms look different, to change the furniture around. I fix my house up especially for summer. I try to make it look as cool and as restful and as comfortable as I can during the hot days, and also to have it in a condition which entails as little labor as possible for me to keep it clean and in order.

"All the heavy draperies I take down in the spring, and I get cool-looking scrim to take their places. A pale tan scrim with light green stripe is very cool and refreshing to the sight. These curtains are easily laundered and kept fresh, too.

"All small pictures and useless ornaments I put away. No bric-a-brac is left out except what we absolutely need—a vase or two for fresh flowers and other things which we use. Dusting a lot of small things each day is very wearying when the hot days come, so I eliminate as much of it as possible; besides, the rooms when not cluttered up with a lot of small things seem ever so much more spacious and cool-looking. Large pictures I cover with very fine netting to keep them from being fly-specked or dust-marked.

"The furniture is covered with cool green and white, striped linen, and I have the rugs sent to the cleaners and cool green matting ones substituted for them during the summer. You would not believe the difference it makes in the appearance of the rooms, nor how much cooler and more inviting they look on hot days.

"At the first approach of warm weather we have our awnings put up, so we can keep the rooms shaded and comparatively cool during even the hottest part of the day. Indeed, when I look around my cool, comfortable, tasteful rooms, on a blazing hot day in August, and think of the stuffy, cooped-up little bedroom I might be occupying in even one of the best summer hotels, and when I contrast my utter freedom and independence with the restricted life in a boarding house, no matter how desirable it may be, I think sometimes that I am a fortunate being to be so comfortable, even if I am obliged to stay at home, in the city.

"I am my own cook, and I prepare for summer comfort in the kitchen just as I do in the rest of the house. With my gas range and fireless cooker I am able to keep my kitchen as cool as any of the other rooms. We believe in eliminating much meat and all heavy, rich, made dishes and pastry from our bills of fare on the hot summer days. Being in town, we have the best choice of all the fresh fruits and vegetables, which to our minds make the most satisfactory meals during the hot days. I always keep on hand a stock of good canned supplies—for use in case of emergencies, if the day should be too

hot to go out to market, or if company drops in unexpectedly. I try to make my work as easy and light as I can by avoiding all unnecessary duties. I realize that everyone needs a vacation, especially in summer, and I try to take one, even if I have to stay at home—in the city. I always have on hand several of the latest books, the current magazines, a bit of attractive fancywork to pick up on warm afternoons when I feel so inclined, just as if I were going to be away. It makes me feel that I am resting and enjoying myself.

"I enjoy the freedom of my home. I can dress as I please. I can do as I please. One cannot always say the same when boarding at some resort. I have the privileges of my bath and shower whenever I wish it. I can seek the coolest spot in the house and stay there as long as I want. I am not confined to one room. On rainy days—and often we have many of them in the summer—I always thank my lucky stars that I am at home, where I can be comfortable, and occupy myself as I please, instead of being forced to spend dreary days in a hotel parlor, crowded with other guests and full of badly behaved children, or in the restricted quarters of a boarding house bedroom.

"There are many compensations for spending one's vacation at home. A woman can get lots of pleasure and real benefit, if she sets about it in the right way, prepares her house, eliminates unnecessary work, takes as many outings as she can and makes the most of them. One can have the vacation spirit, the rest, the recreation, even the change, if one has to stay at home. Experience has taught me how to do it. Any woman can learn and can be happy and comfortable during a summer vacation at home, if she tries."

How Honest Are We?

By Alice Margaret Ashton

WOMAN'S bump of honesty is said to be not so well developed as that of man. It is claimed that a woman does not repose the trust in her fellow woman that one man ordinarily accords another, and, therefore, that an ingrained vein of dishonesty must be a womanly trait.

Whether or not this is true must remain a disputed question. But, since the question is raised, it behooves us, as women, to look carefully to our individual honesty. Little as we like the accusation, there is always the possibility of there being in it a grain of truth. "But dear me," cried a nervous little woman in much distress when the subject was brought up in her presence, "does that mean that we are all liable to start right in some day and take someone's silver spoons or her card basket?"

Appropriating other people's possessions is accorded a dishonesty. Of a multitude of possessions, surely our silver spoons and card baskets are not the most valuable!

Time, to some women, is a very precious possession. Even the housekeeper who considers herself extremely busy can hardly appreciate the value of an hour to some sister who is often combining the duties of wage-earner and home-maker. The appropriating of other people's time is a dishonesty more common among women than it should be. When we say, "I am coming to see you some afternoon this week," or "You may look for me Friday evening, if nothing else comes up," we are making an unnecessary claim upon their

time. Doubtless all of us have experienced the aggravation of remaining at home for an expected visit which never materialized, yet we thoughtlessly inflict the same injustice upon our friends. If the visit is of importance, make a definite engagement and keep it or send an apology sufficiently early to free the second person from all obligation. If it is of no importance, chance it to luck to find your friend at home. It is the only honest way.

The woman who is always late is cheating her friends of many pleasures. If they are to accompany her to a play or a concert, she cheats them out of the first number. If it is a picnic or an excursion, she keeps a whole party waiting—people who have left duties undone which they would have liked to take time to accomplish—while she takes as much of their time as she chooses. She appropriates her hostess' peace of mind, and often her reputation for serving a good dinner. Yet this deliberate woman would be indignant at the very suggestion that this might be called dishonest.

Is it quite honest to take too personal an interest in our friends' affairs unless the information is voluntarily given? Isn't it cheating them of a very precious privacy, which ought to be the right of everyone?

Our judgments are often a great and uncalled-for injustice. We are distinctly enjoined to "judge not," and yet in the face of this positive prohibition, we dare offer our puny judgments on the conduct of our friends, not knowing the circumstances or what is in their hearts.

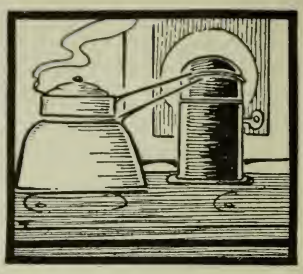
The "best foot" is a much maligned member. In its name are committed many needless deceptions and even unkindnesses. Brave indeed is the woman who makes the best of every circumstance, resolutely going forward with the "best foot" to meet the world cheerfully, carrying a message of strength and inspiration. But how about the strivings, the petty jealousies, the "white fibs?" "We were at Mrs. A's for supper Thursday evening," said a woman to a special friend of Mrs. A's. And it was some weeks before Mrs. B learned, by chance, that the supper was a public one, given for charity. No matter how strong the temptation, this is a weakness of which we should strive never to be guilty. So often a little word, not in itself strictly untruthful, can place us in such false positions with our friends; and nothing else will so soon destroy our confidence in an associate as to observe her employment of these half-deceptions.

Does it seem possible that any nice woman would wish things for which she does not pay? "Mrs. Brown is much offended because I did not invite her to my last party," said a recent hostess, wearily. "But Mrs. Brown has never entertained you," answered her husband, "and you have had her here several times." "I know. But that doesn't seem to make any difference!"

Social intercourse is extremely pleasant, and no one enjoys being "left out," but it carries with it obligations for which we ought to be willing to pay, if we are to enjoy the advantages. If household duties or professional work crowd out our "social flings," we should not condemn our neighbors as unfriendly, because they do not continue to call and to invite us to their teas and dinners. We should expect attention only in those lines upon which we expend our attention.

What is the reason for these little dishonesties of which, to be just, we cannot often accuse our husbands? Is it not more often due to thoughtlessness than to any other cause? Just a little kindly consideration for those with whom we come in contact is the very best remedy, just an occasional putting of ourselves in the other person's place. Since so simple a remedy may be productive of such beautiful results, let us —think!

HOME IDEAS & ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

Drinking Water in the Summer Camp

IN a good many summer camps, it is absolutely necessary to boil all water which is to be used for drinking. That much is easy. But often times the larger problem is to keep enough cooled, ready for use. Especially is this so, when the ice box space is limited.

We have handled the question in this way. From the druggist we obtained three glass bottles which held about two gallons each. You know the kind with large mouths and glass stoppers. Do not get square bottles, as they would be much harder to keep clean and sweet. A large clean cloth is soaked in cold water and wound several times about the bottle. Then the water, which was left standing in the kettle in which it was boiled until partially cooled, is poured into the bottle and this set into a basin containing about six inches of cold water. If these are placed in a shady spot, the water will soon become very cold.

The cloths and bottles must be washed out every day or so, but the whole seems very little work, once the process has become part of the morning's regular duties.

We have often carried water in a Mason fruit jar, wound in a wet cloth, when going out for picnics. If the cloth is kept damp, the water will always be cool. L. S. K.

* * *

The Value of Fruit Juice

AN enterprising country woman, who makes jellies to sell, accomplishes a great amount of work in an easy way by bottling the juice of each fruit in its season, and then postponing the jelly making until the winter season.

It is usually the case that the farmer's wife is very busy just at the time when strawberries, raspberries and blackberries are ripening. The jelly-making would be an additional task.

Mrs. A's method of extracting fruit juices is to heat the fruit in a double-boiler or to stew the fruit with a little water added; in either case strain the juice through cheesecloth (in the usual manner for making jelly). Then the juice is reheated and sealed in glass jars and bottles.

In the fall, when apples are plentiful, she extracts the juice from apples in the same manner and adds berry juice, in the proportion of half and half of each, then the proper amount of sugar and cooks all together to make jelly.

Several fruits, such as currants, gooseberries, quinces and cherries, are so tart that a much better tasting jelly is secured when they are combined with apples.

New and delicious flavors are found by combining different fruits. Crab-apples with pears, strawberries with peaches, rhubarb with oranges and apples, are recommended.

If desired, the extracted juices of strawberries, raspberries or blackberries can be used alone (without apple juice) to make excellent jelly. By can-

ning the juice in the early summer as suggested, the jelly can be made in small quantities during the winter, and the fresh jelly is specially delightful.

Bottled fruit juices can be utilized in different ways. Apple and pear butters and mince meat are improved by the addition of berry juices.

In making fruit cake or plum pudding, half a cup of rich, thick juice from cherries, apples or grapes will give a delicious flavor.

Fruit juice may be used in any viand where a recipe calls for brandy or wine, and the cake or pudding will keep well and be much nicer than if alcoholic preparations are used.

Many persons object to preserves made from strawberries, raspberries and blackberries, on account of the numberless tiny seeds. They will gladly welcome the extracted juice of such fruits, served in small cups or deep saucers, as an appetizer for breakfast, or a dessert course at dinner.

Delicious cooling drinks can be made in the summer time from any fruit juice and water, or lemons may be used in a tempting combination.

Fruit ices are healthful, economical and very popular. Any family can serve them frequently with very little trouble, if bottled fruit juices are on the pantry shelves.

Blackberry juice is excellent for stomach troubles.

Grape juice is the best tonic possible for elderly people and delicate children. At the celebrated "Grape Cures" of Europe each invalid drinks several glasses of grape juice every day and eats very little solid food. N. F. M.

* * *

Housekeeping,—Wise and Otherwise

THAT there is economy in system is proven beyond a doubt. In glancing over the average man's office, one is impressed with the order and completeness of the working outfit. System here is everything; it speaks from the stack of envelopes, from the blotting pad, the stamp box, the set of rules attached to each desk, the clip holding letters to be answered, each marked with a blue pencil for the department for which it is intended. There is no mental digression and consequent loss of time, from having to stop in the thick of work to look up a stray document, for within easy reach is a card index and a cabinet file. The worker's thoughts hold steadily to the subject in mind until finished. There is no laying of work aside for a chat with a fellow clerk, a game of cards, or an afternoon matinée. If such were to happen, woe betide the business, it would soon hasten to the bow-wows.

As in the office, so it is in every line of work in which men are engaged. The first requisite for perfect accomplishment is a complete set of tools; the second is to have them within easy reach. Once a task is begun, it is finished before another one is taken up. One at a time is the rule.

Not so with the average woman, system has little place in her vocabulary. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" seems her favored slogan. Instead of being systemized her energy usually runs riot with resultant disorder. Of her working tools, one may be found here, another there, a long search ensues for a third, and often a poor substitute is used, instead. No wonder that there are so many housekeeping failures, so many inefficient houseworkers, so many dishes with savory promise in the compounding thereof, only to appear later upon the table unpalatable messes; and not only that, but representing a loss of time and money as well. So many tasks begun, then laid aside or discontinued altogether, and others taken up instead! The average woman's distractions are many and various.

"It seems that I can never accom-

plish anything," complained a young home-maker. I am upstairs and down, picking up and turning over things, I never can find what I am looking for; and there's the beds to make, dishes to wash, and windows to clean, I never know what to do first."

She lacked a system, every woman beginning life in her own home should take to her heart an old motto: "Have a place for everything and keep everything in its place;" and it is well to add, have a certain time for every household task, be it washing, ironing, sweeping, or baking.

One need not be a system-fiend to effect a smooth continuity of the household work, for one is likely many times to be interrupted to bind up a little finger, to wipe away the tears, and comfort a child as only a mother can; but one may plan to dispatch the work to the best advantage.

Have certain hours for each daily task and adhere to them. Take each one in succession and see that it is thoroughly finished before commencing the next one. If the attic is to be cleaned on a certain day, clean the attic on that day, and let kitchen and cellar go until you are through; clean from the top of the house downward, not from the bottom up.

Have a shelf or closet, respectively, for the table linen, bed linen, and woolens; keep china, silver and glass, each in its alloted place. A basket is convenient for garments that need mending. Hat boxes, shoe and laundry bags, all lend their quota in keeping system in the ordering of the home.

Have the kitchen well arranged, with every article in a familiar and convenient place, so that when a roast is to be prepared for the oven, a salad or cake to be made, no time is lost in collecting all the implements needed; and take each step of preparation in the order directed, so as to insure a successful termination of the undertaking.

Keep a family account book and a house record. Don't have addresses here and receipts stuffed there, probably in an old teapot. Business men use up-to-date filing systems in their offices; use them in the home and be quick, reliable, and accurate. A bill-hook handy for receipts, large envelopes, for clippings, each labeled as to contents, and a vertical letter file, are all worry saving devices, and go toward making housekeeping a work of pleasure, if not "one glad sweet song."

Keep a strict account of all expenses, each under its proper heading; there is a satisfaction in seeing at a moment's glance "just where the money goes."

Remember that "Order is Heaven's first law," and all these helps make a great whole in the conservation of time and force, which is made a great subject in these days wherever wise men and women meet to discuss the betterment of their sisters, and improvements in the methods of housekeeping. M. C. K.

* * *

Toasted Cocoanut Cakes at a Fashionable Tea-Room

SOME pretty cakes, seen recently, were rounds cut from a sheet of cake as thick as English muffins but smaller in size around. These were frosted with white frosting and covered well with shredded cocoanut. The top was toasted a light brown and garnished with a tiny mound of grated pistachio nuts,—which, for the cookery novice or for those far from city markets, it may be explained, are of a pretty light green color.

Rarebit without Eggs

When eggs are scarce make a nice rarebit, without them. Heat the fine-cut cheese in milk in a double-boiler, and thicken with a little cornstarch; in reality this is a white sauce; season well with red and white pepper, ta-

basco, mustard, a little Worcestershire sauce or whatever is most liked in that line. Try this and be convinced.

Fruit-and-Nut Butter

Apple butter at ten cents a pound, and peanut butter at prices half as much again, serve very well instead of dairy butter at forty cents per pound, and if cows become much more scarce and labor also, we may come in time to making butter from the cocoanut, as do the people of the Pacific islands. Not "cocoa butter" so-called, for this is a by-product of the chocolate tree; but the cocoanut we all know so well, purchasable anywhere. Grate the meat of it and cover with water. Skim off the white fat that rises, and use as butter. It may be churned, by shaking it in a glass preserve jar, or in larger quantities, in churn. By many it is preferred, as surely free from disease; it has been used in some sanitariums of the United States by people familiar with it in the tropics.

Vegetable Suggestions for ... Garden

The fine foreign parsle... unlike our parsley, n... growing tall and sl... bought in Italian mar... also called French ... basil is easily grow...

Chervil may be p... all summer for se... all such things ... herbs; it is far ... seed is not exp... a boon in these ... dening; it rep... ribs are like ... makes a nice ...

D...

Prepare ... very fine, ... it, brown so... medium-sized ... of spinach. ... chicken stock, salt, very little pepper, or none, if not admitted to the dietary, ginger, and a suspicion only of nutmeg, about twice across the grater, no more, and a little onion juice. Heat the spinach thoroughly in this sauce and blend it well.

This comes from a fine suburban housekeeper of one of the middle states, whose guests always ask for her method of cooking spinach.

A Philadelphia housekeeper always uses a rich cream sauce with a suspision of nutmeg, and the spinach chopped as fine as possible. Some people even sift the tenderest young spinach and drain it perfectly dry, so it can be pressed in a mound for garnishing.

We all know the expression, "Company arriving at the eleventh hour," when the housekee... greetings ...

And ...

Something New in Olives

We have not any new kind of olives, but a new way of preparing them for use, that is, slicing them before they are bottled. Instead of paying for a lot of stones and serving the olives whole, now one may buy them all cut in rings, very pretty for garnishing dishes, very handy to help oneself to instead of a cold, slippery oval object sure to roll away unless very securely prodded with an olive fork; and it is very much more easily and gracefully eaten, since a ring may be severed, whereas a whole olive had to be lifted to the lips and nibbled, and then the stone discarded as deftly as possible. It is a wonder we have not had stoned olives before, since comparatively few [illegible] chef at hand [illegible] stone them [illegible] [illegible]cher to [illegible] sure, [illegible]

must have gone out of business long ago; surely the children who hear about him, and the parents who have long read about him, would welcome him almost next to Santa Claus, were he to appear with some of his really-truly English muffins, all hot and toasted!

The English muffin is cooked upon a griddle; it is turned and cooked alike on both sides; it is not the American baked muffin, high and light with baking powder.

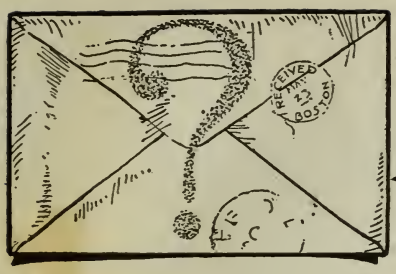
If made of bread dough, it is a muffin; if made with an egg and sweetening and shortening, it is a crumpet, to be very exact; just as a doughnut is raised dough fried in fat, and a cruller a sweet, rich dough fried in the same way.

Muffins may be dropped upon a griddle, or confined there in rings made for the purpose. Sometimes, in the hurry of the American family for [illegible]akfast, and the slowness of the [illegible] of cooking a supply on a grid- [illegible] of the raised batter is put in [illegible] pans and baked in the [illegible] nice thus, and sure [illegible] in the centre. The [illegible] is, first, to cook the [illegible] des and then tear it [illegible] ud toast the center [illegible] with tea.

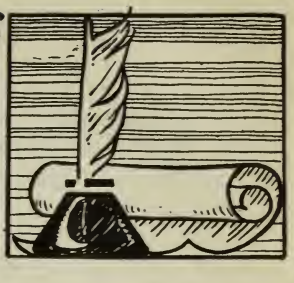
[illegible] re made by using [illegible] d putting one or [illegible] in the center of [illegible] oking. It is bet- [illegible] in this way in- [illegible], since it will [illegible] t the sides or [illegible] baking. These [illegible] very nice for [illegible] night, with [illegible] uce.

[illegible] hioned gra- [illegible] l, but they [illegible]

[illegible] hot cakes [illegible] ew Eng- [illegible] D. C.



QUERIES & ANSWERS



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit $1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

QUERY 2017.—"Recipe for Oatmeal Wafers."

Oatmeal Wafers

Mix half a cup of rolled oats, half a cup of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt; with two knives or the tips of the fingers work in two tablespoonfuls of butter, then add hot water, a few drops at a time, to mix to a stiff dough. Knead slightly, roll into a thin sheet and cut in rounds or squares. Bake in a moderate oven to a delicate amber shade.

QUERY 2018.—"Is anything wrong with the recipe for 'Nut Cake with Caramel-Marshmallow Filling' given in the Feb. 1913 number of the Magazine? I was not successful with either cake or frosting."

Nut Cake, Caramel-Marshmallow Frosting

No; the recipes are just right and give a most delicious cake. Measure the butter carefully. You need the full half-cup. Using bread, rather than pastry, flour, the quantity must be cut down one-eighth of a cup. You say you "stirred the sugar and milk forty minutes"; that was a waste of time, and, of course, a waste of materials. Let the sugar and thin cream (top of milk in bottle) stand on the back of the range, until the sugar is melted, then draw forwards and do not touch it until it has boiled *gently* forty minutes; then beat (not stir) in the marshmallows. Maple sugar will make a still better frosting.

QUERY 2019.—"Recipe for Club-House Sandwiches."

Club-House Sandwiches

For one service spread four fresh-toasted, triangular pieces of bread with mayonnaise dressing. Cover two of these with lettuce hearts; on the lettuce lay thin slices of cold, cooked chicken breast, above the chicken slices of crisp, hot, broiled breakfast bacon, then cover with the other triangles of toast, spread with mayonnaise. Set these on a plate; beside them set two heart-leaves of lettuce, each containing a scant teaspoonful of mayonnaise dressing.

Club-House Sandwiches, Milwaukee Style

- 2 thin rounds of white bread
- 1 thin round of Graham or rye bread
- 4 large oysters, broiled or fried
- Slices of cooked chicken or turkey
- 2 slices of crisp bacon
- Horseradish
- Lettuce
- 4 small sweet gherkins
- 4 small radishes
- 1 slice of lemon
- 1 small tomato
- Sauce Tartare

Dip the bread in beaten egg and sauté to a golden brown in clarified butter. The oysters and bacon should be "cooked to order" and hot. Lay the

first slice of bread on a plate over two or three lettuce leaves. Lay the oysters on the bread, with a grating of horseradish on each oyster, cover with bread; on this lay the chicken or turkey, cut in thin slices; season with salt and pepper; put on the bacon and cover with the third slice of bread. On top lay the slice of lemon, cut square; about this dispose the pickles and radishes. Serve the tomato on a lettuce leaf at the side. Peel the tomato, cut out the hard center and fill with sauce tartare. To make the sauce, add chopped pickles, capers, parsley and onion to mayonnaise.

QUERY 2020.—"Recipe for Melba Sauce to serve with ice cream and sweet dishes."

Raspberry Sauce (Melba Sauce) from Jam

Mix half a cup, each, of raspberry jam and boiling water; add two rounding tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and let boil two or three minutes; strain, to remove the seeds, and when cold add a teaspoonful of kirschwasser.

Raspberry Sauce from Canned Raspberries

Drain the juice or syrup from a can of raspberries and reserve for sherbet or other use. With a wooden pestle press the pulp of the raspberries through a sieve fine enough to hold back the seeds. To a cup of this rather thick pulp add a scant three-fourths a cup of sugar and stir over the fire until boiling. Chill before using.

QUERY 2021.—"Recipe for Euchered Figs."

7 pounds of fruit	⅔ a cup of stick cinnamon
5 pounds of sugar	
1 pint of vinegar	⅓ a cup of whole cloves
1 cup of water	

Make a syrup of the sugar, vinegar and water; skim and add the spices. Scald figs in the syrup on three consecutive mornings; on the third morning put the figs in jars, boil the syrup to the consistency of molasses, and pour it over them. Put the spices into the jars with the fruit. If the figs have tough skins, cook until tender in boiling water.

QUERY 2022.—"Why does the addition of Viscogen to thin cream occasion its whipping?"

Why Viscogen Helps in Whipping Cream

It thickens the cream.

QUERY 2023.—"What is the trouble with Sunshine Cake baked in from twenty to forty minutes? The cake rises to the top of the tin and when baked shrinks one half."

Baking of Sunshine Cake

Increase the length of time of cooking to fifty or sixty minutes. Probably the oven should be a little hotter when the cake is first put in, as it rises too much.

QUERY 2024.—"Why does Rye-meal Bread given on page 612 of the March 1913 magazine fall when put into the oven to bake? Which is preferable, the recipe on page 612 or the one on 620?"

Regarding Rye-Meal Bread

Probably the dough was too light. More flour might be used and it would be less liable to fall.

Preference in regard to the recipes is simply a matter of taste.

QUERY 2025.—"Give recipes for plain and fancy Omelets cooked in omelet pan. Also other uses for omelet pan."

Omelets

(From *"Practical Cooking & Serving"*)

All omelets may be grouped under one or the other of two classes: the French, or the puffy. There are many varieties and modifications of these two classes; but in reality, if these be examined carefully, they will be found to belong to the one or the other group.

The Egg

In most of the recipes given below the whole of the egg is used, but by prefer-

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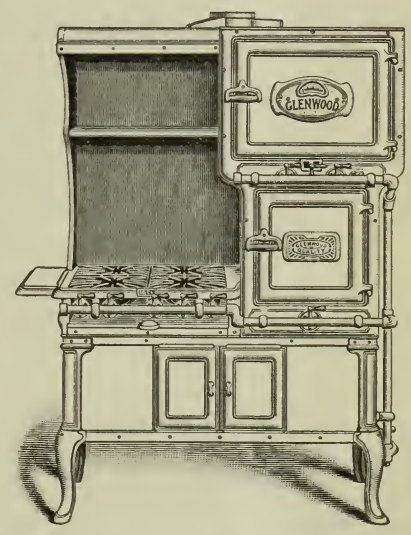
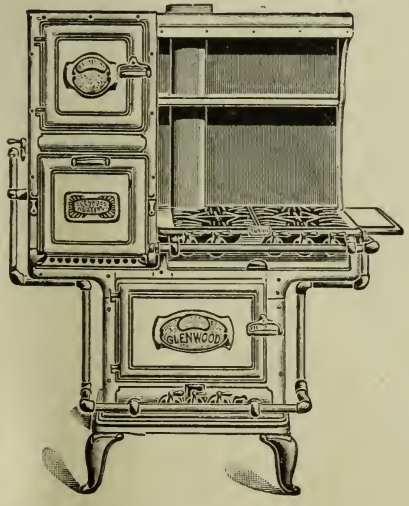
Glenwood Gas Ranges are built for service, and to give the utmost satisfaction and economy to the user. They are acknowledged to be the best constructed and the finest finished gas ranges on the market.



The Linings of the Oven are made of white alumaloyd sheets, a new rust-resisting metal which does not scale, but keeps smooth and lasts with the rest of the range.

The Ovens are heated by two separate burners, which are lighted from the outside by a pilot and as each burner is controlled by a separate gas valve it is an easy matter for the operator to regulate the amount of heat inside the oven.



The Cooking Top is supplied with five burners, three ordinary size, one extra large and one simmering burner.

Popping Back, or flashing at the air-mixer—a most annoying fault with some gas ranges—has been entirely eliminated in the construction of the Glenwood.

As all Supply Pipes are of extra size, the range can be operated where the gas supply is weak, or the pressure is low.

Write for handsome booklet, mailed free, to

Weir Stove Company, Taunton, Mass.

"Make Cooking Easy"

ence the number of yolks should exceed that of the whites, as an omelet more tender and of looser texture results. Thudicum asserts that all cookery books, up to 1840, omit a number, up to half, of all the whites and Kitchiner says that no art can prevent an omelet being hard, if too much of the white be left in it.

The Pan

The pan should be thin, as quick cooking is of importance; it should not be large, as one of the first requisites in a perfect omelet is thickness. The greatest care and skill are needed to secure an omelet in which the eggs are not liquid, but barely set.

Utensil for Serving

A spoon or fork is the proper utensil for serving. If a knife needs be used, the omelet is a failure.

French Omelet

To make a French omelet, break the eggs into a bowl; add as many tablespoonfuls of water as there are eggs, counting two yolks as a whole egg, and for each three eggs, a dash of pepper and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt; beat the eggs with a spoon, or fork, until a spoonful can be taken up; then strain into another bowl. If a mild flavor of garlic be agreeable, rub the inside of the bowl into which the eggs are to be broken with a clove of garlic. Have ready, in the cleanest, smoothest, and thinnest of frying-pans, a tablespoonful of melted butter; into this pour the egg mixture, set on a hot part of the range for a moment, then, with a thin knife, or spatula, separate the cooked portion from the side of the frying-pan, and gently rock the pan back and forth, the side next the handle raised as the pan is pushed forward and the opposite side raised as it is brought back, that the uncooked part may run down next the pan. When creamy throughout, begin at the side of the pan next the handle and roll the omelet, letting the pan rest on the stove a moment, until the omelet is browned slightly, adding a little butter, if needed, and turn on to a hot platter.

Formula for a Three-Egg Omelet

2 whole eggs
2 yolks of eggs
3 tablespoonfuls of water
¼ teaspoonful of salt
Dash of pepper
1 tablespoonful of butter

Puffy Omelet

To make a puffy omelet, beat the whites of the eggs until dry; beat the yolks until light-colored and thick; add to the yolks a tablespoonful of water for each yolk, and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of pepper for each three yolks; mix together thoroughly, and turn over the beaten whites, then cut and pore the whites into the yolk mixture. Have the pan buttered hot as before, turn in the mixture, spreading it evenly over the pan. Let stand for about two minutes, where there is a moderate heat, then set in the oven to cook the top slightly. Just as soon as a knife—thrust into the centre of the omelet—comes out nearly clean, remove from the oven, cut across the centre of the top, at right angles to the handle, fold the part nearest the handle over the other part, and turn on to a hot platter.

Either the plain French omelet, or the puffy omelet may be varied by the use of a filling, or a garnish, or both. The filling, if fine chopped, as parsley, or other herbs, may be mixed with the body of the omelet; though by "filling" we usually mean a little of the desired article chopped fine or cut in small cubes, perhaps mixed with a sauce, sprinkled on to the surface of the omelet before it is folded. When used as a garnish the article is mixed with a sauce and poured about the omelet. Green, or canned peas in white sauce, mushrooms, fresh or canned, macaroni in tomato-sauce, oysters in cream-sauce, fine-chopped ham, or chicken, asparagus-tips, and tomatoes are among the favorite fillings and garnishes.

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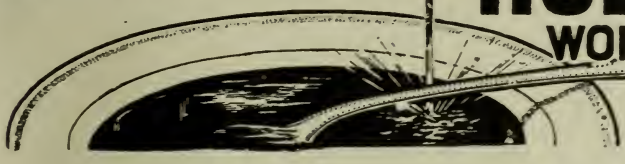
It takes over two years of careful preparation and ageing to produce the full, rich, mellow flavour

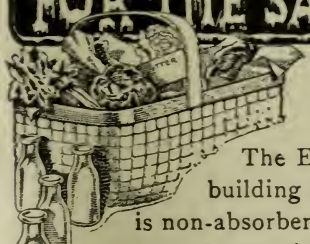
A good wine cannot be made in a day—neither can Holbrook's Sauce.

"It is better to use no sauce at all than a sauce that is not Holbrook's."



HOLBROOK'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

FOR THE SAKE OF THE PERISHABLE THINGS



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Omelets with a Starchy Foundation

Oftentimes an omelet is desired that will keep in good condition a short interval after it has been made. In this case, a thickening ingredient is added to help hold up the eggs. In order to be either wholesome, or palatable, this foundation must be thoroughly cooked before the eggs are added. While dishes of this class are called omelets, they belong more properly to the group of pancakes.

Mrs. Grant's Omelet

1 cup of sweet milk
2 tablespoonfuls of butter
2 tablespoonfuls of flour
½ a teaspoonful of salt
Dash of pepper
5 eggs
2 tablespoonfuls of butter

With the first five ingredients make a white sauce; stir this gradually into the beaten yolks of the eggs, then fold in the whites of the eggs, beaten dry. Melt the last two tablespoonfuls of butter in the omelet pan, pour in the mixture and cook as a puffy omelet. Fine-chopped ham, chicken, oysters parboiled and cut in pieces, mushrooms cut in pieces, etc., etc.. may be added to the sauce with the yolks of eggs.

Rice Omelet

2 tablespoonfuls of butter
2 eggs
½ a teaspoonful of salt
1 cup of warm, boiled rice

Beat the eggs, and add the salt and rice; the grains of rice should be whole and each held separately in the egg mixture; if the rice be very dry, add two tablespoonfuls of milk. Cook as a puffy omelet.

Other Uses for Omelet Pan

To make an omelet, especially a French omelet, successfully, the surface of the pan must be kept in an exceedingly smooth condition, and it is best to use the pan for no other purpose. Rub over with salt before using.

Query 2026.—"Recipe for Bar-le-Duc."

Bar-le-Duc

Take selected gooseberries or currants of large size, one by one, and with tiny embroidery scissors carefully cut the skin on one side, making a slit of perhaps one-fourth an inch. Through this, with a sharp needle, remove the seeds, one at a time, to preserve the shape of the fruit. Take the weight of the fruit in strained honey, and, when hot, add the prepared fruit. Let simmer three or four minutes. Carefully skim out the fruit. Reduce the syrup, at a gentle simmer, to the desired consistency. Pour over the fruit. Then store as jelly.

Query 2027.—"How keep Parsley fresh after coming from market."

Keeping Parsley

Keep in a dish of water just as cut flowers are kept. Cut off the stems after a few days. Renew the water daily.

Query 2028.—"How to coddle an egg."

Coddled Eggs (*Pattee*)

1 egg
½ a cup of milk
1 teaspoonful of butter
1 saltspoon of salt
Speck of pepper

Beat egg in top of double boiler until light; add milk and the rest of the ingredients and stir over boiling water until it thickens; allow it to stand a few minutes after starting to set. Serve on toast or hot rice.

Query 2029.—"How do you make Coffee Extract or infusion for Mocha Filling or Frosting?"

Coffee Extract

Mix a quarter of a cup of ground coffee with a very small portion of egg white and enough cold water to moisten. Add three-fourths a cup of boiling water and boil as coffee. Too much white of egg will hinder extraction of the coffee flavor.

Among Its Infinite Uses-

Statuary
Jardinieres
Vases

Aside from its perfect cleaning of Pots and Pans, Bath Room Accessories, and its numerous other good uses, Old Dutch Cleanser is the finest cleaner for jardinieres, vases and bric-a-brac.

On marble statuary, Old Dutch Cleanser removes that yellow tinge left by common soaps and restores the original whiteness.

All dirt, discolorations, films of smut, and blacking, quickly respond to the powerful dirt-removing and cleaning properties of Old Dutch Cleanser.

It halves the work — halves the time — doubles the satisfaction.

Many other Uses and Full Directions On Large Sifter Can—10c

Caramel for Coloring

QUERY 2030.—"How do you make Caramel to add color to articles?"

Cook half a cup of sugar, stirring constantly, over a quick fire until it liquifies; add half a cup of boiling water and let boil until the caramel is dissolved. Store in a glass jar.

QUERY 2031.—"Recipe for Sardine Mayonnaise to be used with fish."

Sardine Mayonnaise

To one cup of mayonnaise dressing, made in the usual manner, beat in two tablespoonfuls of sardine paste (sardines pressed through a sieve) and one tablespoonful of pimento purée (pimentos pressed through sieve). This dressing is also good with hard-cooked eggs.

QUERY 2032.—"Can you give information of literature on the cost and maintenance of Tea-rooms and the establishment of them? Also a book on Cooking for Tea-rooms?"

Literature on Running Tea-Rooms

We know of no literature on the cost and maintenance of tea-rooms.

A modern, reliable cook-book will give recipes suitable for cooking at tea-rooms.

QUERY 2033.—"When you use broth of chicken for soup please mention ways of using the chicken other than for chicken salad."

Uses for Cooked Chicken

The chicken may be used in croquettes, souffle, creamed, in omelets, molded in aspic, hot and cold chicken sandwiches, and timbales.

QUERY 2034.—"Is it possible to cook fresh Asparagus so the stalks will hold their shape?"

Asparagus Cooked, Yet Firm

We cook the asparagus, tied in a bunch, in boiling water, with the tips out of water. Remove as soon as the tips are tender.

QUERY 2035.—"How cook Endive for greens; and is it necessary to blanch it before cooking?"

Cooking Endive

The flavor will be more delicate, if the endive be blanched before cooking. Cook in boiling water as other greens.

QUERY 2036.—"Do Pistachio Nut Meats need any special preparation or are they used just as they come from the shell?"

To Prepare Pistachio Nuts for Use

Pistachio nuts should be blanched before being used. Cover with boiling water, let boil two or three minutes, drain, cover with cold water, and push off the skins.

QUERY 2037.—"In recipe for Dried Lima Beans, Creole, could strips of pimento be substituted for the green pepper, and would the beans be good without either? Is it not better to parboil Lima beans the same as one does other beans?"

Regarding Lima Beans Creole

Strips of pimento could be substituted for green peppers, and the beans are always extremely good without either.

Lima beans may be parboiled just the same as other beans.

Ordinary dusting scatters but does not remove dust and germs. Use cheese-cloth dampened with tepid water to which a little **Platt's** Chlorides, the odorless disinfectant, has been added. Wring out till dry so that it will not streak the wood work, etc.

Menus for August Luncheons

I.

Peach-and-Pineapple Cocktail
Chaudfroid of Poached Eggs
Hot Pulled Bread
Fried Chicken Green Corn Fritters
Sweet Pickled Figs, or
Garden Cress, French Dressing
Canned Apricots, Frozen
Coffee

II.

Celery Relish
Browned Crackers
Baked Turbans of Halibut, Potato Balls
Beets Stuffed with Chopped Cucumbers,
French Dressing
Veal Cutlets, Pojarski Style
Buttered String Beans
Lettuce and Tomatoes, Mayonnaise Dressing, with onion juice
Peach Sherbet Sponge Drops
Coffee

Menus for September Luncheons

I.

Cream of Celery
Panned Chicken
Steamed Golden Bantam Sweet Corn
Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style
Cream Cheese-and-Pimento Salad
Deviled Crackers
Coffee

II.

Oyster Cocktail
Deviled Crackers
Breaded Lamb Chops, Fried
Stuffed Egg-Plant, Tomato Sauce
Cheese Omelet
Apple-and-Pimento Salad
Coffee
Assorted Grapes

PRACTICE HOUSE, PRATT INSTITUTE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The

Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XVIII AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1913 No. 2

One Practice House

IT was not long after the beginning of the teaching of home-making that the need was felt of an opportunity to synthesize all the housekeeping processes, under the observation of the instructor, and so to make a vital test of the availability of the knowledge gained in the classroom. To prepare a single dish under carefully planned conditions is a wise preliminary to the preparation of a whole meal under ordinary home conditions, but the power to prepare a series of them perfectly does not always result in the power to serve the whole meal with each hot dish cooked to exactly the right point. "Dummy" table service is helpful as a preparation, but the actual service of a meal is almost another story. Laundering in the class, taking each type of article in orderly sequence, and doing the week's washing, are two problems differing in many ways. Learning to clean floors, walls, windows, glass, brass, silver, turning from one to the other, gives the necessary foundation, but cleaning a room or a house is a different matter. The theory of "doing" a bedroom is best tested by putting in order for the day an actual bedroom.

No one doubts all this, but the problem of providing for such applications is not an easy one. The first difficulty that confronts most schools is that of expense. A good deal of space must be set aside for the use of a comparatively few students at one time. Next come the difficulties of schedule. Only a small group of students can work profitably at such practice, simultaneously, and either they must lose some regular class work or the house will be little used and no student will get much practice.

In some places students live in such a house, in groups, for a period of several weeks at a time, carrying on regular school work, and spending part of their time in housework. This would be an excellent method for the experienced, but the authorities of the School of Household Science and Arts of Pratt Institute hold that to the inexperienced this gives unsatisfactory results, since they cannot give enough time and thought to the planning of each detail to get the best out of the experience. They, therefore, have arranged that each full-time student in household science shall stay away from the classes for one week, to give her whole time and attention to the housekeeping problem. Students from the senior normal household science and from the one-year course in institutional household science have this experience. The former carry on their practice teaching as usual during the week, but do no other school work. The making up of the week is not easy, but the value

of the practice week offsets the loss of lecture and laboratory.

The Practice House of Pratt Institute is a three-story one in the near neighborhood of the Institute. It is not, of course, in a city like Brooklyn, a detached house, but one in a row. It is on a corner, and belongs to a group of houses built on Pratt Institute property, very attractive, and with the great advantage of being heated and furnished with hot water from a central plant. A sketch of these houses is given in Mrs. Ellen H. Richards's "Cost of Shelter." The house has eight rooms, a bathroom, a cemented cellar, and an attic. There is a small lawn in front of the house, and a small garden at the back. A window-box in the second story over the door makes the front of the house gay, without, from May to November.

The furnishing of this Practice House was not done, as it has sometimes been done elsewhere, by the students as a school problem. The reason for this was that the house is to be used, year after year, by many generations of students, and it seemed wiser to have it represent the ideas and ideals of those responsible for its establishment rather than those of a single group of students. Only one group can have the actual experience of furnishing, since no school, any more than a family, can afford to refurnish every year. And, indeed, even were it a financial possibility, such an arrangement would be totally destructive of the home atmosphere A house is not furnished, once for all, as planned and finished. It grows gradually, by hardly perceptible accretions and assimilations, into an organic unity.

The House was furnished as a family living in such a house could afford to furnish it. The House (including heat and hot water) rents for $47.50 a month, or $572 a year. This is a very low rent for such an attractive house in the city, but is the regular one for this house. The income would therefore, supposedly, be about $2500, although in Greater New York people with $2000

DRAWING ROOM, SHOWING HALL AND DINING-ROOM

DRAWING-ROOM FROM ENTRANCE HALL

frequently pay as much. Throughout the House it was a temptation to use the resources of Pratt Institute in designing and making furniture and hangings, or in selecting wonderful bargains in old furniture, to be found by the person with the requisite knowledge and the time to "prowl" in the small second-hand shops. But both temptations were resisted, in order to make the House more useful to everyone. It is not possible for the visitor to say: "It is all very well for you at Pratt Institute, but where am I to find such things?" The typewritten inventory, at the disposal of every visitor, gives names, addresses of maker or seller, and regular retail price of every article bought for the House. The little drawing-room is so small that, for the purposes of the House, it was necessary to provide more seats than an ordinary family would need, so a bench was designed to fit in under the shallow bay window, but this was the only thing made for the House. And even here the design is available to anyone who wishes to use it, and a working drawing from which any carpenter can construct the same bench. Hundreds of people have taken notes of names and addresses, in the three years the House has been in use, and there is nothing about the House that so impresses the average visitor as the many bits of practical information as to "where," and "how" and "why" that those showing it are always ready to offer. The House is also to the students a constant illustration of the school work in house planning and furnishing, and mistakes as well as successes are made clear to the students, and, indeed, to visitors.

But the main use of the house is for the housekeeping experiment. Before this is described, a little more should be said about the arrangement of the house. The first floor contains a drawing room (13′x10′), a dining room (14′x 15′), a butler's pantry, and a kitchen (10′x13′). The cellar is cemented and whitewashed, and contains a curtained corner for storage of trunks and extra furniture, a storeroom for household supplies (little used because of special conditions), a

toilet and the laundry equipment—set tubs, two-burner gas stove, ironing table, racks, and the rest. The cellar has an entrance into the back garden, where, of course, the laundry is dried. The second floor has a sitting room (10′x8′) for the instructor in charge of the house, with a small bedroom (8′5″x6′3″) adjoining, a bedroom (11′9″x10′6″) for the second instructor who rooms here, in order that the first may not be left alone over Sunday, a linen closet, a bedroom (12′x10′5″) for two, with single beds, with a writing table and dressing table as well as a chiffonier, and a bathroom. The top floor has a large gabled room (13′5″x17′) across the front, which is known as the "institutional" room, with painted walls, cork carpet on the floor, white enameled furniture, and four narrow white beds, all in a row. The attic at the back is ventilated by a skylight, and an extra bath has been put here, as too many people are in the house for one bathroom. The floor of the whole attic is covered with cork carpet, and aside from the bathroom furnishings it has only a cedar chest for blankets and a matting box for clothing. It is certainly the largest bathroom ever known in a house of this size!

CORNER OF BEDROOM

As has already been stated, two instructors live at the House and when the House is in full operation (from January to April, in order to give each student her experience,) a group of six students comes in each Monday morning after breakfast and stays until Saturday afternoon. Groups who vote to do so may remain over Sunday, but this is not required. The group receives $20, and must buy from this all food supplies, ice, and kitchen cleaning materials. Only one student sits at the table for each meal, the others being servants for the day, while she is hostess. The instructor in charge is always at the table, and there are two guests. Even the inviting of the guests is part of the problem, as all must be asked by note, and each note shown to the instructor.

A brief calculation will show that food has to be provided for nine people, and for sixteen meals. This is an average of nearly 14c a meal, although, of course, it would be divided differently—perhaps 10c for breakfast, 12c for luncheon, and 20c for dinner. Breakfast must have three courses, luncheon three, and dinner four, with coffee. It is a constant source of wonder to those who visit the house that such good meals are served, with such a close money limitation. The instructor in charge says that the students do it by wise planning of the use of everything edible. Not long ago one of the graduates of the institutional household science course took charge of the dining room of a school of over five hundred students and, when she had been there three weeks, the man holding the contract for the removal of garbage went to the president of the institution to complain. "See here," he said, "Since that new dining-room manager came I don't get one-fifth the garbage I've always had!" Which is an illuminating

INSTRUCTOR'S SITTING-ROOM

comment.

There are certain specifications about the week's food, such as that waffles, griddle cakes, and popovers shall be served each week, at least, once, that all bread shall be made, that there shall be two frozen desserts and one layer cake each week, but apart from this the planning of the menus is left entirely to the students. After the meal has been served the instructor in charge makes (in private) any criticisms she has to offer on the selection of food, the preparation, and the service. Each day's meals must be well balanced, but exact calculations are not required in this problem, as they are not necessary in the house ordinarily. A typical day's menu is one served on Thursday, March 13:

BREAKFAST
Grape fruit
Cream of Wheat Sugar Cream
Bacon Toast
Coffee

LUNCHEON
Lentil Soup
Rice-and-meat mold Bread
Orange Cakes Orange Sauce
Tea

DINNER
Oyster Cocktail
Planked Steak Duchess Potatoes
Escaloped Onions Stuffed Peppers
Cress-and-Cheese Salad
Ginger Cream
Coffee

Each group takes the inventory of kitchen and dining-room at the beginning and end of the week. Each keeps exact accounts, which must be handed in.

The group duties are divided as follows: hostess, cook, kitchen maid, waitress, chambermaid, and laundress. Each member of the group assumes each of these positions for one day. The hostess receives guests, sits at the table as hostess, does the marketing, and in other ways fulfills the duties and exercises the privileges of the mistress of the house. The cook prepares all food, and directs the kitchen maid, who assists her. The waitress serves the meals, washes the dishes from the dining-room, prepares butter balls and salads, answers the door-bell, except at meal times, and cleans the first floor, except the kitchen. The chambermaid does all cleaning on the second and third floors. The cleaning is arranged in a series of special tasks, whose accomplishment keeps the house in as nearly perfect condition as it is

possible to keep such a house in a city.

The entire work of the House is done by the group. But the atmosphere of the House, speaking psychologically, is quite as delightful as its spotlessness and order. The spirit of hospitality reigns. Occasion has often arisen to ask extra guests to luncheon or dinner, when visitors have appeared unexpectedly at the School, and at such times the offer is always made to add the proper amount to the budget for the week, but the students have always refused such offers, and have stretched the $20 to cover just a little more. Early in the life of the House it was found necessary to confine visitors to one day of the week, in order not to interrupt the students too much, and Friday afternoon was chosen. A few weeks after this was started, the students asked if they might not serve tea to those who came. They explained that it seemed so inhospitable not to offer refreshments, and that they could easily provide it on the budget. So tea is regularly served. From ten to twenty visitors are expected every Friday, and, on an average, every other Friday some special group is asked, either of students, instructors, alumnae, or neighbors. No group has ever exceeded its budget, and every group this year has had a balance of from ten to thirty-five cents.

When the regular work of the House is not going on, several students live there, who receive their room in return for keeping the house in order. No cooking is done in the House at this time, except as special luncheons, dinners or teas are given. These are frequent, and the Alumnae Associations are always especially welcome. To make a real home as part of a school, and with a constantly changing family, is difficult, yet in a way it has been accomplished at the Practice House of the Pratt Institute School of Household Science and Arts. The alumnae and the graduating classes make gifts to the House, and feel both pride in it and that sense of ownership that comes only with a real personal relation. AN INSTRUCTOR.

INSTITUTIONAL-ROOM, HAVING FOUR BEDS

How Miss Janet Grew Young

By Alix Thorn

IT was the yellow Angora that began it, yes, that wrought the miracle, and the yellow Angora never knew it. But this little story begins before ever the Angora came to stay at Meadowville with Miss Janet.

One October morning Miss Janet Farrington, wealthy spinster, gave a quick glance out of the library window by which she was sitting, and then called shrilly to her maid:

"Mary, run right out and send those children home, they will surely break the hedge if they press so hard against it. Oh, *why* must a family with young children move next door to me."

The voice of the obedient Mary could be heard a moment later, rising high above the protesting childish tones—"Well, I can't help it, Miss Janet says you must go right out of the yard. I'm sorry if you can't find it, but you shouldn't play so near our hedge."

"'Twas a ball that was lost," explained Mary as she passed through the room, "the little Burnett boy, Jacky is his name, cried, Mam; 'twas a new ball I think, from what his sister said."

"Well, well," and Miss Janet bent over her writing, "I *cannot* have them trampling over my lawn, like young colts."

She shook her head severely at two small girls who lingered near the terrace, on their way to school, as she went out to do her marketing.

"Hurry along, children," she called, "hurry along," and hurry along they did, cheeks pinker, and casting surprised backward looks at the tall lady in the blue gown whose hair was plentifully sprinkled with gray, and whose firm lips seemed to have forgotten how to smile.

The very next morning it was that Miss Janet received a letter that so surprised her that she read it once, read it quite through again, and then called in Mary, her long-time maid, to read it to her. "Listen, Mary, will you," she began, "for the news, the astonishing news this letter contains effects you, too, listen!"

And this was the letter that caused such consternation in the stately old brown house, that October morning, when all the world seemed red and gold, and the sun, shining through gaily-tinted leaves, gave the effect of stained glass windows.

"My very dear Janet—

"I'm sending you, I have sent you, for the expressman has just driven away with the box, the dearest yellow Angora kitten, five months old, who rejoices in a glorious tail, large eyes, and the beginnings of a ruff which bids fair to be a very splendid one. I own his mother, Lady Goldie, and I can assure you that he is a very pedigreed pussie. I didn't wait to ask you if you wanted him, for no one could help but want such a yellow Angora.

"The cat book I am mailing you will tell you about his feeding; follow it and you will have no trouble. He should make a fine large cat, perhaps he will weigh fifteen pounds, yet. I feel sure both you and Mary will take him to your hearts, and I wanted him to have just such a good home.

"Accept with much affection, this dearest pussie, and believe me,

"Your loving cousin,

"LENA.

"P. S. His name is Alladin, and he's due to arrive Thursday."

"Mary, oh Mary, what *shall* we do!" cried Miss Janet helplessly, "a kitten and an Angora one at that, coming to

this house as fast as the train can bring it. If it isn't just like Lena Bullard," she said more to herself than to her domestic, "always doing the unexpected. Mary, why, "turning a troubled face to the girl's flushed one, "I haven't had a pet in years, as you know. I was fond of cats when I was a young girl at home, but the care of a blooded cat, its terrible."

"And today is Wednesday," was Mary's discouraging reply, "sure he'll be here in no time, this Angola, if that's what you call him."

"Angora," repeated Miss Janet, patiently, "my cousin says she has named him Alladin; what an outlandish name for a cat."

Mary's face grew reminiscently cheerful, as she turned to leave the room—"I remember the young cats in the barn, that I played with when I was but a child on the farm, and how they would act, the troop of 'em, as if they tried to tear the hayloft to pieces."

"Mary, Mary," and Miss Janet fairly turned pale, "what won't a kitten do to this house! Lace curtains, rugs, bric-a-brac, and oh," with a hopeless wave of her hands that took in the library, the prim parlor beyond, and the dining room across the hall, "think of it, fifteen pounds, did she say?. Why, we might as well keep a dog."

The book on cats, arrived in the first delivery next morning, was despairingly perused by Miss Janet, and then handed over to Mary to read.

The morning paper that lay folded by her plate at breakfast gave a lengthy account of the cat show then being held in New York, and displayed pictures of the fluffy prize winners. Miss Janet had never before felt enough interest in the subject to examine such accounts, but now she adjusted her glasses, and painstakingly studied the awe-inspiring lists of pedigreed pets, and their hyphenated names.

At noon, a short sharp bark, sounding under her window, caused her to look out, and she saw a fleeing black and white cat, scurrying across the next yard, pursued by a fat fox terrier who stood small chance of catching up with his nimble quarry. Suppose, she asked herself, suppose that cat had been her yellow Angora, what then, oh, what then!

Slowly the day passed, every roll of wheels near the house she was sure was the express wagon, bringing her the undesired pet. Five times had she hurried to the front door, only to see some delivery wagon, passing leisurely along. But it was nearly dinner time that Mary knocked at Miss Janet's door, and managed to ejaculate, "Oh Mam, it's come, it's here, the Angola. The expressman, he says, where'll he take the box!"

Outwardly calm, her mistress descended the stairs, directed that the box be set down in the library, and waited while the trembling Mary wrenched off one of the slats, and out stepped a thankful, much traveled pussie, who stretched his yellow paws, mewed softly, then threw himself in a tumbled heap at the feet of his new owner.

"Well, he *is* cunning," remarked that lady grudgingly, "and see, Mary," touching his roughened coat with one slim hand, "see, how soft his fur is!"

Mary, predestined to be his bond slave, was down on her knees before him, stroking the very appreciative Alladin, and talking to him as if he were in truth a frightened child.

"You poor little fellah, you poor Angola, and are you done up! So you are. And what shall we give him for his supper, Mam! Sure his little stomach must be empty enough."

"Scalded milk with bread or cereal, the book says," quoted Miss Janet as if she were reciting a lesson, "a small portion of boiled meat cut up in small pieces, at noon, and more milk, at

night. Puppy biscuit is always safe. Diet to be enlarged as he grows older. Hasn't he an intelligent face, Mary, very different from an ordinary cat. Notice his eyes!"

"Yes, sir, you are different," said Mary, gathering him up in kind arms and bearing him off to the kitchen, stroking his fat yellow paws as she went, while the Angora's reply to all her attentions was a series of deep breathed purrs.

That night, Alladin slept peacefully on the chintz-covered window-seat in Miss Janet's bed room, and next morning, after his modest breakfast, started on a tour of the house, exhibiting the most shocking curiosity over even the most obscure closets. But it was the day after his arrival that his kittenship began to discover that an alluring outdoors lay beyond the fast closed windows. An out-doors where little mischievous breezes tossed unwary yellow and crimson leaves, in tantalizing fashion, across lawns, into corners of flower beds, and over hedges, and he longed with all his kitten heart to join the play. Why, he asked himself, should he be condemned to dull uninteresting rooms, when all these surprising happenings were going on about him? And he scratched on the pane with one foolish ineffectual paw.

"Oh, Mary," cried Miss Janet, her hand involuntarily straying to Alladin's downy head, "the poor thing wants to go out. When can we let him in the yard? He is *so* young, so very young, you know, Mary."

"I might try him out in the back yard this afternoon, Mam," was the reply. "He's got to get wonted."

And take him out she did, and Alladin, escaping from her detaining clasp, rushed delightedly forth, evidently eager for new yards to conquer, for he made a quick dive under the hedge, emerging triumphant in the next yard.

Out hurried Miss Janet, in answer to Mary's frightened call, but before she could skirt the hedge, a childish voice called from behind the green barrier, "Here's your kittie, Miss Janet, I caught him," and the little brown-eyed Burnett girl, smiling shyly, came up the steps, her arms filled by a struggling yellow kitten. Impetuously the child pressed a swift kiss upon the head of the Angora, and handed him to his owner.

"Thank you, child," said Miss Janet graciously, adding, quite to her own surprise, "come over and see my pussie, some day."

"Oh, I will," glowed the small neighbor, "I guess I never saw such a beautiful kittie cat."

"That's a kind, bright little girl, Mary," was Miss Janet's comment, as they entered the house.

"But," and the astonished Mary opened her blue eyes wide, "'tis one of those Burnett children, Jackie's sister."

Her mistress had gone into the dining room, so possibly did not hear the remark.

The week following, Alladin escaping from Miss Janet, frolicked away to the wide alluring street, and spying an approaching terrier, climbed a nearby tree, as handily as any unpedigreed feline might. Once up in the mysterious, sheltering branches, he refused to come down, though the dog had peacefully trotted away, mounting higher, and ever higher.

Tommie Drayton, Knight-errant, aged eleven, from his piazza, four houses below, viewed the tragedy, and sauntered over to see what might be done for an evidently distressed lady.

"Aw, that's nothing," he observed, as he swung himself up into the tree, and speedily brought down Alladin, trembling, yet ready for more adventures, as is the way of kittens.

"That is a nice boy, Mary, a promising one," remarked Miss Janet, as she deposited the kitten in the largest chair in the library, "I must give him

some pears from the tree by the grapevine, they are unusually fine, this year. I remember my brothers loved pears when they were youngsters—"

And Mary didn't smile until she reached her familiar kitchen ways.

Little Katherine, from across the way, found Alladin, next afternoon, wandering unconcernedly down the side street, evidently headed for the business section of the town, and tucking him securely under her arm, returned him to his unappreciated home. Poor Miss Janet was on the lawn calling for her missing pet.

"Why, why, you dear child, it's very good of you to take this trouble. I am so afraid he will get lost," she said, holding out her arms for the yellow Angora, "I don't know how I could get along without you children. Yes, certainly, go in and have a play with him, if you want to."

Gradually Miss Janet's viewpoint was changing. *Now,* when she met her young neighbors in the street, she smiled in answer to their smiles. Sometimes a little boy or girl would hurry to catch up with her, and why not, when they always desired to talk of Alladin! And often, in the days that followed, she would find a child in her yard, watching the graceful kitten, as he leapt lightly for elusive butterflies or birds.

Alladin, as Mary expressed it, was at last getting wonted, and could be safely left to his own desires, as said desires were generally to play in his own or nearby yards.

And then one day, a Saturday it was, the yellow Angora was missing. Miss Janet had not seen him since breakfast, and Mary was sure that she hadn't had a look at him, in a good four hours. Vainly they called from doors and windows, from the yard, looked up and down the street, and Mary finally decided to announce the loss to the small Burnetts, who would be sure to give a general alarm. They made haste to inform the startled neighborhood, and out flocked the children over to Miss Janet, inquiring, condoling, mourning with her, and then forming themselves into search parties scattered in all directions. But to no avail. Miss Janet wept secretly, and Mary openly. Unrebuked, the children trooped over Miss Janet's velvety lawn, for were they not searching for the dear lost Alladin? Unregarded, they pushed through openings in the trim hedges, rung the door-bell numberless times, left the prints of small, dusty shoes on the tidy piazza, finger-prints on the French windows, and Miss Janet never minded.

Two hours after, Mary discovered the missing Angora, sound asleep in the linen closet, at the back of the house, unmindful of the anxiety he had caused. Miss Janet recalled putting away some towels soon after doing her marketing, and he must have followed her in, only to find himself a captive among the piles of lavender-scented linen.

Convulsively his mistress embraced him, whispering to the still drowsy Alladin, that he was a very naughty pussie to so frighten them all.

Why, he was more precious than ever, this pet of hers, since the fright he had given them.

From her piazza she addressed the forlorn group of weary children, who, having given up the hunt, had returned to report their failure.

"He's here, Alladin has been found. He was all this time shut in the linen closet up stairs, peacefully taking a nap, while we've been searching for him. But, oh, children, I *do* thank you for the way you have helped me. Alladin would thank you, too, if he could. I am sure that he loves you all, and dears, I want to tell you that I am going to give you a party, a week from today, a really splendid party, with a Jack Horner pie, music, games, ice cream and the rest, and I shall ex-

pect you all. The yellow Angora will, I am sure, help entertain my company."

"We'd love to come, Miss Janet," they cried, their happy faces raised to hers, and away they trooped, talking of the joys to come.

So this is how Miss Janet grew young, how the stone rolled away from her cold stern heart, how love and gentleness stole in, and little children's lives began to touch hers. All because of a yellow Angora; yes, it was the yellow Angora that wrought the miracle. Who can foresee the mysterious influence of small things?

Efficiency in Home-Making

By Fannie Wilder Brown

IF we watch an efficient machine in action, we shall see that each part is designed to accomplish its office with as little unnecessary motion, and as little friction, as possible. We shall see that the value of the whole machine depends upon its ability to produce creditable work, useful or ornamental, with as little waste of material and of power as possible. We women boast of our brains, and claim to be self-directive and self-adjusting. We are seeking to enlarge our "sphere" in every direction, to get out of the ruts we have been in so long, to be "more than a mere machine," to share in the task of steering the Ship of State, of helping to rule in National affairs. We claim the right to vote.

While we are clamoring so loudly for increased responsibilities, do we not find ourselves face to face with the question, How have we succeeded with the responsibilities and opportunities we have had for so long? Can we avoid secretly guaging our ability to do more by applying the efficiency test to what we have been accomplishing—or not accomplishing—as makers of homes? For the sake of illustration, suppose we watch a printing press or a steam engine awhile, and compare results. How much of the work we do would be creditable to a first-class machine, and how about our waste of material, waste of power, poorly adapted and poorly adjusted means to ends? How about friction?

The Japanese have a proverb, "If you know how, it is easy. If it is hard, you don't know how." Isn't a large part of our domestic problem involved in the fact that we don't yet know how to keep house, how to be altogether satisfactory wives and mothers, in short, how to make a home?

If we choose any other career, we expect to take time to be taught its principles and to practise them until we have won skill, and then to serve a sort of apprenticeship, at a low wage, to acquire experience, proficiency, before daring to pose as capable of earning full pay; and a position of manager or director is (or should be) secured only by achieving unusual skill and executive ability long after all the details of the business or profession have become automatic.

We marry a man earning say from twenty-five to fifty dollars a week (be it more or less, the principle is the same), and are justly indignant if anybody hints that we are not his intellectual equal; but when we first begin to keep house, most of us prove to be so poorly trained for our share of home-making that we can't begin to run the place as well as a maid-of-all-work whom we think we ought to be able to hire for five dollars a week and her room and board!

We come to a certain (or uncertain) amount of efficiency, sooner or later, in most cases, through failure and tears and agony and many a shipwreck, but the point being considered is this: We require men to qualify themselves for their life-work and get a start in it, require them to demonstrate their competence, before they undertake to win us as wives, and we are not playing a fair game unless we qualify ourselves and demonstrate our competence for our kind of work as well, before we accept the position.

If we undertook any other business, with such lack of efficiency, we should soon be discharged, and that with scant courtesy. Is it any wonder that, sometimes, we are discharged? The wonder is how seldom, if ever, we realize that this is what has happened to us! Far oftener than being discharged, we desert our post. We act like a selfish or a sulky youngster who doesn't understand a game, or who won't abide by its rules. He rushes from the playground home to his mamma, bawling back over his shoulder, "I won't play with you any more, so now, boo-hoo! boo-hoo!" If his mother is wise, she tells him to be a man, and go back and learn to play his game, but those of us who are deserters from the game of life seldom have wise mothers at our backs. We sulk and grieve in idleness, or think we are brave if we brace up and try to find another partner, or try to take up some other sport. We blame the partner we have had, though he may have been the one man in all the world to us, for our unfortunate failure, instead of inquiring how much of the trouble was due to friction, and realizing that friction shows a machine to be in poor condition or poorly adapted to its use.

Do you dispute this? Are we as a whole, or are any large number of us, who are home-makers, women whose works praise us in the gates, women whose children rise up and call us blessed, women in whom the hearts of our husbands may safely trust?

We notice that our husband does not sweep out his store or office, doesn't answer his doorbell and telephone, doesn't attend to his own routine work, and we understand that he is too valuable a man to do those things for himself, understand that it is for the interests of his business that his time and skill shall be used to better advantage. But the chances are that he had no help until he had made his time worth enough so that he could afford to hire the drudgery done. This is not a case of leaving disagreeable work to be done by another, not a case of feeling above sweeping floors and washing windows. It is a case of having developed ability to be of greater use by exercising oneself in some other way.

If, as home-makers, we can put ourselves to more valuable uses, can attain better results, greater efficiency, by hiring the rougher parts of our work done by some one whose muscles are her most efficient part, by all means let us do so, for her sake as well as for our own. This is exactly as a stronger bar of iron is used to bear a heavier strain in a complex machine, while a highly tempered bit of steel serves a different purpose, and a rod of polished brass a third. But if we substitute hired help, not in order to serve the home better by doing more skilled work, but because we are incapable of doing even cheap work; and if, having put another in our place, we use our time and strength and abilities outside of our own especial province, the home, or if we waste ourselves idly,—well, we can imagine what would have happened to our husband's business, if he had attempted to carry it on in any such way as that! If our sons never marry, if our daughters elope with the chauffeur, and if our husbands find an affinity, we shall have only ourselves to blame

Many a woman feels that her ability does not lie along the line of domestic accomplishment, feels that she can serve the interests of the home better by hiring help and earning money outside of its walls than by making herself proficient in the multiplex duties she must master in looking well to the ways of her household. The keenest observers, however, agree unanimously that, under normal conditions, no amount of money an average woman can earn makes up for the loss of her personal presence in the home, either carrying on or directing the processes necessary to the well-being of its inmates. If she has sufficient executive ability to do this well, producing results of as high a class as would be demanded of her by any other business or profession she might engage in, and if, in addition to all this, she has time and energy and skill to use elsewhere, before she diverts her superfluous ability away from her family and home, let her ask how she shall use the money she earns?

Most of us work like the Irishman who was out in a pouring rain digging a ditch in the mud. Asked why he was doing it, he replied, "Begorry, I'm diggin' the ditch to earn money to buy bread to give me strength to dig the ditch." We earn money to buy food to gain strength to earn more money, in an unceasing round, and if by an unexpected or unusual turn of Fortune's wheel we reach the lone peak whence we cry "I have enough; I will now sit down and enjoy it," straightway we find ourselves in the clutches of Nemesis. We can't be easy sitting still for five minutes, and no capacity for enjoyment is to be found in all that remains of our money-breeding lives.

When we women shall have gained equal suffrage, and established a single standard of morality, and righted the wrongs of our horribly unjust industrial conditions, and seen to it that all have equal opportunities and living wages, how little danger is to be feared of our not making money enough to live comfortably upon, of our not being able to rise to unimagined heights of material prosperity! But look at the way we are rushing into business and into professional life, look at the reluctance of men to undertake the maintenance of a home, in the face of the swift evolution of our sex, and look at the flooded divorce courts, strewn with wrecks of homes of every class and every description, and then figure our comparative ability to make a success of our homes! There lies the fate of love and life, the biggest problem our sex has to face, the gravest danger to our Nation, and the future of our children's children—the existence of the race.

An August Song

Soft blow the winds, dear heart,
  Sweet is the garden's bloom;
Come, shall we steal apart
  Into the sheltered gloom.
Soft are your hands and white,
  Your lips are the roses' hue.
Close in my arms tonight,
  Dear, I shall cuddle you.

Fair are the stars and bright,
  Lightly the dew drops fall.
Naught shall thy dreams affright,
  Fondly the night birds call.
Rippling the brooklet wends,
  Heavens are blue above,
Sleep while thy mother tends,
  Baby, my own, my love.

L. M. THORNTON.

The Golden Years

By Eleanor Robbins Wilson

AROUSED by the friendly touch of modernity, the present-day Sleeping Beauty has awakened and we who are beginning to accustom our vision to all sorts of marvelous sights are not surprised to find that she is a creature of maturity,—a woman strengthened and glorified by experience.

A pet feminine fallacy has perished and Madame Middle-Age, who once so graciously tendered the palm of the Golden years to Youth and then went "away back and sat down," has at last swung open the gates of her shut-in country and come into the realm where dreams come true.

It isn't so very long ago that the woman entering the blessed state of matrimony felt constrained to surrender all ambitions save those bounded by the four walls of domesticity.

Who cannot recall, at random, countless clever young matrons who in laying away the wedding gowns and bridal bouquets made the mistake of folding in their individualities? She who was gifted with originality of expression, under pressure of new tasks, laid by a promising quill, the musician allowed her nimble fingers to stiffen, and the artist forgot her brushes. Into the gigantic slot machine of matrimony each dropped a promising talent and then, somehow, the springs of inspiration ceased to work, and all for the want of a little persistent effort!

Not so with the woman who has cherished her pet ambitions, who has let no barrier of selfishness or indifference bar her from the full cultivation of her personality, for it is not only possible for the housewife to maintain some interests foreign to household duties,— it is practically necessary in building a well-rounded life.

One of the most successful wives I know, a mother of eight children, is an untiring club worker and her papers on child training are something illuminating.

The day of shelving middle-aged women has gone by, the hands of matuity are no longer folded hands, for the chimney-side recluse of a century ago has been replaced by a resplendent being, crowned with the wisdom of the golden years.

The test of living is unfailingly answered in middle life, the most promising woman in youth is only a fraction, after passing the half-way milestone, she is either a telling integer or a cipher.

The view-point of youth is invariably hampered by selfishness. Youth's joys are transporting and its sorrows correspondingly keen, but following this storm and stress epoch comes the mellow period of maturity, the day of quiet rapture and tempered disappointments, a day rendered worth while through trained efficiency and the happy art of canceling.

I like to think of the victorious women who have looked on the absorbing occupations of wifehood and motherhood as a means of development, not as the end and goal of living. It was a wife and mother and a recruit from the ranks of middle-aged women, the wonderful Madame Curie, you remember, who gave the world the priceless gift of radium. It is glorious Schumann-Heink, who, somehow, has managed to enchant us with grand opera arias while mothering a numerous progeny; and when that delightful novel, "The Rosary," came to us a few years ago, we were glad to find that the talented author, Mrs. Barclay, the busy wife of an English curate, mother of eight children, had at the age of fifty written the best selling story of the year.

These women are what Bliss Carman would term "Growers." "Growers," he declares, "are all those natural children of the earth, whether simplex or complex, who have cultivated the most fundamental principles of responsible living, a capacity for improvement and a hunger for perfection. And it is this trait of rational painstaking that lends the most sterling distinction to personality and differentiates leaders from followers, helpfulness from dependence, and the individual from the mass."

"For growers there can be neither stagnation nor decay. They are like thrifty trees in the forest, deep rooted in the common soil of life from which they spring, deriving nourishment from the good ground of sympathy, stimulation and refreshment from the free winds of aspiration, producing perennially the flower and fruitage of gladness and well-being proper to their kind and enriching the earth. They are the normal ones, at once exemplars of all that is best in their species and the perpetuators of all that is most valuable."

Not that always tucked away in the drab routine of domestic duties lies the thwarted flower of renown, but oh, so frequently deep down in scores of breasts of busy home-makers is implanted the aspiration whose cultivation would make for a richer and happier life.

And right here, were it my privilege to whisper a message to each prospective bride and young matron, it would be, as a side issue to housewifery, to foster the gift of individuality by some form of self-expression. It is the few moments devoted daily to such cherished ambitions that bee-like in the after years yield a treasury of sweetness. There is nothing much more forlorn than the middle-aged woman, who, after training her offspring to self-reliant womanhood and manhood, says amen to her capabilities and sits down with the cipher contingent.

Far be it from me to disparage the home and its sacred duties, but the home minus some other life-interest is warping in its tendency, and there is evidence all along the connubial path where great capabilities have suffered ignominious death. Let us remember that little fingers do not cling always. There comes a margin of leisure to the busiest life wherein some cherished talent may be nursed into beauty, to the gratification of its possessor and the ultimate good of all concerned.

Up in York state there used to be an old Dutch fruit peddler who, at times, carried a side-line of herbs, mint, sage, summer savory and the like. Smilingly, he used to confide that at certain seasons the side-line meant more to him than the apples and oranges. And so it is with life. There are times when the side-lines spell comfort, beauty, and even, as in the case of the humble Dutchman, prosperity.

I have in mind a Western artist, wife of a hustling professional man, whose manifold duties as a home-maker and mother of a family of five could not wholly obliterate her desire to reproduce on canvas the ever-changing pageantry of Nature. Each year the misty grays and green of Springtime, emerald and gold of Summer, the flaunting hues of gypsy-hearted Autumn, and soft white ways of Winter coaxed with insistent lure. As a result the neglected palette and brushes were called into play, and there appeared, from time to time, enchanting bits of landscapes and waterscapes. This work was supplemented by a thorough study of ceramics and specialization in china decoration; then came the old, old story of the husband's financial reverses and his subsequent invalidism. A studio was opened and the rest of the story is summed up in one small word—success. To-day, the five children are happily ensconced in homes of their own. One son is one of California's leading surgeons, yet the widowed artist, now past the good ripe age of seventy, out of sheer joy of creation, still maintains her studio, painting with

the same finish and delicacy that have made her work famous.

Into equally busy days another woman has contrived to crowd time for reading of permanent literature and to jot down some kaleidoscopic experiences of her own. Now and then, a fugitive poem from her pen found a home in some periodical of note, and, later on, owing to this self-same development, she has been able to transmute some gray years of loss and deprivation with the gold of service.

There is still another home-keeper of my acquaintance, gifted with her needle, who now in the less strenuous period of the middle years is indulging her hobby. She fashions pretty and individual gowns for herself, surprises her friends with dainty products of her needlecraft, and takes much pleasure in giving her services, teaching sewing in a small New England town where they are making heroic efforts to introduce vocational training in the schools.

So, one by one, ambition leads them to the fruitage of the golden years. 'Twas here, after her fortieth birthday, that Harriet Beecher Stowe penned her immortal words; 'twas here, after her fortieth year, that Julia Ward Howe took up the study of Greek and became proficient therein, and it is here, after the half-century mark, that Ella Wheeler Wilcox is doing her best creative work. And so on might be mentioned the names of the arduous sowers of industry who have somehow caught "what the centuries are saying amid the wild chorus of the hours."

For it is solely in this rugged realm of untiring endeavor that the zest of life flowers, and only the woman who proves herself stronger than her environment captures it. She alone who has proven herself a veritable feminine Hercules, by slaying all dragons of circumstance, can hope to win a peep into the gleaming orchard of Hesperides and garner the riches of the Golden Years!

September

Frost in the air, and breezes blowing
  Chill from the West at morn.
Crimson leaves on the maples glowing
  And gold of ripened corn.
Song of the crickets, gaily calling,
  And drone of laggard bees:
Seeds from a thousand seed-pods, falling
  Over a thousand leas.
Be glad my heart, and a song of cheer
Give to the world, when September's here.

Sunshine and moonshine, changed and altered,
  Haze over hill and lea,
Even song of the brook has faltered,
  Crooning on toward the sea.
Patter of nuts and acorns falling,
  Feast for the squirrels spread,
Quails in the distant stubble calling
  And apples ripe and red.
What if Winter is drawing near,
Earth's at her best, September's here.

Perfume sweet where the wild grapes offer
  Wine that a king might praise,
Fruits of the year in an open coffer,
  Gift of the passing days.
Wake from your sleep, o, idle dreamer,
  Toiler, turn from your toil,
Follow the sumac's crimson streamer
  Back to the wood and soil,
Steal one perfect day from a year
Of toil or dreaming, September's here.

L. M. Thornton.

"Finding Ourselves in Wales"

By Miss E. D. Learned

"AND can you also board us?" we inquired of the woman whose lodgings we had been inspecting. "Oh, no," she said, "I had much rather you found yourselves." "But," a trifle puzzled, "if we find ourselves, where do we find ourselves?" The remark roused the Welsh sense of humor and she laughingly explained that "finding ourselves" meant buying our own provisions and sending them to our own apartment to be cooked for us. Housekeeping without the bother of servants and many other attendant worries.

We had come to the west coast of Wales after a week of hot weather in London, feeling that the sea air would be most grateful, but unfortunately arrived about the first of August only to find rain and cold.

The hotel overlooking the sea was only intended for warm weather, and the small fire places were quite inadequate to warm the large parlor and lounge, so there was nothing to do but huddle over tiny bedroom fires when we were not freezing in the large draughty dining room.

The table was none too good and never made us forget our discomfort. No use moving on, for we would probably go from one storm to another. We were a trifle discouraged, when a letter came from some friends asking us to look for lodgings for them, as they were anxious to be near us and did not wish the expense of the hotel.

Behold! the lodgings sought for others looked so much more attractive and home-like than our own surroundings that we said "Why not try it ourselves? Join forces, making a party of eight, which just fills the house, and take it for the two weeks we expect to stay here?"

The house was of stone, quite modern, and though once we should have preferred something old and quaint, experience had taught us that quaintness and age go hand-in-hand with discomfort and dirt, and we cared not for the picturesque, when we beheld the perfect cleanliness of our prospective lodging house. Set a little back from the road and much higher, you reached the entrance by a path arched over by a rose-covered trellis. In front was a charming little garden with seats in sheltered nooks from which we could look out over the sea. Hedges of holly and fuschia separated the grounds from the neighboring houses. At the back rose the hills, the foot-hills of the Snowden mountain range. Penmaenmawr being the highest nearby, and too often cloud-capped, for "when the clouds hang on Penmaenmawr and the gulls do fly over the land, it is going to rain."

The house consisted, for us, of a parlor, dining room, two double and four single bedrooms, and could be had for ten guineas, or $52.50 a week, which included the use of bath, lights, cooking and attendance. Household linen and tableware were, of course, provided, which made it a little less than a dollar a day for each person.

Now began the interesting part of seeing, not only how much more comfortable we could be, but how much less we could live on, than at the hotel.

The first day's expenses must necessarily be large, as flour, sugar, coffee, tea and other staples must be laid in. With a long list in hand we set forth on our venture at housekeeping in a strange land. The first check to our spirits came when we found that Monday, August 5th, was a Bank holiday, so we couldn't draw on letters of credit, and as it had taken nearly all the ready money to pay the hotel bill, it was a serious problem to

purchase enough for the three meals that must be had before the bank went to work again. However, our landlady seemed to be a person of good and regular standing in the community and all the shops were willing to trust us on hearing we were staying at "Bronwendon", the Welsh name of our house, meaning, they told us, "the crest of the wave." We moved in just before luncheon on Monday and at one o'clock a neat looking maid in white cap and apron came to tell us that luncheon was served in the dining room.

There was a beautifully clean, white cloth on the table, in the centre of which was a bunch of flowers; the china was pretty and attractive and the knives and forks fairly shone with polishing.

Sardines, cold ham, hot brown bread scones, bought at a bakery, and strawberry jam we had for our first luncheon. We waited on ourselves, ringing when anything was needed, and the neat little maid appeared as if by magic, so quiet were her movements. How we did enjoy that meal, and what a delight it was to be by ourselves and no longer have to talk in undertones lest the next table overhear.

It was cold and windy, so we spent the afternoon by the grate fire until time for tea, which was served in the dining room, with as pretty and thin china cups as you would care to see, with toast and more strawberry jam. We gave the landlady an easy dinner that night, for not only was it a Bank holiday, but we had insisted on coming a day before she wanted us and her housewifely soul was troubled lest a speck of dust should be found. She had hot water bags in all the beds for a day or two before we came, to be sure that no dampness chilled us. We bought two small pork pies that only needed to be warmed, peas which we shelled ourselves, not because she asked it but knowing how long it would take one person and how short a time we could do them, together, in. We also had fried potatoes and a tomato salad, with a dessert of tarts, also from the bakery, and cream cheese. This for the first day of the experiment, which we were already regarding as a success.

Breakfast was ready at nine the next morning, oatmeal and cream, bacon, hot rolls and coffee. The best coffee we had since we had been in England, as we had our own coffee pot with us and it was made just to our liking. After breakfast, out for the day's supplies. The village street was close by and all the town seemed to be marketing.

A few of the meals may be of interest in their resemblance to, or difference from, American housekeeping.

Tuesday Luncheon
Cold Pork Pie Cold Ham
Omelet
Milk Toast Strawberry Jam
Dinner
Roast Mutton, with Potatoes roasted under the meat
Peas Tomato Salad
Plum Tart with Cream

Our breakfasts were invariable, as we particularly liked the Welsh bacon, and we left a standing order at the bakery to have the brown scones sent every morning.

Wednesday Luncheon
Sardines and Potato Salad
Dinner
Mutton Pie Spaghetti
Sliced Peaches with Cream
Thursday Luncheon
Cold Tongue Boiled Rice
Dinner
Fillet of Flounder Fried Potatoes
Peas Lettuce
Young Onion Salad
Small Fruit Tarts
Friday Luncheon
Fried Whiting Baked Spaghetti
Hot Buns Strawberry Jam
Dinner
Tongue-and-Potato Hash
(Which seemed to be an unknown dish to our landlady, as she was only used to what she called a meat mince without potatoes)
String Beans
(Which she cut into very small pieces and boiled with a pinch of soda in the water not more than fifteen minutes)
Tomato Salad and Apple Tart with Cream
Saturday Luncheon
Individual Meat Pies from the bakery
Boiled Rice and Hot Scones

Dinner
Baked Ham
Mashed Potatoes Peas
Small Fruit Tarts

We found the bakery excellent, much better than we could find in America even in the large towns, and none of the bread was made in the house but all bought from the bakery.

Tea was served every afternoon, when we were in, and we tried to keep some fruit on hand, though it was difficult to find it in any variety or good. Never before did we appreciate the wealth of fruit to be had at all seasons in the United States.

Our landlady proved to be an excellent cook and made delicious pie-crust, so that we begged her to give us lessons, and one day gathered about the table, in her attractive, tiled-floor kitchen, to watch her make pastry and see if we could catch the knack.

We allowed about $30 a week for provisions. The fire that we were obliged to keep in the living room was extra. The landlady and her little maid were most desirous to please us and they kept our rooms filled with fresh flowers, making it seem like home.

It was not too cold for walks over the wonderful Welsh mountains, purple with heather bloom, and after our walks it was pleasant to come back to our own fireside. Altogether our experiment was a great success and, if we ever "find ourselves" again, may it be in Wales.

The Lyric of Life

Because the world seemed warped and
wrong
I stayed within to write a song:
A rythmic woodland fancy.
I wanted men to dance and sing
With forest freedom; swirl and swing
To nature's necromancy.

The hill-sides called my truant mind;
I turned away and drew the blind
Against the sunny flickers;
But though the gloom hung thick, I found
I could not dull the luring sound
Of laughing berry-pickers.

And from the bridge there came a shout—
My boy had duped a speckled trout:
His first successful fishing;
I pressed my eyes to cheat the tears,
But still the outside charmed my ears—
I could not stay the wishing.

Then Lassie growled with discontent:
The summer breeze had blown a scent
Of strangers in the Hollow;
And someone shouted loud my name—
The echo charmed me; when it came,
I knew that I must follow.

Great God! to shut out sun and trees
And then in gloom to sing of these!—
My sin was past forgiving.
Out doors I rushed with bursting heart,
The song unsung; for art is art,
But life is more—it's living!

JANE BURR

THE
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The Rainbow's End

O jeweled path to the world's desire!
Just over the vale to the mountain's crest
It bends its arch of rose and fire,
And challenges all to the quest!
Supernal beauty that never can fade,
The perfect love that never can die,
And purest gold of which dreams are made
At the end of the rainbow lie!

But year by year the light that shone
So near still travels before;
And the world grows empty and dark and lone,

And burdens weigh more and more!
Alas, for the climbing through tangle and gloom
The longing so vain and fond:
The rainbow runs at last to the tomb
And the treasure lies ever beyond!

STOKELY S. FISHER.

VACATION

ABOVE all others housekeepers need an occasional vacation. Change means rest, recuperation and renewed interest in one's tasks, hence follows better and more effective service. People who live in the country are apt to see too much of each other. Often it would seem wise, if individuals of the same family or who live in the same house did not take a vacation together and at the same time, and did not visit the same places. It were well for most of us, at times, to seek new and strange scenes or abide for a while, apart, in solitude. "Out of silence comes thy strength." From outings like these we return to our tasks refreshed and invigorated and the responsibilities of life seem less burdensome. After only a casual day of recreation, home may be much better appreciated, for no place can be just like home. At any rate, a vacation season for everybody who works is almost an imperative need; and surely the advantages of it to the homemaker cannot be over valued.

LETTERS AND LETTERS

WE are in receipt, in the course of a year, of many a complaint from our subscribers that their letters are not answered, and, in some cases, we must admit the statement is true. For this reason, there are undoubtedly many people who feel ill towards us and speak evil of us to their friends and neighbors, which eventually may prevail even to the injury of our business and reputation. But how is it possible to answer a letter like the following, of which we receive not a few?

"____ ____

Boston Cooking-School Magazine:

Kindly discontinue my subscription to the magazine."

____ ____."

In content, this letter is eminently proper and well intentioned, and we would be pleased to respond promptly, for we can ill afford to print and mail a single copy of the magazine unpaid for.

But we can, in no wise, comply with the request made in this letter, for there is no signature, and no address,—nothing to identify the writer. Sometimes the postal stamp on the envelope gives a hint of the location, but not in this case.

Now kindly note this fact: In case your letter has not been answered, the fault may not lie in this office. Write once more, being careful to give name and address in full and your letter shall be promptly answered and your request be complied with.

ATTITUDE OF MIND

IN all industrial pursuits today the mental attitude of the operator has come to be known as the factor of chief importance. Some one has said that "happiness consists in being well employed and well compensated in some genial occupation", and who can refute the sentiment. In shop and factory efficiency experts are engaged in standardizing the operations. This new idea, lately developed in business, is called efficiency or scientific management. It means that the men engaged in a certain industry are to do more work in less time with less waste and greater output, while the workers have shorter hours, higher pay and better working conditions. Now the question comes up to the homemaker, "If the principles of efficiency can be successfully carried out in every kind of shop, factory and business, why couldn't they be carried out equally well in the home?" That is, can the principles of scientific management be applied in the home? This question is admirably discussed, we may add affirmatively, by the author of "The New Housekeeping", from which we quote the following passage, somewhat appropriate, perhaps, to the vacation season:

"Woman's vanity has often kept her from admitting that many of her problems are so distressing simply because of her own lack of personal efficiency, not because of circumstances, fate, or other people. In most cases, however, she never even suspects that she is not as efficient as she might be, and points to the hard *manual* labor she does as proof of her efficiency—as if that didn't prove *just the opposite!*

The efficient attitude of mind is really the balance-wheel to the homemakers' entire life and work.

The end and aim of home efficiency is not a perfect system of work, or scientific scheduling, or ideal cleanliness and order; it is the personal happiness, health and progress of the family in the home. The work, the science, the system, the schedule are but some of the means to that end, not the end itself. The 100 per cent, efficient person is not the one who tires himself out in a wonderful snarl of method and system—but who *makes his mind so clear and efficient* that both the work and the system are his slaves, when he gets into action.

I do not call that woman efficient who thinks it a sacrilege to change her schedule of work, leave dishes unwashed and house upset, to take advantage of a pleasant afternoon for a jaunt in the woods with the children. Neither do I call that woman efficient who complains that her schedule of work leaves her no time to read a good book or attend an afternoon musical or club meeting. Efficiency would be a sorry thing, if it simply meant a prison-like, compulsory routine of duties. *But it does not mean this.* Its very purpose is more liberty, more leisure, a shrewder sense of values, and the elimination of wasted energy.

I once knew a woman who dusted the back of every picture in her home every day. She believed this was real efficiency. I also knew a woman who spoiled a delightful camping experience by so elaborating the simple work of camp-caretaking that she rarely had time to enjoy the woods and fields so plentiful about her, and complained, after some months of camping, that she had never had a single day of rest! This is typical of a large class of women whose sense of values is garbled by inefficient thinking."

FAILURE AND SUCCESS

What is the main element of worldly success? Is it natural ability, opportunity, favoring environment, or the help of influential friends? Evidently not, for thousands of men have climbed to the dizzy peaks of success with none of these aids. All experience shows that an ardent, thorough-going earnestness is the vital element in all great achievements, —the one thing for which there can be no substitute, and the lack of which explains so many otherwise inexplicable failures in every calling.

"You can only half will," was the language of Suvaroff, the Russian warrior, to those who fail. "You want to live like the butterfly, and yet have all the honey of the bee," said Pisistratus Caxton to Vivian, in Bulwer's novel; and these two sayings contain a satisfactory explanation of the great mass of failures in life. Nine-tenths of men's disappointments and miseries come from the fact that they are not in dead earnest in their pursuits, and willing to pay the cost of the things they covet. They want wealth without earning it, popularity without deserving it, health without exercise and temperance, and happiness without holiness. The man who covets the best things, and is willing to pay exactly what they are worth in honest effort and hard self-denial, will have no difficulty in getting what he wants. It is the men who want goods on credit that are snubbed and disappointed, and overwhelmed in the end.—*Christian Register.*

BURNT COOKIES

How many of our readers were trained as children under that economic regime which insisted that the specked apples should be eaten before the unimpaired ones and that the burnt cookies should come in order before the properly browned ones should be taken from the plate?

This was a common procedure in old New England, and the state of the partially decayed fruit and the bitter tang of the carbonized crust is not altogether pleasantly associated with grandmother's table, generous as it may have been on Thanksgiving Day. Sweet cider turned to vinegar because, from this same habit of economy, it seemed wasteful to eat or drink things up is, probably, also a sad memory of boyhood.

This penurious asceticism arose from the commendable caretaking and saving spirit inculcated by generations of poor and pious people and inherited, perhaps, with a slight twist which made it ridiculous. If apples or any other fruit are a luxury, one can eat a less amount of them or even refrain entirely, as the majority of us refrain from champagne. But if we are going to taste the delicious fruit or the crisp and exhilarating cookie, for Heaven's sake let us have the diminutive portion with flavor unspoiled, even though half the barrel decays and half of the baking is scorched.

Another relic of those almost pre-historic days of economy is found in the habit that some mothers and possibly some fathers have of insisting that everything on a plate delivered over to the tender mercies of their offspring must be eaten up. Why should man or child eat more than he desires? It is a foolish inheritance, an offshoot of the primitive hospitality that would load the visitor's plate with food and feel offended, if the whole were not eaten. —*The Herald*

The great man does not become great suddenly. Like Ernest, in Hawthorne's story of "The Great Stone Face," he moulds his features by high thinking and kindly acting. "Let us always remember," writes Maurice Maeterlinck, "that nothing befalls us that is not of the nature of ourselves. There comes no adventure but wears to our soul the shape of everyday thoughts; and deeds of heroism are but offered to those who, for many long years, have been heroes in obscurity and silence."

MID-SUMMER BREAKFAST APPETIZER

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

Celery Relish

CUT tender heart-stalks of celery into pieces about two inches long. Let crisp in ice water to which a lemon rind or a tablespoonful of vinegar has been added. Pick the fillets from three anchovies, fine, with a silver fork (if put up in salt freshen in cold water), mix the anchovies with the sifted yolks and the chopped whites of two hard-cooked eggs; stir in enough mayonnaise dressing to hold the ingredients together. Wipe the celery dry and use as a receptacle for the mixture. Serve at the beginning of luncheon or dinner.

Celery Relish No. 2

Put heart-leaves of lettuce about three inches long on individual plates. Fill each leaf compactly with tiny slices of crisp celery and bits of anchovy (twice as much celery as anchovy) mixed with mayonnaise dressing. Cover completely with crosswise strips of fine-chopped parsley, sifted yolk and chopped white of a hard-cooked egg. Season the mayonnaise with a little onion juice and cayenne. Spread the mixture lightly with mayonnaise before setting the strips of decoration in place.

Oyster Cocktail Sauce, September Style

Chop a red and a green pepper exceedingly fine; add to tomato catsup with a scraping of new onion. The quantity of catsup used with the peppers will depend on individual taste. This sauce is good with lobster, scallops, or fresh tomatoes.

Deviled Crackers

To two teaspoonfuls of mustard add Worcestershire sauce to form a paste; stir this paste into three tablespoonfuls of butter beaten to a cream; add also half a teaspoonful of paprika or half that quantity of cayenne. Spread the mixture on thin crackers and set the crackers into the oven to become hot and colored

slightly. Serve hot with celery, cheese, olives or tomato soup.

Chaudfroid of Poached Eggs

Cook fresh-laid eggs by steaming them in round shallow cups or by poaching them directly in water just below the boiling point. For five eggs make a cup of chaudfroid sauce and a cup of aspic jelly. Cover the eggs, chilled and set on a plate or board, with the sauce, decorate with small figures cut from thin slices of truffle, then cover the whole with aspic just on the point of "setting." In the center of a serving dish set a lemon cut in lengthwise eighths, and surround with the eggs and thick slices of tomato, cut in quarters and each holding a round-

CHAUDFROID OF POACHED EGGS

ing teaspoonful of mayonnaise; at equal intervals, near the edge, set choice olives (trim the stem end that they may stand level) and fill in with lettuce shredded in narrow ribbons. Serve as a first course at luncheon or dinner. An egg, a piece of tomato, an olive, a little lettuce and a section of lemon constitute one service.

Chaudfroid Sauce

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook two tablespoonfuls of flour, and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper; add one cup of rich chicken broth, thin cream, rich milk or tomato purée; stir until boiling; add one-fourth a package of gelatine softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water, stir until the gelatine is melted, then let cool and use as directed above.

Aspic Jelly for Poached Eggs

Soften one-fourth a package of gelatine in one-fourth a cup of cold water, then dissolve in one cup of clarified and highly seasoned chicken broth.

Tuna Salad

Separate the cooked (canned) fish into large flakes or pieces; dispose them on carefully washed and dried lettuce leaves; pour over a pint or a can of fish, five tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, half a teaspoonful of onion juice, half a teaspoonful of paprika and a scant half teaspoonful of salt, beaten together until thick and creamy. At the center of the mound of fish set a tablespoonful of mayonnaise dressing; sprinkle the mayonnaise thick with pickled beets, chopped fine, also set a teaspoonful of the chopped beets, at intervals, entirely around the mound of fish. Capers may be used in place of the beets.

Tuna Au Gratin in Shells

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook two tablespoonfuls of flour and half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, then add one cup of chicken broth (seasoned with vegetables and sweet herbs), or of milk, and stir until boiling.

Add one can of tuna picked fine with a silver fork and additional seasoning as needed; mix thoroughly and dispose in buttered shells. Cover with a cup of cracker crumbs mixed with one-third a cup of melted butter. Set into the oven to become very hot and brown the crumbs. Set a sprig of parsley or a paper aigrette in the center of the mixture in each shell.

TUNA SALAD

Panned Chicken

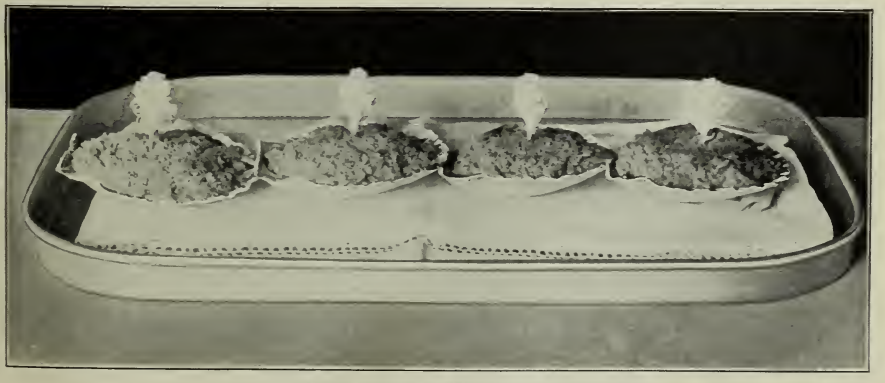
Clean and separate a young chicken into pieces at the joints. Put the chicken into a baking pan, add a cup of boiling water, cover close and let cook about an hour and a half. Baste each fifteen minutes with melted butter and the liquid in the pan. Serve with a sauce made of the cooking liquid and cream, and with corn fritters or Southern corn bread.

Green Corn Fritters

These fritters are particularly good when made of Golden Bantam sweet corn. Score the kernels, with a sharp knife, lengthwise the rows of corn, then with the back of the knife press out the pulp. The pulp should be quite consistent. To one cup of this pulp, add the yolks of two eggs beaten light, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and black pepper, one cup of pastry flour, with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder and, lastly, the whites of two eggs beaten dry. Take up the mixture by tablespoonfuls and with a teaspoon scrape into a kettle of hot fat; let cook until brown on both sides, turning several times, meanwhile. Drain on soft paper. Serve at once.

China Chilo

Purchase two pounds of the "scrag" end (neck) of yearling lamb; cut the meat in small pieces, discarding all superfluous fat; to the meat add two onions cut in thin slices, one head of let-



TUNA AU GRATIN IN SHELLS

tuce, washed and cut in shreds, and one pint of boiling water; heat to the boiling point, then let simmer about three hours or until the meat is tender, adding a little water, from time to time, if necessary. About half an hour before the cooking is done add a cup of green Lima beans and, also, salt and pepper as is needed to season the dish. When done there should not be a large quantity of broth.

Veal Loaf

Chop fine (use a food chopper) one pound and a half of veal steak, and about two ounces of fat salt pork or bacon; add one egg and the yolk of another beaten light, one pimento, chopped fine, a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley, half a teaspoonful of powdered thyme, two tablespoonfuls of thick cream or one-fourth a cup of sauce (cream, tomato or similar sauce) half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, a grating of nutmeg, and two crackers rolled fine; mix all together in a compact roll; set into a baking pan on a slice of salt pork, with a slice of pork above. Bake about two hours, basting often with hot fat; reduce the heat after fifteen minutes. Serve cold, sliced thin, with potato or green salads.

Veal Cutlets, Pojarski Style

Run one pound of veal, freed of all unedible portions, through a meat chopper, twice. Add half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful, or more, of paprika and as much thick cream as can be mixed through the meat without making it too soft to handle. Wet the hands in cold water and form the meat into six or more cutlet shapes. These should be less than half an inch thick. Pat these on both sides in flour and sauté in hot fat tried out of fat salt pork. When browned on one side turn to brown the other side.

Stewed Tomatoes and Corn

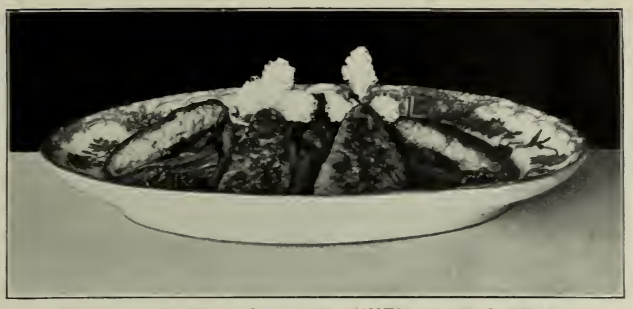
Peel four or five ripe tomatoes, cut in slices and set over the fire to simmer gently until the water is somewhat evaporated and the pulp is tender; add about half a teaspoonful, each, of paprika or black pepper, and salt, and half a cup of green corn pulp and let cook about six minutes, covered. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter, in little bits, and serve at once.

VEAL LOAF WITH POTATO SALAD

Scalloped Tomatoes and Corn

In a buttered baking dish, dispose alternate layers of soft sifted bread crumbs, sliced tomatoes and green corn cut from the cob. Season with scraped onion, fine-chopped green pepper and salt. Have the last layer of tomatoes; cover with three-fourths a cup of cracker crumbs mixed with one-third a cup of melted butter. Let cook about half an hour.

Tomato Salad with Green Corn Mayonnaise



VEAL CUTLETS, POJARSKI, WITH STRING BEANS

Set slices of cold peeled tomatoes on lettuce hearts. Serve with mayonnaise dressing, into a cup of which one-half a cup of cooked pulp of green corn has been stirred. Discard the hulls; score the kernels lengthwise of the rows and with the back of a knife press out the pulp. Heat to the boiling point, let simmer six minutes, then let chill and use.

Broiled Egg-Plant

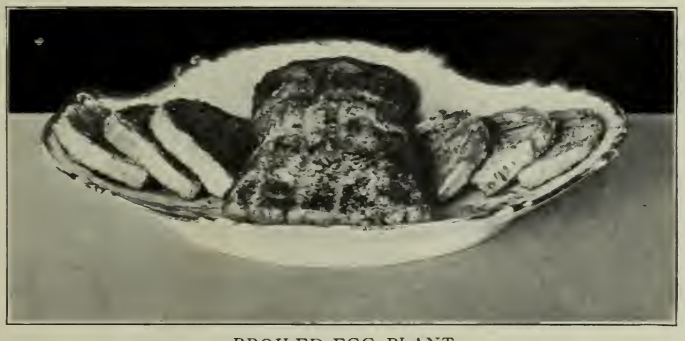
Cut the egg-plant in halves, lengthwise, then cut each half in slices half an inch thick and remove the peel; brush over with olive oil or melted butter, and pat in sifted, soft bread crumbs seasoned with salt and paprika. Broil over a moderate fire eight to ten minutes, turning often. Set on a hot dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper and dot, here and there, with bits of butter.

Stuffed Egg-Plant

Cut the egg-plant in halves, lengthwise, and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain carefully, then remove the pulp, to leave two thin shells. Chop fine half a small mild onion, and let cook in two tablespoonfuls of butter until softened and slightly yellowed; chop the pulp of the egg-plant and six fresh mushrooms, (or the equivalent in dried mushrooms soaked in cold water), add the onion, half a cup or more of fine-chopped, cooked meat or nuts; season as needed with salt and pepper and use to fill the shells. Cover the filling with three-fourths a cup of cracker crumbs mixed with one-third a cup of melted butter and let cook about fifteen minutes. Serve with tomato sauce. The mixture may be baked in a shallow dish instead of the shells.

Stuffed Beet Salad

Cut the centers from small, tender, cooked beets, to make thin, neat-looking cups. For each cup chop fine two olives and half a stalk of tender celery (inner stalks), mix with French or mayonnaise dressing, seasoned with onion juice, and use to fill the cups. Roll a small flow-



BROILED EGG PLANT

eret of cooked cauliflower in dressing and set above the filling in the cups. Serve on heart-leaves of lettuce seasoned with French dressing. A green cucumber may be used in place of the olives either with or without the celery.

Pimento-and-Cheese Salad

Cut Neufchatel or Philadelphia cream cheese in small cubes. Rinse canned pimentos in cold water; drain and dry on a cloth. Cut the tops of the pimentos in vandykes (points) and fill with the cheese and trimmings of the peppers cut in small pieces. Set these on heart-leaves of lettuce. Finish with a teaspoonful of mayonnaise above the cheese or around the pimentos. Serve with bread or rolls as the chief dish at luncheon or supper.

PIMENTO-AND-CHEESE SALAD

Apple-and-Pimento Salad

Pare six tart apples and cut them in Julienne shreds or in small squares. Squeeze over them the juice of a lemon; add one or two pimentos, rinsed in cold water, drained and dried on a cloth and cut in small pieces. Mix six tablespoonfuls of oil with a scant half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of paprika and turn over the apples and peppers. Toss together lightly. Serve on crisp heart-leaves of lettuce with roast or broiled meats or with cheese custard, croquettes, etc.

Cheese Pudding with Pimento

Butter two thick (three-fourths an inch) slices of bread, put the slices together and cut them in cubes. In a buttered baking dish mix the cubes of bread with a pimento, cut in small squares, and two-thirds a cup of sliced or chopped cheese. Beat two eggs; add half a teaspoonful of salt and two cups of rich milk, mix and turn over the bread, etc. Bake in a very moderate oven until the pudding is well puffed and the egg is set. Serve hot with green salad or cooked fruit.

Cream Pie

Beat one-third a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar; add two eggs, beaten light, half a cup of milk and one cup and a half of sifted pastry flour, sifted again with half a level teaspoonful of soda and one slightly rounding teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar. Bake in two layer cake-pans; put the layers together with an English cream filling. Sprinkle the top layer with sifted confectioner's sugar, or spread with confectioner's frosting.

English Cream Filling

Scald one cup of milk over hot water; stir one-third a cup of flour with one-third a cup of cold milk to a smooth paste, then cook in the hot milk, stirring until the mixture thickens; cover and let cook fifteen minutes. Beat one egg; add one half-cup (scant) of sugar, and beat again; add also one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and stir into the hot mixture. Continue to stir until the egg is set. When cool add half a teaspoonful of vanilla.

INDIA WHEAT MUFFINS

Confectioner's Frosting

Melt once ounce of chocolate; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of boiling water and cook till smooth. Add a little more water, if necessary; then stir in sifted confectioner's sugar as needed. For a change, stir sifted confectioner's sugar into a tablespoonful of lemon juice mixed with several tablespoonfuls of strawberry or raspberry juice.

Mint Jelly, with Green Grapes

Pick green grapes from the stems; add half a cup of water to keep them from burning, cover and let simmer until tender, then drain in a bag. Reheat the juice with a bunch of mint; let simmer ten minutes; remove the mint and add a cup of sugar, made hot in the oven, for each cup of juice. Let boil till thick or until it jellies on a cold dish. Tint delicately with green color-paste; skim as needed and turn into hot glasses. If the mint be crushed before it is added to the juice, a stronger mint flavor is assured.

Entire Wheat Bread

To mix at night, soften one-third a cake of compressed yeast in half a cup of lukewarm water, and mix thoroughly. To two cups of scalded milk or water, or part of each, add two tablespoonfuls of shortening, two tablespoonfuls, or more, of sugar and one teaspoonful of salt; when lukewarm add the yeast, four cups of entire wheat flour and enough white flour to make a dough that may be kneaded. Knead until smooth and elastic, then set aside in a temperature of about 70° F. until doubled in bulk. Shape into four rounds, and set these in

ENTIRE WHEAT BREAD

CHOCOLATE CAKE, MARSHMALLOW FROSTING

two greased pans. When nearly doubled in bulk bake one hour.

Chocolate Cake

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in half a cup of granulated sugar and half a cup of sifted brown sugar, then add one ounce of melted chocolate, the beaten yolks of two eggs, half a cup of molasses, one-fourth a cup of cream, one-fourth a cup of milk, two cups of flour with half a teaspoonful of soda, half a teaspoonful, each, of cinnamon and mace and one-fourth a teaspoonful of cloves. Lastly, beat in the whites of two eggs beaten dry. Bake in a sheet about twenty-five minutes. Cover with marshmallow frosting.

Marshmallow Frosting

Cook one cup and a half of brown sugar, one-fourth a cup, each, of butter and boiling water until it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Melt half a pound of marshmallows over boiling water; add to the first mixture and beat until thick enough to spread over the cake. Just before spreading add half a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Peach Gateau

Cut sponge cake in thin slices; pare and slice ripe peaches, sprinkle with sugar as needed. In a glass dish dispose alternate layers of cake and the peaches, with cream or cold boiled custard.

PEACH GATEAU

Menus for a Week in August

Live on plain foods, and eat fruit freely.

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Sliced Peaches Parker House Rolls
Fried Mush Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Melon Cocktail
Panned Guinea Hen
Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style
Garden Cress-and-Tomato Salad
Cauliflower au Gratin
Sliced Peaches, Sugared
Ladyfingers Macaroons
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Stewed Tomatoes and Corn
Mayonnaise of Eggs and Tomatoes
Whole Wheat Bread
Berries Tea

MONDAY

Breakfast
Dry Cereal, Thin Cream
Eggs Cooked in Shell
Berries
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Boiled Breast of Lamb, Caper Sauce
Boiled Beets, Buttered
Corn on the Cob Boiled Potatoes
Baked Apple Tapioca Pudding,
Thin Cream
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Shelled Beans, Stewed
Graham Bread and Butter
Blueberries
Cookies Tea

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Potato-and-Lamb Hash
Sliced Tomatoes
Buttered Toast
Pop Overs Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Sea Trout, Bread Dressing
Pickle Sauce
Scalloped Egg-Plant
Mashed Potatoes
Cucumber Salad, French Dressing with
onion juice
New Apple Pie Cream Cheese
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Succotash
Baking Powder Biscuit
Berries Cookies Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Raspberries
Dry Cereal, Thin Cream
Broiled Bacon Creamed Potatoes
Fried Rice, Honey Syrup
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Hamburg Steak, Maître d'Hôtel Butter
(Chopped at home)
French Fried Potatoes
Summer Squash
Garden Cress, French Dressing
Blueberry Pie Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Tomato-and-Lamb Soup
Deviled Crackers
Sea Trout Salad Bread and Butter
Apple Sauce Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Spanish Omelet
Brown Hashed Potatoes
Graham Muffins
White Bread, Toasted
Berries, Thin Cream Coffee

Dinner
Broiled Lamb Chops, Baked Potatoes
String Beans, Buttered
Pickled Beets
Peach Ice Cream Cookies
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Crumbed Slices of Egg-Plant, Sautéd
Bread and Butter
Sliced Peaches
Cold Water Sponge Cake
Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Smoked Halibut, Creamed
Small Potatoes, Baked
Dry Toast, Buttered
Doughnuts
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Fresh Fish Chowder
Browned Crackers
Sliced, Pickled Beets
Steamed Blackberry Pudding
Blackberry, Liquid and Hard Sauce
Tea

Supper
Corn on the Cob, Roasted
Pimento-and-Cheese Salad
Bread and Butter
Sliced Peaches Tea

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Corned Beef Hash
Broiled Bacon
Sliced Tomatoes
Corn Meal Muffins
Dry Toast
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Veal Cutlets, Pojarski Style
Scalloped Tomatoes and Corn
Celery
New Currant Jelly
Peach Shortcake
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Chicken Omelet
Potato Salad
Drop Cookies
Tea

Inexpensive Menus for a Week in September

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Milk
Broiled Bacon, Fried Apples
Dry Toast
Corn Meal Muffins
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
China Chilo
Lettuce, French Dressing
Sliced Peaches
Cream Cake
Tea

Supper
Bread, Milk
Baked Sweet Apples
Drop Cookies
Tea

MONDAY

Breakfast
Frizzled Dried Beef
Stewed Potatoes (in quarters)
Fried Cereal Mush,
Molasses or Caramel Syrup
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Canned Tuna (reheated in closed can)
Egg Sauce
Boiled Potatoes Boiled Cabbage
Cornstarch Pudding,
Milk, Sugar Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Boiled Rice, Milk
Graham Bread, Butter
Apple Sauce
Cheese Tea

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Milk
Green Corn Griddle Cakes
Buttered Graham Toast
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Cream of Green Corn
Hot Boiled Corned Beef
Swiss Chard
Turnips Potatoes
Baked Apples Stuffed with Raisins
Milk, Sugar
Tea

Supper
Hot Cheese Sandwiches
Apple Sauce
Drop Cookies
Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Thin Cream
Steamed Eggs on Toast
Sally Lunn (reheated)
Apple Marmalade
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Creamed Corned Beef au Gratin
Boiled Onions, Buttered
Scalloped Tomatoes
Apple Dumplings
Tea

Supper
Shelled Beans, Stewed
Rye Meal Bread and Butter
Sliced Tomatoes
Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Milk
Corned Beef-and-Potato Hash
Green Cucumbers, Sliced
Doughnuts Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Mock Bisque Soup
Cheese Pudding
Corn on the Cob
Baked Beets, Buttered
Apple Pie Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Potato Salad, Garnish of
Sliced Eggs and Pickled Beets
Graham Bread
Sliced Peaches Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Milk
Creamed Codfish (salt) on Toast
Doughnuts
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Fresh Codfish, Sautéd
Mashed Potatoes
Scalloped Tomatoes and Corn
Grapes

Supper
Corn Custard
Bread and Butter
Chocolate Cake
Tea

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Cream Toast
Fried Mush, Molasses or Syrup
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner
Neck of Lamb, Stewed
Baking Powder Biscuit
Summer Squash
Sliced Tomatoes
Creamy Rice Pudding
Tea

Supper
String Bean Salad
Baking Powder Biscuit, Toasted
Stewed Crab Apples
Gingerbread
Tea

Menus for Various Occasions

CHURCH SUPPER SERVED IN APRIL

(B. W. H.)

(About 225 covers)

Oysters on Half Shell, Horseradish
Chicken Patties, Peas
Sausages, Mashed Potatoes, Rolls
Coffee
Charlotte Russe with Strawberries

Articles purchased: 1000 oysters, 225 pattie shells, 8 chickens, 20 pounds sausage links, 500 rolls, 6 pounds coffee, 4 cans milk, 3 quarts cream, 250 Charlotte Russe, 8 boxes strawberries (garnish).

For August or September use peaches in place of strawberries, and sardines, deviled crackers and olives or celery in place of the oysters and horseradish.

PHILADELPHIA CHURCH SUPPER FOR BUSINESS MEN

(J. D. C.)

Grapefruit with Cherries and Juice
Chicken Croquettes Cold Ham
Scalloped Potatoes
Tomato-and-Lettuce Salad
Hot Biscuit
Coffee

(Price Twenty-five cents)

HIGH TEA (SEPTEMBER)

I.

Mock Bisque Soup, Olives
Veal Loaf, Potato Salad
Parker House Rolls
Peach Sherbet Ring Mold
Center: Whipped Cream on
Peach Sherbet in Glasses
Whipped Cream above
Marguerites
Coffee

II.

Celery Relish
Boston Brown Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Chicken à la King
Peach Gateau
Tea

PICNIC (AUGUST)

I.

Hot Broiled Bacon Sandwiches
New Pickles
Roasted Green Corn
Tuna Salad
Hot Coffee
Doughnuts
Watermelon

II

Hot Broiled Lamb Chops
Potato Salad
Sliced Ham Sandwiches
Apple Turnovers
Hot Coffee
Peaches

III.

Chicken Salad in Puff Cases
(Chou paste)
Olives New Pickles
Boiled Tongue Sandwiches
Savory Cheese Sandwiches
Lemonade Cold Coffee
Sponge Drops

A Blackberry Dessert and Its Many Variations

By Jessamine Chapman

DURING the berry season one may serve a different dessert each day, making berries the foundation, for there are innumerable ways of serving this fruit. As a basis for a long list of gelatine desserts a plain blackberry jelly can be made.

The following recipes are made with three cups of liquid, or one and one half pints—serving six people.

Blackberry Mold

Soak two tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine in one-half a cup of cold water. Add hot syrup made of one cup of sugar and one-half a cup of water. Mash enough berries to make one and one half cups of juice; express juice and add to gelatine mixture. Add also one-half a cup of lemon juice, to add to the flavor of the jelly. Pour into molds, set in cold water, and chill until set. Serve, unmolded, with whipped cream.

Blackberry Cubes

Make a blackberry jelly as above, pouring a thin layer in a shallow square pan. Allow the mixture to partly set, then arrange very large and ripe blackberries in rows on the jelly. Pour over these the remaining jelly and let chill. Cut in cubes, each containing a whole berry. Serve, piled on a plate, and garnish with whipped cream put through the pastry bag.

Blackberry Cocoanut Cubes

Roll cubes of blackberry jelly, made as above, in shredded cocoanut, covering them thickly. Serve in a basket made of sponge cake from which the center has been removed. Serve with whipped cream.

I. Blackberry Jelly Varied by Adding Eggs and Cream

Blackberry Sponge

To the whites of four eggs, beaten stiff, add the blackberry jelly which has been beaten light and thick with the Dover egg-beater. Mold. Serve with whipped cream or with custard made of the yolks of eggs and one pint of milk.

Blackberry Marshmallows

Mold Blackberry Sponge in a shallow tin. Cut in cubes, when set, and serve in a basket of cake, made as above.

Blackberry Toasted Marshmallows

Roll cubes in powdered macaroons or ground nuts. These look like real toasted marshmallows.

Blackberry Spanish Cream

Soak one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine in one-half a cup of cold blackberry juice; heat one and one-half cups

of blackberry juice; add one cup of sugar and the soaked gelatine. Pour over four yolks of eggs, slightly beaten. Cook in double-boiler until thick like a custard, stirring constantly. Cool, add one-half a cup of lemon juice and fold in the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff. Turn into wet molds and let chill. Serve, unmolded; garnish with whipped cream and whole blackberries.

Blackberry Bavarian Cream

Heat one and one half cups of blackberry juice and pour over four egg yolks, slightly beaten, with one cup of sugar and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt. Cook mixture in double-boiler until thickened. Remove from fire; add one tablespoonful of gelatine softened in one-fourth a cup of the cold fruit juice. When cold and beginning to set, whip with the Dover egg-beater and then fold in two cups of cream, whipped stiff. Turn in a mold and let chill. It should have a spongy texture. Do not use any of the cream that has drained through in whip.

Blackberry Parfait

Soak one tablespoonful of gelatine in one-half a cup of cold blackberry juice. Heat one and one half cups of juice with one cup of sugar to make a thick syrup; add softened gelatine and pour on the whites of four eggs, beaten stiff. Continue beating until the mixture is cool. Add one-half a cup of lemon juice and two cups of cream, beaten stiff. Pack mold in equal measures of ice and salt, and let stand four hours. Unmold and garnish with whole blackberries.

II. Blackberry Jelly, Varied by Adding Cream

Blackberry Charlotte

Soak two tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine in one-half a cup of blackberry juice. Add one-half a cup of hot juice, to which has been added one cup of sugar. Add one-fourth a cup of lemon juice, when cool, and one cup of blackberry juice. When the mixture begins to harden, beat until light; add the whip from two cups of cream, and beat until stiff enough to drop. Mold. Serve with a garnish of whipped cream and whole berries.

Blackberry Mousse

Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in one-half a cup of blackberry juice. Add a syrup made of one and one-half cups of blackberry juice and one cup of sugar. Beat until cool, then fold in two cups of cream, whipped stiff. Pour in mold,

Materials	Blackberry Jelly	Blackberry Sponge	Blackberry Spanish Cream	Blackberry Bavarian Cream	Blackberry Parfait	Blackberry Charlotte	Blackberry Mousse
Gelatine	2 tablespoons	2 tablespoons	1 tablespoon	1 tablespoon	1 tablespoon	2 tablespoons	2 tablespoons
Cold water or fruit juice	½ cup of water	½ cup water	½ cup juice	½ cup juice	½ cup juice	½ cup juice	½ cup juice
Hot fruit juice	½ cup	½ cup			½ cup	½ cup	½ cup
Sugar	1 cup	1 cup	1 cup	1 cup	1 cup	1 cup	1 cup
Blackberry juice	1½ cups	1½ cups	1½ cups	1½ cups	1½ cups		1½ cups
Lemon juice	½ cup	½ cup	½ cup	½ cup	½ cup	1 tablespoon	½ cup
Egg yolks			4	4			
Egg whites		6	4		4		
Whipped cream				4 cups	4 cups	4 cups	4 cups
Salt		¼ teaspoon	¼ teaspoon	¼ teaspoon	¼ teaspoon	¼ teaspoon	¼ teaspoon

seal well, and pack in equal measures of ice and salt. Let stand four hours.

On examination of these various blackberry, gelatine recipes, it will be noticed that the proportions of ingredients are fairly constant for all, and that there are three distinct steps in the combining of ingredients:—first, softening the gelatine in cold juice; second, adding the hot juice to which sugar has been added; third, adding either beaten eggs or cream or both, when cooled.

In the table, note that the amount of gelatine is decreased where a custard foundation using eggs is introduced.

The sugar may be increased or diminished according to taste and the character of the additional ingredients.

Lemon juice is used in every recipe to bring out the flavor, but may be reduced in amount if desired.

Salt is needed, especially in the recipes where cream is used.

Only two recipes require packing in ice and salt to freeze; namely, the Parfait and the Mousse. The others will chill sufficiently in the ice box, or sooner in pans of cracked ice.

Keeping House in the Margins of the Day

By Ruth Lincoln

THESE days housekeepers the country over are learning the significance of the word "efficiency." They have discovered that it represents the same principle that their husbands have of late years applied to various lines of business with ever increasing profit. They are coming to see that the old fifteen-hour "day" for them can be cut down by "system" and that a tremendous amount of waste time and energy has been the definite cause of the long period of toil they have undergone.

Now, if the wise utilization of every minute and every movement counts with the woman whose sole business it is to run a house, it certainly means more to one who is forced to do her house work in the edges of the day, as are so many twentieth century women of business. Every year more and more of them are saying farewell to boarding houses and setting up their own establishments.

When I first went to housekeeping in a four-room apartment with a girl partner a year ago, everybody, including ourselves, regarded it as a rash experiment. We were both employed all day and must leave the house at 8:30 in the morning not to return until nearly 6 at night. Our plan was to cook and serve two meals daily and keep the house clean and orderly.

"There are so many things that use up your time that you don't realize until you get into it," a married friend warned us. "I don't see how you can ever manage when you are tired out at night."

Such discouragement deterred us from a heavy investment in furniture, as we did not know how long we could keep it up, and right here we learned one of the great lessons of labor saving, viz: to have as little furniture and as plain furniture as possible. Every additional piece, we realized to our sorrow, meant additional care and additional dusting and sweeping. We carefully avoided any carved surfaces, and placed on the floor only rugs small enough to be easily shaken. Our hall runner was of grass carpeting.

We decided to divide the night labor by taking turns alternate weeks. This gave one of us seven evenings entirely free out of fourteen and proved a very satisfactory arrangement. In the morn-

ings we worked together.

To revert to cleaning, which is acceded to be the hardest part of housekeeping. Counting the hall and bath we had six rooms, one of which we assigned to each week-day. In the morning of that day one room was cleaned, mopped and dusted with chemical mops. The whole operation seldom took over twenty minutes of hustling, for we provided ourselves with every device we could find in the department stores for making the labor lighter. We had mops to go under the bath tub and radiators, mops with short handles for sinks and tubs, dustless dustcloths, etc. The other rooms had a daily "lick and a promise," and, as we were out of them all day, this kept down dust and preserved order, and we were left without the fatigue of thoroughly cleaning the house once a week.

In the mornings we stripped our couch beds and left them airing, to shock family traditions.

As time went on we learned many things of value about the preparation of our meals. Our menus we prepared for seven days on Saturday nights and stuck to them religiously. Saturday night we also bought a week's supply of groceries. We could have saved money by buying in larger quantities, but we had so little kitchen space that it did not seem advisable. This left us to purchase daily only meat and fruit. Our milk came each morning. As we made these purchases on our way home from work, it did not seem to be a burden.

Around the kitchen range we screwed hooks within easy reach and there hung everything we used about the stove, toaster, frying pan, egg poacher, agate kettles, etc. The difference between having them there and nicely stowed away on a remote shelf was a revelation to us.

We kept a small dressmakers' folding table in the kitchen, over which we placed a spotless cover and ate our breakfasts there, where we could actually reach everything necessary from our seats. We also had in the kitchen a high stool upon which we could perch when washing dishes, paring potatoes, or any similar task For our dinners we were forced to broil most of our meats, but Saturday nights and Sundays we had a roast. We always had a vegetable and salad besides potatoes, and the work of preparing dinner and clearing it away we kept down to an hour. We made many a cake or pudding or other desert in the evenings and we bought nothing from the bakery except bread. We have certainly grown fat and vigorous on this diet.

We had house dresses and big all-over aprons into which we could shift easily.

We kept accounts strictly and facilitated this by keeping a big calendar, with generous white spaces about the figures, hung close beside the dumb waiter up which our purchases always came. From this a pencil was strung and we made the entry at once, later transferring to the account book. We also kept a pad and pencil tied to the laundry bag and entered each soiled article as soon as it was cast aside, thus making our list complete as we went along.

We had a card catalogue of recipes which we collected from various sources. It was easier for us to typewrite them than to copy in the old-fashioned way and proved much more convenient to use.

We set apart one night each week to be "at home" to callers, besides Sunday afternoons, when we kept open house.

We kept constantly in mind the thought of making no false movements and the necessity of losing no time. We have tried to avoid all hunting by having a fixed place for everything.

It seems to us that the whole secret lies in having the furnishings as simple

as possible and in doing a little work regularly.

Our investment in furniture cost us $65.00, or $32.50, each.

The following time schedule speaks for itself:

7 to 8:30 A. M. is 90 minutes	
Rise 7, wash, dress, arrange hair	20 minutes
Get breakfast } one	
Do room } other	25
Eat breakfast	20
Clear away	10
Dress for office	15
	90

6 to 7:45 P. M. is 105 minutes	
Start dinner	15
Change dress	10
Finish preparing dinner	20
Eat	30
Clear away dishes	30
	105

Our rent was	$22.00
Food	20.00
Gas	1.50
Laundry	2.00
2)	45.50
	$22.75, each, per month

Our personal expenses, in addition to this, were car fare, laundry and lunches, all of which would have been the same, had we been boarding, and we feel that to live as comfortably as we do in New York City for so small an amount is beating out the high cost of living. We feel, too, that wherever we may go, in large or small cities, we can in the same way insure a wholesome living for a price within our means. Perhaps others may be encouraged to try the experiment.

College Cooking

When Helen left her classic Cicero,
And stopped her Greek and Logic for awhile,
To wield the rolling-pin and knead the dough,
The Profs indulged in a sarcastic smile.
We thought it just a fad,
A fancy that she had,
We thought her only playing with a brand new cookery book.
But the cook book's worn and frayed,
And our valiant little maid
Is heroically proving that the College girl can cook.

When Daisy donned an apron, frilled and neat,
With a dainty cap upon her curly head,
"She likes cooking 'cause the outfit looks so sweet,
'Twill tire her soon," triumphantly we said.
But she stuck to it like glue,
Resolved to see it through,
Her orders like a soldier obediently she took;
With fingers cut and burnt,
New recipes she learnt,
Till we cannot help admitting that the College girl can cook.

We joked about her heavy soggy cake,
And her biscuit that were like a cannon-ball;
We said that the Pure Food law ought to make
Her put a label "Danger" on them all.
But she let us have our laugh,
Calmly overlooked our chaff,
And her culinary labors not for one hour forsook.
But she nobly cooked away,
And we eat her cake today
As we grudgingly acknowledge that the College girl *can* cook.

Now when a young man's looking for a wife, he doesn't try
To choose her for the Latin in her head.
Not, "Can she work quadratics?" but "Can she make a pie?"
He asks; "And is it safe to eat her bread?"
So, though Latin's useful, yet,
Education, don't forget,
Doesn't all depend on what you get from lecture-rooms and books;
But it's cooking counts today,
And a College course will pay
All honor to the vindicated Co-ed Cooks!

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

Science and Food

Dr. Carl L. Alsberg

Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Agriculture

ONE of the great needs of the times is more science in the manufacture of foods. Here in the United States the business of food manufacture has advanced with extraordinary rapidity. We no longer "live at home," as they say in the South. Our table is dependent on the distant grower, the distant manufacturer. The food problem is not a problem of the home or even of the locality. It is a problem, nation wide. It has, therefore, become necessary for the Department of Agriculture to broaden its scope, to consider not only the production of raw materials, but also the production of manufactured food products. It has become the function of the Department to regulate and aid in the development of food manufacture so that the products of our factories shall be prepared under the best scientific and economic conditions. Much has been done already. Much remains to be done. But we hope the day is not far distant when American manufactured foodstuffs will be recognized as representing the highest standard.

When food was manufactured only for the home or, at most, for local consumption, the experience handed down by tradition was sufficient. A mill to grind grain, a smoke house to cure meats, brine to pickle them, a cool cellar to store vegetables, tubers, eggs, butter, and cheese, these were all that were deemed necessary. What could not be preserved by these simple methods was wasted and during the long winter months fresh food was somewhat of a luxury. Our cities were small, and their food supply came mainly from the immediate neighborhood. The monotony of the diet often produced scurvy and related diseases, and the failure of local crops, coupled with limited transportation facilities, caused occasional famines. These were the good old days.

The concentration of population in towns and the development of transportation have resulted in a complete transformation of the food manufacturing industry. Food must now be brought from great distances, and, in order to do this economically, it is necessary to operate on a great scale. Food can be handled in train-load lots or in ship cargoes only by large business organization. The individual farmer can not ship successfully over great distances.

It is natural for a business that is shipping on a large scale also to develop into a manufacturing industry. Indeed, in some instances, such as the beet sugar industry, manufacturing may develop an entirely new agricultural crop.

The result of the large scale development has been to lessen waste. It is less wasteful to slaughter a steer in a packing house and utilize all by-products, than to slaughter on the farm and lose a great part of them. If the people as a whole do not seem to profit thereby as much as they might, it is not because organization does not conserve wealth, but because the wealth thus conserved is not widely distributed.

These changes in the condition of the food industry that I have indicated make it necessary for the Department of Agriculture to broaden its scope. Its duties no longer end when it has shown how two blades of grass may be made to grow where but one grew before. It must recognize the fact that the food industry is no longer entirely a home industry. It must recognize the fact that the manufacture of food is being transferred from the home to the factory, as surely as the spinning of flax and the weaving of cloth has been transferred from the home to

the factory. The city woman who bakes her own bread is exceptional. Something is gained and something is lost. Though some may think the gain not equal to the loss, the change is upon us and must be met. It will not do to fold our hands and lament the good old days. They are past, never to return. We must be up and doing to meet the new. The Department of Agriculture must and does recognize that most food passes through a factory, on its way from the farm to the home. Let us be thankful that it is to the home that it mainly passes and not the restaurant; and that home cooking is not yet altogether a lost art. As, yet, the rich do not live entirely at restaurants and the poor entirely out of cans. I suppose you gentlemen are directly interested in getting as many people as possible to live out of cans. With this purpose the Department of Agriculture has no quarrel. It is simply the duty of the Department to see that the can is worthy of the consumer.

That Congress is fully awake to the changes of the times appears clearly from the fact that it has entrusted to the Department of Agriculture the control of the purity and the labeling of foodstuffs. Upon the Bureau of Chemistry naturally devolves the control of foodstuffs in the factory, on their way from farm to home. The control of manufacturing methods is a very large part of its work. It is that part of its work in which you gentlemen are interested. Here is a valuable and insufficiently developed field of work for a government department.

The whole transformation of the food industry has been so rapid that abuses could not fail to creep into it. The old household methods are often bad when applied on a large scale. New methods had to be devised. Under the pressure of competition, these have not always been thoroughly tested. Thus trade practices have become established that are very hard to eradicate. It must be one of the duties of the Department of Agriculture to examine into all these processes, to improve the good ones, and discover substitutes for the bad. It must also be its function to develop methods of utilizing by-products and of using as food many things which are not now utilized.

I fear the average layman does not fully grasp the economic possibilities of chemistry in its relation to agriculture and the food supply. Everyone is willing to grant its importance to metallurgy, to ceramics, to the paint, varnish and dyestuffs industry. The layman is apt to dispose of chemistry in relation to foods with some joke about artificial food and the millenium when man shall live on a few concentrated artificial pills. While there is no prospect that we shall give up the joys of the table for a supply of capsules carried in our vest pockets, nevertheless chemistry, as in the past, will increasingly in the future influence directly and indirectly our food supply. I need only refer to the production of sugar, of starch, of fertilizers and the utilization of agricultural by-products and wastes, to indicate how dependent our modern food production is on the application of chemistry. Much more is to be expected in the future along these lines, and the Department of Agriculture hopes to do its share.

Much, too, is demanded of chemistry in finding new and improved processes for manufacturing the raw product of the farm into products for the table. Were I to sketch but a part of the possibilities that here present themselves to any chemist that has given the matter any thought, I would soon weary you. However, I think I have said enough to indicate to you some of the lines along which the Bureau of Chemistry is to be developed. It is hoped to make the Bureau of Chemistry as useful to the consumer, by advancing the manufacture of foods, as the Department of Agriculture, as a whole, has been useful to the farmer. This is, to be sure, no new thought. Much work of this type has always been

done in the Department of Agriculture, but it is hoped to make this work the dominant note of the Bureau's policy.

Some there may be who will say: Why not let the manufacturer look out for himself, why should the people's good money be used to help him? One answer is that what helps one class of the community helps all. But there are other and even better reasons. The work I have outlined is costly and difficult. Only the larger and richer manufacturing concerns can stand the expense and take the risk of experimenting. When they succeed, the new process is either kept secret or patented. The result is to destroy the small manufacturer and reduce competition. When the government carries out these investigations the results are free for all to use.

Modern conditions are concentrating the manufacture of food into fewer and fewer hands. Many causes have been at work. Not the least of them has been pure-food legislation. This bears very much harder on the small man than on the big corporation, which can better afford to establish laboratories and employ experts. Those of you who are familiar with the situation will, I feel confident, agree with me that this is a fact. For this there can be no complete remedy. It is the trend of the times. No one wants to go back to the old days before the enactment of these laws. There has been and will be no laxity, no step backward in the administration of the law, but the administration of the law will gain in effectiveness, if it be coupled with a policy of education and instruction. It will be the ideal of the Department of Agriculture both to prevent violation of the law and to help those who wish to obey it. I am here today to enlist your support.—*From Address to Association of Grocers.*

De-Natured Alcohol

The Housewife's Friend

By Alice Margaret Ashton

HUNDREDS of women in our smaller towns and rural districts have been privileged merely to read and to dream of the manifold appliances made possible through the use of electricity and gas. To the aid of these hitherto restricted housewives comes the new fuel, de-natured alcohol.

Both gasoline and kerosene have, in some measure, filled the need of the more satisfactory fuels, but alcohol in this application comes much nearer gas than do either. Alcohol is clean and pleasant to handle, leaving neither smoke nor stain on utensils used over its flame. It burns without an odor, and is exceptionally safe to use, there being little or no possibility of danger from explosion. If it is accidentally spilled, it evaporates immediately, without leaving mark or stain to tell the tale. And when it can be purchased in the neighborhood of fifty cents per gallon, it is not an expensive fuel, if managed with the same care expended in the use of electricity or gas.

For all practical purposes, heat is not obtained by a direct burning of the alcohol, but by means of a burner that converts the alcohol to a gas which burns with a blue, wickless flame. The heat is quick and effective.

The alcohol stove has passed through the experimental stage and proven its right to exist. Its usual form resembles a gas plate of one, two or three burners, raised upon short legs, with the storage

tank at the back; the tank is not large as the fuel is consumed slowly. It is quite attractive enough to be used in place of the chafing dish, as the legs are of nickel, and the tank, aluminum. This little stove weighs only a few pounds, and is easily carried wherever desired. It can be purchased for about eight dollars.

With the alcohol stove before her on the dining or serving table, the hostess can prepare a dainty supper, or make coffee and cook eggs for breakfast, as daintily and comfortably as with the most approved electrical appliance. Nor is it less practical in the kitchen. The heat can be regulated, from a flame intense enough for the quick cooking of a steak, to a "simmering" heat for slow cooking.

A new standard of housekeeping should accompany any of the newer fuels; they all prove expensive and even unsatisfactory when used after the manner of the coal range. To get the best results when using a frying-pan over the alcohol stove, it is advisable to place a piece of heavy tin under the pan to distribute the heat, otherwise the heat is too great directly over the burner and correspondingly insufficient round the edges.

As is the case when using gas or electricity, slow prolonged cooking over the alcohol stove is somewhat expensive. There are, however, two exceedingly satisfactory ways of overcoming this difficulty; the fireless cooker which completes, without the use of fuel, the cooking begun on the stove, is one of them, the steam cooker in which a complete dinner may be prepared over one burner, the other.

The neat little stove will do a surprising amount of work when sensibly managed, and only the woman who has been obliged to work over a hot range in summer can fully appreciate the comfort of a cool kitchen.

Among the practical appliances, the flat-iron heated by means of alcohol holds a high place. The heat can be regulated as desired. It burns for several hours without attention. Such an iron saves many steps to and from the stove in the process of but one ironing, and allows of the ironing being done wherever fancy dictates. The iron costs in the neighborhood of five dollars.

The table coffee percolator, while not of such extreme practicabilty as the first named articles, is a convenience, especially in the family where coffee forms the foundation for breakfast.

The chafing dish is rapidly filling a long-felt social need with the hostess who has been obliged to depend alone upon her kitchen range for cooking. It is deserving of more common use, for nothing can exceed its cosy comfort at the family supper table. Many creamed and escalloped dishes, which for reasons of haste or convenience are prepared in the kitchen, are much improved when served from the chafing dish; have the hot water pan liberally supplied, and the second helping of the dish will be as palatable as the first.

Other conveniences are continually making their appearance. The alcohol lamp, requiring neither wick nor chimney, and in consequence but a minimum of care, a small, portable heater, a self-heating curling iron, and a heated mangle for ironing flat pieces, are in quite common use.

This means, although some of the appliances are still in the experimental stage, a new era in the housekeeping of a multitude of homes situated outside the big commercial centers. The new fuel is being welcomed by many housewives who see, through it, their dreams materializing.

Harmony in Home Surroundings

By Florence Lilian Bush

IF more of us understood the underlying laws of the science of color, instead of feeling them very dimly, our depressing Northern rooms would be furnished in the warm tints of Autumn. The paper would be of that unobtrusive yellow, the color of poplar trees just before they drop their leafage, while the rugs would get their tones from the rich-hued maples. Possibly a brass candlestick or a copper bowl would give an added note of brightness, while a piece of dull blue pottery would be just the right touch of complementary color needed for a pleasing contrast. White wood work would atone for the depressing lack of sunshine and the furnishings give the warmth of color desired.

Just as our Northern rooms are "toned up," so our Southern rooms might be "toned down," to take off all the glare which is apt to disturb the eye. Cool blues and restful greens are appropriate, while delicately-tinted walls make an attractive background for water color sketches such as lilacs, fleur de lis, and hazy, spring landscapes. The prevailing tones in the pictures should harmonize with those in the rooms, but a touch of violet as a foil for yellow, red to emphasize dull green, and orange against blue, strikes the key note of effective contrast. What the French dressmaker has brought out by the use of a ribbon or a rose, we may well copy in our house-furnishing.

A quiet background for a few well-chosen pictures, which should be hung from the eye level down instead of up, as did our ancestors; landscapes in groups, portraits in groups, marines in groups with careful attention to variety in size and shape, insure pleasing results. Once desirable wall-spacing is accomplished, no one is ever willing to go back to the hodge-podge effects of the past, when the man of the house was called on to drive a nail in the most vulnerable portion of the wall—generally high above our heads—from which the enlarged photograph of some ancestor was suspended. For years Great Uncle William gazed down at us from a broad expanse of white wall, and then the wonder worker with sacrilegious touch removed him, brushed the cobwebs from his back, and in his place grouped a few clear-cut etchings so near we seemed to be actually walking the wooded path, or floating in the little boat, or driving the cattle homeward at sunset.

Drifting away from the simplicity of the substantial log house with its wide fireplace and rag rugs, its wholesome life of work and play, the woman of moderate means has bought gaudy carpets and hangings, used cheap and ornate furniture, brilliant wall-paper, and brought a dozen conflicting shades into close proximity, but to-day she knows better.

Her kitchen, instead of being a gloomy, inconvenient room with dull wall-paper, an ugly or decrepit chair, cupboards painted gray—that there may be no visible evidences of dirt—cooking utensils of all ages and colors in evidence, has given place to light and cheerfulness. Inexpensive wall-paper may be harmonious in coloring and can be replaced at little cost. A stool for sitting at the ironing or moulding-board, an easy chair in which to sit while paring vegetables or polishing the silver, cooking utensils of beautiful blue and white granite, or aluminum with its cheerful, silvery sheen, cupboards painted white and crisp, white curtains at the windows, all of these help to transform the drudgery of home life into tasks set to joyful melodies. Even the calendar on the wall adds or detracts from the harmony of the

room.

Today really artistic rag rugs are being woven in obscure towns, and it only remains for patrons, in sufficient number, to encourage these harmonious products of the loom. Last summer, in a small, Northern village, we noticed a well-built, modern home on a conspicuous rise of ground. Below, and at one side, stood a little, old house seemingly a forsaken, outworn nest which, evidently, the family had not the heart to destroy. As we passed it one morning, a white-haired woman stood in the door-way and we turned up the wild-rose bordered path.

Near the door stood a loom, and presently we were being shown a variety of rugs and porch pillows which would have delighted any disciple of simplicity. We looked up into the face of the plain, old weaver who had fashioned these articles of furnishing, blending with rare skill shades and tints until the old-fashioned, much despised rag rug of our grandmothers was glorified into a thing of beauty. We examined the rugs she had woven for a neighbor's new home—white with delicate blue borders, blue and white fringed; a mottled cream and white with a band of pale green, and white fringe. There were many others, some showing real Oriental contrast of color, while one was of browns with a touch of orange. We had never seen anything more effective. Visions of cool, restful chambers rose before our eyes, where great thoughts might be penned without the distraction of a discordant note.

"Yes, I make my own patterns," the weaver assured us, bringing us back to the present. "I live with my son up there," indicating the modern house on the hill. "But I do my planning down here in my old home. This is where I began housekeeping. I wove carpeting enough to cover every floor. It puts me back fifty years to come here and work. I weave all my memories of the past into these rugs and porch pillows. I always sit in that chair—it was one of my wedding presents—" indicating an old, spindle-backed rocker. "I seem to see Morrie and Jamie running around in short dresses.

We looked around at the plain, little rooms and the beautiful old chair which evoked such satisfying memories. Thank Heaven, it is only one of many which are being brought out of cobwebby attics and storehouses to grace our living-rooms, pointed out by prideful hostesses as "the chair my great, great grandmother had when she set up housekeeping." No more do we hide the old loom or the bit of willow ware, be it ever so cracked. The beautiful, simple things of the past are emerging from their long retirement to find honored places in houses full of modern conveniences. How well they seem to fit into their new surroundings! What dignity and harmony they lend to the spacious rooms, and how they gradually banish—just by their silent influence—those articles which are superfluous and incongruous.

We weed out a multitude of insignificant trifles, distracting to the eye, for one really valuable antique, which harmonizes only with things of its own kind. Our "Grandfather's clock" replaces the noisy onyx and gold affair or the machine carved monstrosity of yesterday.

Our grandmother's fine blue and white coverlets make beautiful portiéres, and the large rooms are no longer full of dreary, unbroken spaces, but have centers of interest—the broad, old-fashioned fireplace is surrounded by comfortable seats, the couch near shelves of books has a screen conveniently near, the writing desk with its beautiful lamp is near some cozy corner. Out in the hall or reception room we see, instead of the portraits of our ancestors, a picture which instantly attracts our attention by its well-arranged masses of light and dark.

HOME IDEAS & ECONOMIES

Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

How To Clean Fish Dishes

THE brave little lady who inaugurated the egg crusade last winter in Philadelphia, thereby bringing down the cost of eggs, at once, and holding them there the entire winter by sales at public squares and in homes, is a careful housekeeper and mother; and from her is obtained the following useful hint about overcoming the smell and taste of fish.

Chatting about the difficulty of cleaning utensils used for frying and baking fish, and keeping silver absolutely free of it with little effort, she remarked that hot water with plenty of mustard would speedily purify all such pans and kettles and silver. Ground mustard is not expensive and the fact that mustard added to boiling water will do the work is worth knowing, since many object to patent cleansers.

Mustard is, also, a good remedy for worms in the earth of house-plants. To burn off baking-pan over a hot fire is one remedy for the fishy taste, after washing it with strong soda water.

Good Luck Baskets

"Good Luck Baskets" are the newest favors and table decoration. As it is now the time of year when people are departing for summer trips, these are a happy thought, but a four-leafed clover is always welcome. And these are what fill the good-luck baskets.

The baskets are of a high, pretty shape, with high handle tied with a scarlet ribbon, on which in gold lettering are the words "Brings Good Luck." To a farmer a dollar and a half a bunch would be a good price for clover!

A Cold Air Box for Fish or Meat

Sometimes at the shore fresh fish are brought home or bought and there is really no place to put them, indoors, or in the refrigerator. To keep such in the air and away from flies, cover a peach crate, made of slats, with remnants of mosquito netting, and under this (set in a good current of air) place the fish or meat. In parts of the South and the plains of the West, meat can be kept well, because the air is so pure and free from germs. The jerked meat of the plains, in buffalo days, was simply dried meat. At some old Alabama plantations, there are wire-screened boxes built against a big old tree trunk by the kitchen door, perhaps a great magnolia, green the year around. Under its branches is shade from the sun, and the cool sweet air keeps meat well, and other food, during much of the year.

At the shore, such a box can be placed across the kitchen porch-rail and weighted down so it will not blow off.

Where no ice can be had, salt the fish and pepper it well after it is dressed; open the fish flat and do this thoroughly, and lay it on a drainer or rack, such as meat is cooked on, and place this over a platter, in the air.

Fifteen Kinds of Fancy Peppermints in a Box

The fashion for mints is not decreas-

ing, as is evidenced by the placing on sale at fashionable shops a pretty white box, divided into five rows holding three compartments, each filled with a different kind of mint confection. The colors range, from white to green and pale pink, except for one dark variety the color of liquorice.

Each kind is of a different shape, consistency or color, little cushions, egg-shaped, bright, green ones, large flat ones, partly white, shading to rose, transparent creme de menthe of gelatine foundation in bars, and so on. This is a very attractive novelty for any person liking mints, especially an invalid or an aged person. J. D. C.

* * *

For Luncheon

AN appetizing dish for luncheon may be quickly prepared thus:—

Try the fat slowly from four slices of bacon; reject the bacon; brown delicately in the fat one small thinly sliced onion, then one gill of cold boiled rice; now add three well-beaten eggs mixed with three tablespoonfuls of cold water; pepper and salt to taste; cook slowly; as it sets, raise the preparation from the sides of the pan and let the soft part run under; sprinkle over it one gill of fine-minced ham, tongue, or chicken; fold it over gently; send to table hot, on a warm platter, garnished with sprigs of parsley.

Grated cheese is nice in place of meat.

Two Desserts from One Pineapple

Get a nice large pineapple; cut off the top; wash and wash it thoroughly to take off every particle of dust; dry it; pare, and remove eyes; grate it very coarse, add sugar, mix and put it in a glass bowl; set the bowl on ice to chill; serve ice-cold with sponge cake or lady fingers.

Put parings, eyes and core in an agate pan, cover with one and a half pints of cold water and allow to stand for two hours or more; bring slowly to boiling point, then simmer for fifteen minutes; strain and measure the liquid; to one pint use the strained juice of one lemon, a scant half pint of granulated sugar, a pinch of salt, and one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine, dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of cold water; the pineapple must be returned to the fire so it will boil up once, then add the dissolved gelatine; do not cook it after the gelatine goes in, but stir until it is dissolved; add the sugar and lemon juice, also; cool, then put in the refrigerator until set; now beat the mixture until light and frothy; serve very cold with a little of the pineapple on each saucer, plain or whipped cream, or a thin custard. This dessert is refreshing after a heavy dinner, and especially nice with lady fingers on a warm day. L. N.

* * *

Shifting the Silence Cloth

THE felt silence-cloth that is used under the linen table-cloth should be shifted occasionally, an inch or two, from side to side and from end to end, else it will be found to be getting a thin place along the line where the arms of those at table rest on or rub against the table edge.

Scrap-Drawer

I keep the lower, left-hand drawer of my sewing-machine half-way open, when the machine is in use, and every snipping from the fabric, every basting too short for further use, and every particle of thread or anything else that would otherwise "clutter" the sewing-room goes into this drawer and later into the fire; so there is no sweeping up to be done when the day's sewing is through with, because there is nothing to sweep.

A Pencil-Holder for Everybody

My husband wants me to write you about his "patent" pencil-holder. It is simply a rubber band such as you keep in your desk or the children get from around packages of chewing-gum.

Wrapped several times about the elastic end of the lead-pencil and then thrust into the vest pocket, with this end *down*, your pencil is there to stay until you need it. Try it and see. F. P. P.

* * *

Cooking Cauliflower

MANY object to cooking cabbage or cauliflower on account of the unpleasant smell it makes in the house. This can be avoided by dropping a couple of English walnuts (whole) in the kettle while cooking. Afterwards crack the nuts, and you will find where the odor went. N. G.

* * *

Traveling Lists

I TAKE several trips every year, usually going for several weeks during the summer to a camp many miles from home among the Canadian lakes, and, also, making visits to relatives in other cities and, sometimes, take a sight-seeing trip of a week or two.

When I go to the summer camp I must take with me everything I could possibly need to use as there is no opportunity to buy anything, and an article must be ordered and delivered by boat after an interval of two or three days.

Some years ago I made out lists in a memorandum book, which have been proved to be very convenient. I have one for my small handbag, one for my suit-case and one for my trunk. Each one contains the names of the articles I need to have with me in that receptacle. I consult these lists, as I pack, and I select and take with me the articles I will need on this special trip.

Clothes, of course, vary from year to year and one is not apt to forget these, but there are dozens of small belongings essential to comfort, like pins, button-hook, tooth-brush, shoe-laces, and hot-water bag, which may be left behind and cannot be purchased without trouble and delay.

Thanks to the invaluable little lists, I never have any worry about packing and, for five years, have never left any needed article at home.

Covering Mattresses and Pillows

I COVER mattresses, bolsters and pillows with white muslin covers, which are ripped off and washed twice a year.

After the pillows have been thoroughly sunned and aired, the clean covers are quickly and easily sewed on again.

This method keeps the ticking clean and saves the expense of renewing it frequently as otherwise would have to be done. The appearance of the bolster and pillows is much improved as the muslin covers keep them in shape and prevent the stripes of the ticking from showing through the cases. L. M. C.

* * *

For the Wood Fire

WHILE visiting a friend in the country we were charmed by her habit of bringing a little brown basket of pine cones each evening, which we burned on the open wood fire. They emitted a delightful, woodsy fragrance. One of the things to which she and the children look forward each fall is the gathering of these cones on crisp Saturday afternoons. An old guide on a camping trip in the woods gave her the idea by always adding a pile of pine cones to the supply of evening fuel.

Kitchen Work-Basket

By a pleasant window in my kitchen I keep a low, comfortable rocking chair and a work-basket. In this basket goes any sewing that requires no machine work, such as stockings and button-missing garments from the wash, and unfinished garments needing buttons and buttonholes and the last few stitches. While waiting a few minutes for meals or for some cooking to finish, I can do many stitches without taking an extra step. Here, too, I rest for a few minutes when I begin feeling tired. Too many busy women think they must never

sit down until the work is completed. My kitchen work-basket is one of my greatest helps.

Birds for the Children

Get the children interested in birds by letting them put up attractions for the little people of the feathered folk. In spring, put up some drinking fountain, if it is nothing more than shallow tin basins on stakes or low branches. If these are filled every morning, it is a charming sight to watch the birds collect for their morning toilet. They are apt to nest, also, near such attractions. In winter, let the little ones scatter the crumbs left from table on the window sills. A piece of tallow nailed to a branch will have almost constant visitors.

A little shut-in will find this study very absorbing, and so will, for that matter, an older one. A. M. A.

* * *

PERMIT me to send a receipt for a fruit salad with dressing made without mustard or oil. Answer to Query No. 1991.

Salad	*Dressing*
½ doz. oranges	4 eggs beaten
2 pineapples	4 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice
½ lb. walnuts	4 tablespoons sugar
1 bottle cherries	2 tablespoons water

Cook until thick, remove from fire, stir in a good piece of butter. When ready to mix with fruit, add 1 pint of whipped cream. E. R.

* * *

Sour Cream Salad Dressing

ONE cup of sour cream, two eggs or three yolks, one to two tablespoonfuls of vinegar according to acidity (plain or Tarragon), one level teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful of white pepper or paprika. If liked, mustard to taste.

Beat eggs, add cream, seasonings and vinegar. Stir all together well and cook slowly, stirring all the time till it thickens. If cooked too long or too rapidly the dressing will curdle.

This is a good dressing for cabbage, making it a little more acid.

Peanut Butter

Roast one pound of raw peanuts to a delicate brown. Remove all skins and grind in a meat chopper, using finest knife. Put through six or seven times or until oily enough to spread easily. Salt to taste at third grinding.

Pack closely in covered tumblers. H.

* * *

BISCUITS made up the night before, set in the ice box over night and baked for breakfast, will be lighter than if made and baked at once.

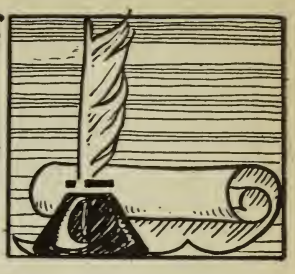
To remove typewriting ink from linen, place the inked parts in turpentine and soak twenty-four hours, then pour boiling soda on it, rinse and dry and the stains will be completely removed.

To keep the country house comfortable during rainy periods in summer, it is a good plan to have the furnace always ready for starting during the spells of wet weather which usually occur during the summer season. It is only necessary to have ready a small wood fire, easily built and as easily put out. It will help wonderfully to keep the air dry and sweet.

Canning Berries without Cooking

Wash, drain and pack berries in jars. Shake down so as to get in as many as possible. Put jars, when filled, in hot water to get thoroughly warmed through. Make a syrup by using the same amount of sugar you would in canning berries the ordinary way. Pour over berries boiling hot, let bubbles escape, put on lids, set in boiling hot water, cover up and leave until entirely cool. These have a delicious flavor. J. J. O'C.

QUERIES & ANSWERS



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit $1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

QUERY 2038.—"What is meant by sweet herbs?"

Sweet Herbs

Broadly speaking, by sweet herbs we mean herbs used for flavoring and seasoning, as parsley, tarragon, chervil, thyme, sweet basil, bayleaf, marjoram, mint and sage.

QUERY 2039.—"Recipe for Cucumber Jelly."

Cucumber Jelly

Pare two cucumbers and cut in slices. Add a slice of onion, a stalk of celery, half a tablespoonful of nasturtium seeds, a piece of green pepper pod and half a teaspoonful of sweet herbs, with water to cover. Let simmer until the cucumber is tender, then press through a very fine sieve. Season with salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Then add, for each pint of liquid, one-third a package of gelatine, softened in one-third a cup of cold water and dissolved over hot water. Tint delicately with green, vegetable, color paste, and turn into molds, to harden. Serve, with any salad dressing, in the same ways that tomato jelly is used.

QUERY 2040.—"Where can I get a pattern of a Bungalow Apron?"

Pattern of Apron

A bungalow apron is probably the same as a kimono apron. These can be purchased at department stores for thirty-nine cents; the apron can be used as a pattern, or a pattern may be procured of any reliable firm dealing in patterns.

QUERY 2041.—"Publish recipe for Raisin Bread with spices and fruit. How many cakes of compressed yeast does it take to make four loaves? Sponge put on shelf above range did not rise all night."

Regarding Raisin Bread

The number of yeast cakes required depends upon the time given for rising; better success will be assured if the bread be mixed in the morning.

Raisin Bread

- 1 cake of compressed yeast
- ¼ a cup of scalded-and-cooled milk
- 1 cup of scalded-and-cooled milk
- 1¾ cups of bread flour
- ¼ a cup of sugar
- ¼ a cup of melted shortening
- ½ a teaspoonful of salt
- 1 egg
- ½ a cup of raisins
- About two cups of flour

One-half a teaspoonful or more of cinnamon may be added if desired.

Make a sponge of the yeast, milk and the one cup and three-quarters of flour. When light and puffy add the other ingredients and mix to a soft dough; knead until smooth and elastic; cover and let stand until doubled in bulk.

Do not let stand on the shelf of the range. It is too hot. When light shape into a loaf, and when again light bake about one hour.

QUERY 2042.—"Recipes for Chocolate Pudding, steamed in individual cups, with hot chocolate sauce."

Chocolate Custard, with Fudge Sauce

For four cups of custard, melt one square and a half of chocolate; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one-fourth a cup of water, and stir until smooth and boiling. Beat three yolks of eggs and one white; add one-third a cup of sugar and beat again; fold in one white of egg, beaten dry, then add the chocolate mixture and one cup of milk and mix thoroughly. Butter the four cups and dredge the butter with granulated sugar. Set on many folds of cloth, or paper, in a baking dish; surround with boiling water; let bake until firm in the center. The water should not boil during the cooking. Unmold at time of serving. The dish is good when hot or cold. At serving, pour over a hot fudge sauce. If the custard be loosened at the edge, it may be unmolded in perfect shape.

Chocolate Fudge Sauce

Melt two squares of chocolate; add one-fourth a cup of sugar and one-fourth a cup of boiling water, and stir and cook until smooth and boiling. Sift, together, three-fourths a cup of sugar and one level teaspoonful of cornstarch; add half a cup of boiling water to the chocolate; then the sugar and cornstarch, and stir and boil five minutes. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla, and it is ready to serve.

QUERY 2043.—"When Creme de Menthe is used for flavoring ices, is it used with milk sherbet or ice cream? Give proportions for one quart."

Creme de Menthe Cream

1 quart of thin cream | ½ a cup of creme de menthe
1 cup of sugar

Mix and freeze.

Two cups of thick cream and two cups of milk may replace the one quart of thin cream.

QUERY 2044.—"Recipes for Tomato Sauce for Boston Baked Beans; also for Tomato Catsup."

Tomato Sauce for Baked Beans

Tomato sauce is not an ingredient of Boston Baked Beans, but it is a good addition. Cooked tomatoes pressed through a sieve may be used. If desired, add two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, smoothed in cold water, to a quart of hot purée; let boil and use.

Tomato Catsup

Scald half a bushel of ripe tomatoes and remove the skins; add half a cup of salt, one pound of sugar, one tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, three teaspoonfuls, each, of ground mace and celery seed, two tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon, and two quarts of vinegar. Boil slowly until reduced one half, then pass through a sieve, reheat and store in sealed bottles, or in tight-closed cans. A larger quantity of spice is desired by many.

QUERY 2045.—"How may a forequarter of Lamb be steamed with simple house utensils? It is too large for my steam kettles."

Steaming a Forequarter of Lamb

A forequarter of lamb, folded together, may be cooked in the usual home steam cooker. If too large, buy one half of the forequarter.

QUERY 2046.—"Recipes for preparing candied or crystallized cherries and pineapple, in slices."

Crystallized Fruit

Stone cherries. Remove hard center and outside and cut pineapples in slices. Let cook in boiling water until tender. For a pound of drained fruit, cook one pound and a quarter of sugar and a cup of the water, in which the fruit was cooked, to the soft ball stage (238°F.) Remove from fire and pour over the fruit, set in a shallow dish. The syrup should cover the fruit. Return to the fire and let boil once. Set aside until

LOWNEY'S COCOA

Lowney's Cocoa Is Simply Nature At Her Best

Certain South American districts grow a superior grade of cocoa beans.

These beans are roasted and ground for Lowney's Cocoa.

You get no man-made additions to blur Nature's best cocoa flavor.

And what a flavor it is! There is joy in the very aroma that steams from the cup. You can taste the purity in each delicious sip.

That natural flavor has never been bettered by man.

next day. Drain on a sieve. To the syrup add half a cup of sugar and again cook to 238°F. Put in the fruit, let boil once and set aside overnight. Repeat this process three times, adding half a cup of sugar each time. The fruit, by this time, will probably have taken up all the syrup it will absorb. Let dry off a little and store in glass, tight-closed. Pineapple in slices may need to be reheated in the syrup four or five times. Each variety of fruit should take up all the syrup possible. Where fruit is candied in large quantity, shallow trays provided with wire screens, to keep the fruit under the syrup, are used.

QUERY 2047.—"Recipe for 'Kentucky Mints.'"

Candied Pansies, Mint Leaves, Etc.

Set an ounce of gum arabic and half a cup of cold water over the fire in a double-boiler and stir while melting. When cold use in brushing over the leaves, petals or blossoms. If flowers are used, the stems must be covered with the solution, as, also, both sides of leaves and petals. Let dry on table oilcloth. More gum arabic may be added if the mixture be too thin to dry well. Make a syrup of half a cup of water and one cup of sugar. Let boil to 234° Fahr. When cold dip into it the prepared articles and dredge with granulated sugar on both sides.

We know of no recipe for "Kentucky Mints." Probably the above recipe is not the one desired; it is given as this is the season in which to candy mint leaves. If a more particular description of the recipe desired be sent, we may be able to publish the recipe.

QUERY 2048.—"In making cake with soda, should the soda be sifted with the flour or stirred into the sour milk when that is used?"

Soda and Cake Mixture

When soda is the only or main lightening ingredient, sift it into the flour, then sift with the flour. If soda be used to sweeten sour milk, and lightness is to be secured in part by baking powder, sift the soda into the sour milk and mix thoroughly; add the baking powder to the flour.

QUERY 2049.—"Are the proportions in the following cake recipe correct:" 1½ cups of sugar, ½ a cup of butter, ⅔ a cup of milk, 2 (small) cups of flour, 2 (small) teaspoonfuls of baking powder, 4 whites of eggs?

Proportions in Above Recipe

The ingredients given above make a good cake. Cut out the word "small." Measure the flour, a full cup, after once sifting. Use level teaspoonful of baking powder.

QUERY 2050.—"Recipe for 'Mocha Frosting.'"

Mocha Frosting

Beat one cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in two cups and one-half of sifted confectioner's sugar and then, drop by drop, coffee extract to give the color and flavor desired.

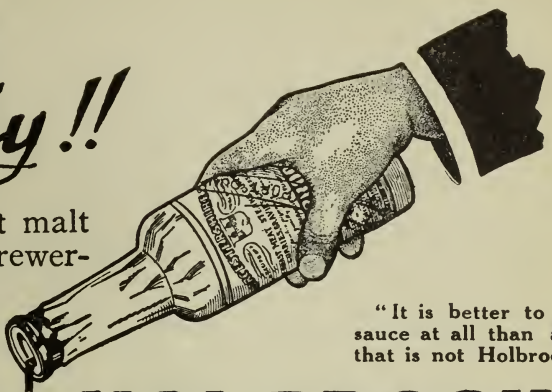
QUERY 2051.—"Should the oven for bread be quite hot at first? Is not half a yeast cake sufficient for three medium-sized loaves of bread? How stiff should the sponge be?"

Heat of Oven for Bread

A loaf of bread of average size should bake from fifty to sixty minutes. In the first fifteen minutes, the bread should rise to its full height and brown over in spots. Guage the heat to secure these conditions. Half a yeast cake is enough, if the bread be mixed at night. If the bread be mixed in the morning, use a whole yeast cake. Two yeast cakes will shorten the operation when that is an object. If such bread be baked thoroughly, there will be no taste of yeast. Mix bread without waiting for a sponge. Reserve the sponge for mixtures in which sugar and shortening (which hinder rising) are used.

Imported Absolutely!!

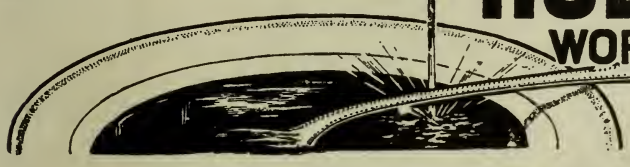
Only the best and purest malt vinegar—made in our own breweries, on the banks of the River Stour, Worcestershire, England—is used.



"It is better to use no sauce at all than a sauce that is not Holbrook's."

It takes over two years of careful preparation and ageing to produce the full, rich, mellow flavour

A good wine cannot be made in a day—neither can Holbrook's Sauce.



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Makers of HUB Ranges, Heating Stoves, Furnaces, Steam and Hot Water Heaters

Recipe for Two Loaves of Bread

½ a cake of compressed yeast (at night)
½ a cup of water
2 cups of scalded milk
2 tablespoonfuls of shortening
2 tablespoonfuls of sugar
1 teaspoonful of salt
About 7 cups of flour

To the milk, or milk and water, add the shortening, sugar and salt; when lukewarm add the yeast mixed with the half cup of liquid, and the flour. Use an earthen bowl and mix with a knife. Knead until elastic. Let rise in a temperature of about 75°F. The shelf over the stove is not a suitable place. When doubled in bulk, shape into loaves. When again light bake about one hour.

Query 2052.—"Kindly give directions for use of Pastry Bag and Tube."

Use of Bag and Tube

Fix the tube in place; roll outward the upper part of the bag so as to put the mixture just above the tube without smearing the sides of the bag. Fill the bag about one-third full. With the right hand carefully twist the bag above the mixture, guide the tube with the left hand, and force out the mixture by continuing the twisting, at the same time using pressure, with the right hand. To form a star, hold the bag in vertical position and press out a sufficient quantity of the mixture. Separate the tube from the material by pressing the tube downward slightly and raising it quickly. For other designs hold the bag at other angles, between the vertical and a horizontal position.

Query 2053.—"Recipe for Lady Fingers."

Lady Fingers

Beat the whites of three eggs dry and the yolks thick; into the yolks beat half a cup of sugar and a grating of lemon rind; fold in half of the whites, half a cup and one tablespoonful, extra, of flour, then the rest of the whites. Line a pan with paper; on the paper shape the mixture in portions an inch wide and about five inches long; dredge with sugar. Bake about ten minutes.

Query 2054.—"Recipe for Shrewsbury Cake."

Shrewsbury Cake

1 cup of butter
3 cups of sugar
3 eggs
1 cup of milk
3 cups of flour
3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder

Cream the butter; gradually beat in the sugar, then add the eggs, unbeaten, one at a time, beating in each egg five minutes before the next is added. Add the milk, alternately, with the flour and baking powder, sifted together. Bake in a dripping pan about forty minutes. Better results are secured with this rather rich cake, if it be baked in three pans, rather than in the one large sheet. Finish with boiled frosting.

Query 2055—"How cook Fried Indian Meal Mush or Fried Hominy?"

Fried Indian Meal Mush, Etc.

Prepare the mush in the usual manner, letting it cook five or more minutes directly over the fire, and then in boiling water (double-boiler) an hour or longer. Turn the hot mush into empty baking-powder or coffee cans. Let stand overnight. Unmold, and cut in slices half an inch thick. Have some sifted flour on a plate; pat the slices in the flour, first on one side and then on the other. Let cook in a frying pan, in hot bacon or salt pork fat till well-browned on one side then turn to brown the other side.

Query 2056.—"Recipe for a plain Muffin, in which the muffins rise and have a peak in them. There is more sugar in the recipe for Twin Mountain Muffins than we care for."

Sugar in Twin Mountain Muffins

Make the Twin Mountain Muffins with half the quantity of sugar given in the recipe or even omit the sugar entirely. In the last case add the butter, melted, at the last.

India Wheat Muffins

Sift together one cup, each, of India

Half the Rubbing taken
out of Scrubbing
Old Dutch
Cleanser
Old Dutch
Cleanser
Chases
Dirt
MANY USES AND FULL
DIRECTIONS ON LARGE
SIFTER - CAN - 10¢

wheat flour and ordinary pastry flour, one-fourth a cup of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and two rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat one egg or two yolks; add one cup of milk and stir into the dry ingredients; stir in also three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Bake in a hot, well-buttered iron muffin pan about twenty-five minutes.

White Muffins

Sift together two cups of sifted pastry flour, two slightly rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat one egg; add about a cup of milk and stir into the dry ingredients. Lastly, beat in four tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Bake about twenty-five minutes in a hot, well-greased iron muffin pan.

QUERY 2057.—"Recipe for Broiled Live Lobster."

Broiled Live Lobster

With a strong, pointed knife make a deep, quick cut at the mouth of the lobster, then draw the knife, firmly but quickly, through the body and entire length of the tail; with the tips of the fingers spread open the lobster to the center, and take out the stomach (or lady) and the intestinal vein, which runs from the stomach to the tip of the tail; wipe with a damp cloth and spread in a well-oiled broiler. Brush over with butter and broil over coals about ten minutes on the flesh side and five minutes on the shell side; or, cook in the oven about fifteen minutes. Set the lobster on a hot platter and crack the shells of the large claws. Serve melted butter in a dish apart. If preferred the meat may be removed from the shell before the dish is sent to table. The shell, if retained, helps to keep the lobster hot while it is being eaten.

Broiled Lobster

The above is the usual way of cooking broiled, live lobster, but, cooked according to the special formula, now given, the meat is more moist and less hard. Cook the lobster in court bouillon about fifteen minutes. Split lengthwise, sprinkle generously with melted butter and let cook nearly five minutes in a well-oiled broiler, over a rather dull fire. Break open the claws with a nut cracker, set on a hot dish and add a few bits of parsley. Serve butter, creamed and mixed with a little lemon juice and cayenne, in a hot bowl. The heat of the bowl should melt the butter. To make court bouillon add vinegar, onion, celery and carrot to boiling water.

QUERY 2058.—"Lettuce Salad with Thousand Island Salad Dressing."

Thousand Island Salad Dressing

- ½ a cup of olive oil
- Juice of ½ a lemon
- Juice of ½ an orange
- 1 teaspoonful of grated onion
- 3 teaspoonfuls of parsley, chopped fine
- 8 olives, sliced
- 8 chestnuts, sliced
- ¼ a teaspoonful of salt
- ¼ a teaspoonful of paprika
- 1 teaspoonful of Worcestershire Sauce
- ¼ a teaspoonful of mustard

Put the ingredients for the dressing into a fruit jar, adjust one or two rubbers and the cover and shake until the mixture is smooth and thickened a little. This is sufficient for eight portions. Pour over lettuce, washed and dried, or serve the lettuce and dressing, separately. The chestnuts are cooked.

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Menus for October Luncheons and Teas

I.

(Red Color Scheme)
Caviare in Small Tomato.Cups
Oysters Scalloped in Shells
Parker House Rolls
Panned Guinea Chickens
Guava or Crabapple Jelly
Celery-and-Red Pepper Salad
Strawberry Sherbet (canned juice)
Mocha on Little Cocoanut Cakes, Cherry Ornament
Coffee

II.

(Bulgarian Color Scheme)
Chaudfroid of Oysters
(Beet and Egg Yolk Decoration)
Consomme (with Truffles, Carrot and Celery)
Fresh Mushrooms under Glass Bells
Breaded Lamb Chops, Baked
Peas, Carrot Cubes, Beet Cubes, Buttered Sauce on Artichoke Bottoms, Half Glaze Sauce
Macedoine of Fruit Salad, French Dressing
Hot Pulled Bread Hot Cheese Balls
Coffee

III.

Macedoine of Fresh Fruit in Glass Cups
Fillets of Fish.Cooked in Tomato Cups, Hollandaise Sauce
Gnocchi a la Romaine
Celery-and-Red Pepper Salad
Coffee

IV.

Cream of Cauliflower Soup
Egg-and-Tomato Salad, Mayonnaise Dressing
Parker House Rolls Cup St. Jacques
Honey Cookies
Coffee

Club Tea

Bread-and-Sauce Tartare Sandwiches
Oatmeal Bread and Marmalade Sandwiches
Tiny Pound Cakes Graham Wafers
Oatmeal Macaroons
Tea

AN ABODE OF HAPPINESS

The

Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XVIII OCTOBER, 1913 No. 3

The Art of Basket Making

By C. M. C.

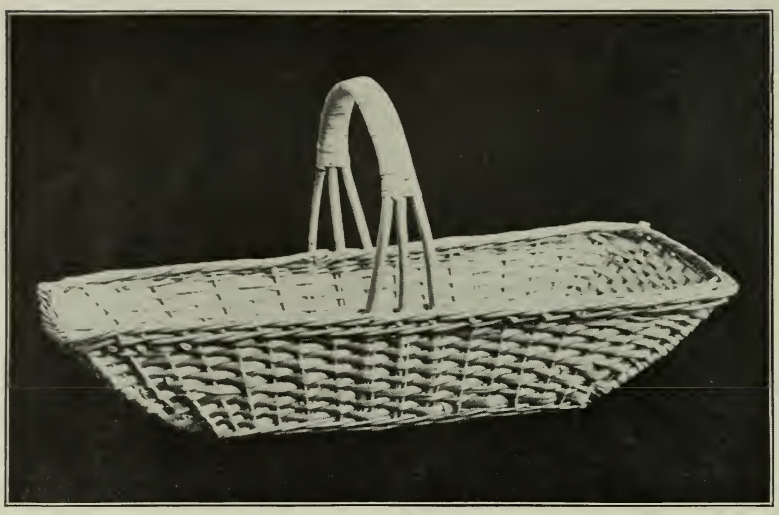
EVER since the days when the American Indians plied the trade of basket making, it has been an important industry. Looking back, it will be found that baskets were in those days the utensils with which the daily domestic life of the Indians was carried on. There were baskets for all uses, among the different tribes, and it was in the Southwest, along the Pacific slope and in Alaska that the art attained its highest perfection. The materials used at that time were largely determined by their environment, causing different tribes to make distinct and individual types of baskets. Sometimes they were fashioned from the wild rye, which is very pliable. Birch bark, fern stocks, roots, grasses, and willow were all used in their make. They were divided into two types, woven and sewed.

The Indian women were very skilful at splitting the stem of the willow and storing the material until needed. The proper time for gathering is when the stalk has completed its growth, and before it commences to harden.

The baskets of today may be said to be descendants of those made by the Indians, and prominent among them all, even today, is the Indian style of basket. Some of these are made with the "lazy squaw" weave or stitch, so called because they are easier to make and require less thought than those in which has been put a whole life's work. For this basket we prepare the reed, trim it and shape it into a coil, winding the raffia thread and weaving until one coil of the reed is covered. This is the broad explanation,—in detail the following directions may be followed.

Hold the hemp coil in the left hand and wrap it with raffia for about an inch, wrapping it toward you. Then make

HANGING PLANT BASKET



FOR GATHERING FLOWERS

it into the smallest ring possible and sew it together firmly. Carry the raffia strand through the center, pointing the needle away from you. When the spiral is firm, begin to take the stitch, working toward the left and winding around the hemp once, and then taking a long fastening stitch down through the middle. Then take the fastening stitch only on the last row of the spiral for the next row.

If the squaw is inclined to slight her weaving, she will wrap the single reed, two, three, or four times before taking the much harder long stitch which holds the reeds together. In weaving the baskets, the raffia may be very coarse but must be kept even. The fingers should be slightly moistened with water so that the little fine fibers of the raffia will not wear up so readily, and it will take a polished surface.

There are many kinds of baskets made by the modern basket makers and almost all of them conform to the law followed by the Indians. These baskets may also be constructed on pottery shapes, suggesting the bowl, cup or pan, rather than in singular or unusual forms. The sewing is done with a number seventeen, blunt, pointed tapestry-needle, threading with an unsplit strand of raffia. This is wrapped over the closely woven material called hemp packing, which comes in thick cables of eleven strands each, in the manner described above.

It is always advisable to purchase a three yard coil, which saves the splicing too often. This splicing is done by laying a new strand by the side of the old and wrapping them firmly together.

The cost of these baskets is very slight, raffia being exceedingly cheap, and three yards of hemp packing, which retails for 35c. a yard, is more than enough for one of the largest size. In

PLAIN RAFFIA

the selection of the colored raffia, care should be taken to obtain only the soft and clear tones.

It is a good plan to color the reeds oneself, but in order to do so, they should be put in a pan of hot water over the fire, and brought to a boil. Green, brown and grey are favorite colors, the warm earth brown showing off to advantage almost any kind of a flower. The prettily woven basket is rapidly coming into favor as a receptacle for cut flowers and a jardinière for potted plants. There is a tendency, however, towards the Arts and Crafts basket, which is of more simple design and weave. A lack of ornamentation characterizes the more popular baskets.

Baskets of all kinds are used today for household decorations, and are in evidence for both table and room ornamentation. They have replaced to a great extent the tall glass and the china vase, and admit of a much more natural arrangement of flowers.

If cut flowers are to be sent to a friend, it is much prettier to put them in a small flat basket than to send them in a box, and it gives evidence of more consideration and better taste. Baskets can be designed and colored to harmonize with the scheme color of a room. Suggestions of delicate color may be wrought in a white groundwork for waste baskets, work baskets, and others to be used in a chamber,—while the deeper and more brilliant colors may be employed for baskets to be used in den or library.

Raffia dyed with vegetable colorings may be made harmonious in tones to blend with the colors of Oriental rugs, but for a cottage there is nothing better than to follow the colors of the natural landscape, the greens and browns and the dull reds, making a blending of "woodsy" tones.

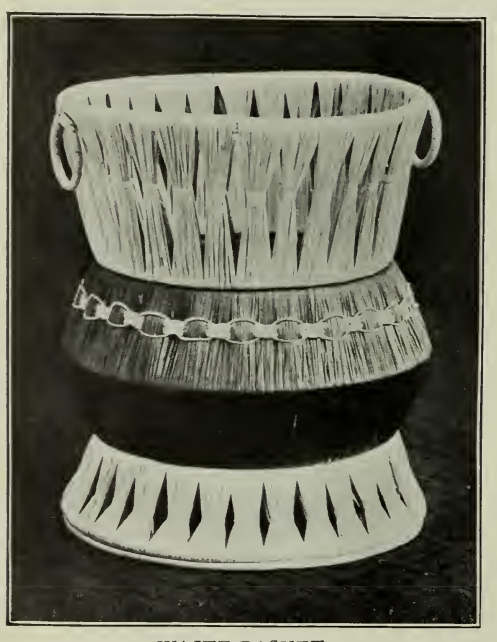
For a small basket, simply shaped, eighteen pieces of the reed may be cut, each piece about thirty five inches long, arranging the pieces in groups after they have been soaked in warm water until they are tender. Three of these groups may contain four pieces, while the other one shows six. The center of each

WHAT CAN BE MADE OF RAFFIA

BASKET MAKING

group is then found, and two groups of four placed so evenly across each other that they form a letter X, while the remaining group is horizontally placed across the six. A table is a good place to lay the spokes, holding all the ends down flat until the basket is started.

Place the end of the long weaver under the first group, forming the letter X.



WASTE BASKET

Run the weaver over the next group which will be of six, holding it down with the finger. Then it should be passed under the next group of four, reversing it and putting it over the next group continuing this process three times around until the top of the sixth group, is reached. Then run the weaver under the last two of that group and over the next one, going around three times and stopping when the same place is reached. When the groups are divided into twos, the weaver follows the process of over two, under two, one time around. This is the foundation, and if anyone studying the art will follow very closely after these directions, he will not find any trouble in commencing the foundation of the basket. Once this is learned, it is a very simple matter to shape it and finish it off.

For tools, the beginner will need a pair of nippers, a pair of pliers, and an awl, although much can be accomplished with a sharp knife and a pair of shears, and a large knitting needle can be used if one has no awl. Before commencing the work, one should soak the material in warm water for from ten to fifteen minutes. If that is not obtainable, cold water will do, but it takes a longer time. The reed must be soaked until it is pliable and naturally the larger the

weave, the longer time it takes to make it flexible.

After the basket is finished, a little sand paper removes any roughness; a coat of equal parts of turpentine and light oil finish may be used, or possibly gum shellac, previously dissolved in alcohol. Good paste or wax may be used also, but must be applied with a soft cloth and afterwards polished with a stiff brush.

Originality of design is of great value as well as manual dexterity. At first, of course, it is well to copy good models, but half the benefit and pleasure is lost if one does not attempt originality. Experiment should be undertaken, at first along the well-known lines and with materials that have been tested. When one has had experience, however, one can do much with almost any kind of a reed, rattan, willow, or grass.

IN HOMELY FASHION

In October

The frost has touched the trees with gold,
With crimson, and with brown;
And, loosened from their summer hold,
Ripe fruits come tumbling down.

In sweeping flight, toward southern strand
The birds of passage go;
And soon must stretch, on either hand,
Wide wastes of ice and snow.

But oh, these still, fair autumn days,
The blue hills of the noon,
Far fields that lie in smoky haze,
At night the hunter's moon!

All, all of these my soul will store
To make my heart beat warm
When loud at window and at door
Knocks the wild winter storm.

CORA A. MATSON DOBSON.

Essentials of Happy Homemaking

By Eleanor Robbins Wilson

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition; the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.—JOHNSON.

WHO ever saw a newly-married pair and did not feel that they had securely corralled Cupid by the surest and strongest measures extant? It is only the pioneer settlers of matrimony who know how soon the little gnawing discontents of domesticity may afford the small god a loophole for escape! "As though he ever would wish to escape!" Comes the derisive retort from bride and benedict, and the pioneer settler bethinks him of the man who once held a dime so close to his eyes that it blotted out the sun, as he sees them adjusting their self-conceit in the face of a glaring truth.

If every couple entering the uncultivated territory of wedded life could approach it in true pioneer spirit, knowing the price of the new claim is eternal vigilance and that the bargain calls for team work, the well worn trail to the divorce court would soon fade from the landscape. For the corner-stone of successful matrimony was, is and always shall be co-operation.

We rarely see a young man approaching the responsibility of providing for a home without having first gained the mastery of some trade or profession whereby he can assume the financial end of his obligation; but how about the young woman? Has she a working knowledge of housekeeping, does she, in fact, know any of the rudiments of homemaking, or even the value of a dollar? We take much pride in shielding Beatrice, Rosalind, or Estelle from what we unadvisedly call "the hardships of life," but what we inwardly know meant the bedrock of integrity and honest living for ourselves. We are justifiedly proud, too, of the little social graces she acquired at finishing school and in supplementary travel, but what of the day of reckoning, when she marries the struggling young professional man and is left alone to fight out the handicaps of her early training?

It is just this ferment of open revolt, working its way out in haphazard experimentation and through the divorce courts, that is furnishing the leaven for the new ideals of home-making and the establishment of domestic training schools throughout the length and breadth of our land.

Not but that we should, each and all, say a hearty "amen" for all education that makes for true culture, but may our discernment lead us to the proper balance of practical and ideal. One of the most revered educators in this country, who has dedicated her life to the study of Grecian Art and history, affords me a striking example of how warped one may allow her interests to render her. Although this woman maintains a large house, she is at the abject mercy of every tradesman whom she patronizes, and when servantless, which is often, cannot make herself an acceptable cup of cocoa. Ensconced in a beautiful home, decorated along Greek lines and adorned with wonderful art treasures of ancient Greece, her's is often a choice of mal-nutrition, hunger-strike, or capitulation to some animated Aphrodite blessed with a little culinary knowledge. All of which goes to prove that some domestic experience is as necessary for those who aspire to be competent mistresses as for the woman who expects to put her knowledge to practical use.

Taken for granted that mutual love and respect are the basic principles of marriage and that absolute candor and fidelity on the part of each are the funda-

mentals of all successful home-making, qualification as wage-earner, for the man, and ability to keep or supervise a home, for the woman, are unquestionably the prime requirements in this joint undertaking.

Perhaps, next in importance is for the wife to have a true valuation of money. If a daughter is to be debarred the educational discipline of ever earning a dollar for herself, she should early in life be accustomed to the handling of money. Teaching the alphabet and inculcating the exacting rules governing the three R's are matters of pressing concern with us, but the worthwhile initiation in the all-important task of money spending is left to the dubious methods of Chance. There is no better way to circumvent this prevalent condition of affairs than to entrust the daughter of tender years with a small allowance and to insist that the money given yield something in return. No matter if the amount is small, let it be thoroughly understood that it is to cover certain definite purposes; so much for the Sunday school collection, so much for hair ribbons, so much for desired toys or books; but if, in a moment of temptation, the book money is rashly expended for bonbons, let no mournful entreaty induce you to increase the week's stipend, thus will the child learn the incalcuable lesson of the rigidity of a fixed income. And above all let the allowance be given with clock-like precision at the time specified, for regularity has an undeniable steadying influence on the young. Undoubtedly, the best results will be obtained where some small household service must be rendered in return for the allowance. Let Beatrice, Rosalind, or Estelle keep the plants watered, the canary fed, her bureau drawers tidied, and her room dusted,each day. Capability in handling a small amount of money should be rewarded by a gradual increase of allowance until the young woman is solely responsible for her individual needs. Such home schooling in economics would leave the bride at the threashold of her own door qualified to administer the financial side of domestic affairs. A person so grounded will proudly lift her head above public opinion and find her greatest pleasure in standardizing her home. The penuriousness of the neighbor on the left, the flaunting extravagances of the neighbor on the right would find no imitation in her household budget. Such a woman will not be guilty of squandering twenty dollars for an unnecessary willow plume and then pin her economical pride to the fact that she saves the rag money!

And right here looms up another requirement of happy home-making and that is that there should be a proper apportionment of the family income, the wife's allotment being for stipulated needs of household expenditures and her personal requirements. For what shall it profit a woman to be efficient in the guarding and spending of money, if she is not allowed such share of the income as she is entitled? Let the head of the house, therefore, see to it that his wallet and his wife's wallet look like twins, remembering that even love fleeth from the hands of a stingy man. Let the wife also bear in mind that nowhere does unity of effort spell success or failure more tellingly than in this selfsame demain. Notwithstanding the fact that a woman may be found adequate to disburse household funds, she can through foolish moods and petty jealousies completely bankrupt her partner. I have seen the jealous bride of a successful young dentist make such serious inroads on his profession that he was obliged to abandon his practice in his home-town and establish himself elsewhere. And we have all of us known the envious or super-sensitive type of physician's wife who, through similarly unpleasant tactics and her own short-sightedness, has robbed the home-nest of some of its softest feathers. The harboring of suspicion is a dangerous pastime. Oust it as a weed from the garden. For there is small incentive for a man to persevere

and keep doing right who is always suspected of wrong doing.

After the financial question with its varying aspects has been agreeably settled, the next step toward connubial concord is found in husband and wife sharing some joint interest, and, in the goodly aeons this sturdy old world has been spinning on its axis, nothing seems to have filled the bill like the task of rearing a brood of lusty youngsters. There is yet to be discovered that which can give greater strength to the foundation of domestic relations or more firmly weld the affections of husband and wife. And this does not mean the crushing or blotting out of individual interests for either the man or the woman. If the young husband sings acceptably or makes artistic pictures with his camera, by all means encourage such gifts. If, on the other hand, the wife plays some musical instrument, is talented in painting or clever with her pen, bid her continue. It will not only make for a richer and more interesting home-life, but it is sure protection against a certain form of domestic ennui that inevitably comes at the stage when people who are much together become "talked out," and threadbare stories and decrepit jokes tend to remind the listener of phonographs and parrots. Moreover, it is well at the outset to cultivate the forward glance, and the young woman fostering some form of self-expression through the busy period of motherhood,has in the later leisure of middle life, given ardent thanks. A period she might otherwise have consigned to loneliness and empty-handedness has proven for her the golden opportunity wherein to nurse some cherished talent into beauty, to her own satisfaction and the ultimate good of all concerned.

So much for the apparent big issues at stake, but what of the small undermining forces that work an insidious havoc? In the domestic circle as with the larger business transactions it is the trivial affair that often proves the most irritating. It is the petulant tone creeping into the voice that by rapid growth evolves into the chronic whine, and there have been cases where a whine proved a two-edged sword which severed the marriage tie. It is the little act of disloyalty in repeating to friends and neighbors the petty faults and foibles of the life-partner which sows the damaging seed of discord, and it is only the unchecked irritable complaint that with magician-like agility converts otherwise worthy people into intolerable naggers and Mrs. Gummidges of both sexes.

In the April number of Scribner's Magazine appeared a short story entitled "The Way She Took It," so pulsating with the sweet breath of home-life and a common-sense understanding existing between husband and wife that it made most refreshing reading. On the eve of her Silver Anniversary a woman, fortunately blest with the full complement of brains, was approached by a very friendly but totally uninvolved third person, who felt it a bounden duty to enlighten her on her husband's misdemeanors and short comings. Yet in the face of seemingly tangible proof, the wife's twenty-five years of intimate companionship, affording an unequalled study and thorough comprehension of her husband's character, stood her a solid background of facts. And the quiet majesty and wifely loyalty of her attitude are brought out most pleasingly and with cameo-like clearness.

So it seems that the Sunday-go-to-meeting virtues of tolerance, patience, and kindness are often the uplifting work-a-day mottoes of those charming abodes where we find the home atmosphere so restful and inspiring, — and unfailingly a sensible, sunny woman is the pivotal force calling into action all the surrounding, worthwhile interests.

Thus we are slowly but surely learning the far-reaching value of good cheer. High on the scroll of marital beatitudes might be illuminated, "Blessed are the cheerful in heart, for they make home attractive." A sense of humor is the

life preserver in more than one ship sailing the changeful seas of wedlock and it is the saving vein of gold to more than one grub-staker in the rugged fields of matrimony. To make "two grins grow where formerly dwelt a grouch," is, indeed, a subtle art and one worthy our stanchest efforts. Long years ago, Helen Hunt Jackson told us that "Cheerfulness is a thing to be more profoundly grateful for than all that genius ever inspired or talent ever accomplished. Next best to natural spontaneous cheeriness is deliberate, intended and persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate and so foster and cherish that after a few years the world will never suspect that it was not an hereditary gift." It is helpful counsel to-day and especially applicable to the complicated task of home-making.

In further pursuit of domestic contentment, perhaps the new and even the old recruits in the connubial ranks can do no better than cultivate that other saving grace — tact. Insignificant and unassuming though it appears, it still remains a matrimonial blue ribbon winner and can boast an unblemished record of some of the happiest victories.

It seems pertinent right here to state of the three thousand, six hundred and ninety-nine cases that were heard in the Chicago Court of Domestic Relations during the past year, 11 per cent were occasioned by ill temper and fully 6 per cent were ascribed to the interference of the wife's parents. Whether or no what the small boy terms "squealing" is a feminine attribute, there is food for reflection in the statement that only 1 per cent of the trouble investigated in this court was caused by the molestations of the husband's parents.

Further infelicity was credited to the following sources:

Disease, 13 per cent;
Immorality, 14 per cent;
Married too young, 4 per cent;
Laziness, 3 per cent;
Miscellaneous, 6 per cent;

While under the one tragic word "Liquor" lay the heartache of 42 per cent. Yet, glancing below the surface evidence, he who runs may read a saddening tale of homekeeping incompetency, of the serving of sodden food and the stronghold of financial mismanagement.

Let our schools of household economics multiply! There are no stronger advocates of such institutions than they who, each day, are legally sifting the chaff and wheat of the divorce problem. It is becoming more and more patent that only through such a combined attack of trained efficiency may the rising generation strike a more effectual blow at the hydra-headed serpent of domestic discontent.

Twilight Fraternity

The shadows steal across the grass,
They lay their fingers on the flowers
And straightway into dreamland bowers
The wildings of the meadow pass, —
Then lightly o'er the sun-warmed road,
They drape with gray each green abode.

Deep in the ancient forest way
From leafy turret, high and strong,
The veery chimes a vesper song
And day succumbs to twilight's sway —
For birds, and bees, and fallow field
Have felt the spell the shadows wield.

On drifts the silver-stoled band
O'er mountain height and lowly fen
To still the fevered ways of men
With the soft dreams of night-fall land,
While granite crags and cloud-capped pass
Grow dim as daisies in the grass.

The flaunting poppies in the grain
Are shadow-bound as yon drab fir,
Crudeness is veiled with gossamer,
And harshness learns a softer strain,
As down the dark the garish day
Finds kinship with a world of gray.

A Yard of Rhubarb

By Ruth Moench Bell

A NEW home with an uncultivated back yard, a need for money for piano lessons for my little girl, and a jar of Rhubarb marmalade conspired together to give a suggestion for improving the first, supplying the second and marketing the last.

To begin with: My little girl had reached the age when I had always declared her musical instruction should begin; but we had just moved into our new home for which we had been saving so long, and I knew there was no possibility of pinching out enough from the family income for this new expense.

I was standing at the window looking out on the bare back-yard and alternately wondering now best to improve the yard and wishing that my little girl's fairy god-mother would give two gentle taps on the door and, enquiring into the cause of my perplexities, speedily wave her wand and transform that back-yard into a verdant paradise of green, penny-bearing plants.

The wish was scarcely crystalized, when I was nearly startled by two gentle taps, not on the back door as I had wished, but on the front. Our bell had not been put on or the wish could not have been so literally fulfilled.

I opened the door and there stood the fairy god-mother. I did not recognize her at first. Indeed, she seemed to me just like one of the neighbors come in for a friendly chat.

I persuaded her to have tea with me and, with her fairy gift of divination, she must have learned the cause of my secret distress, for she offered me, in that enigmatical way the fairies have, the secret for my penny-bearing back-yard plants.

I had on the table a most delicious rhubarb marmalade, the secret of which a famous Southern cook had confided to my mother. My neighbor friend tasted, then exclaimed: "How delicious this is. I do wish one could buy such dainties. They are so good for Tea. I dread so to make them and then I never have success even with a tried and tested recipe."

Instantly the back-yard, the piano lessons, the jar of marmalade began capering about, figuratively speaking, of course, in my brain. I nearly flung my arms about that demure fairy creature who was pretending to be merely a friendly neighbor.

I could scarce suppress my excitement as I bade her good-bye.

"George, dear," I said at supper, "How would rhubarb do in our back-yard?"

"Rhubarb?" He stared at me in masculine perplexity.

"Yes, Rhubarb."

"O, it would thrive well enough, but I thought you wanted something pretty there."

"It isn't ugly, is it?"

"O, no, not if it's properly tended. It looks fresh and green, but that's about all."

"That's all I ask," I exclaimed, "Sadie's music lessons shall grow in our back-yard."

He stared apprehensively at me as who should say, "Am I — or is she?"

"We are neither one of us straight-jacket subjects," I laughed; "but we'll plant rhubarb in that back yard. We'll sell and ship in the early part of the season and I'll make rhubarb marmalade when people are tired of the fresh plant. The stores can sell all I can make, I know."

Hubby and Sadie fell in with the idea and we set to work. Hubby had the back yard thoroughly ploughed and prepared for the planting and Sadie and I did the rest.

We first visited a truck-gardener liv-

ing on the outskirts of town and got plants and what little information there is necessary to raising them.

First he showed us how to select the roots. Each piece of root must have one good bud or eye.

They must be planted in sets about four feet apart each way.

The ground must be cultivated and hoed and kept free from weeds. Never let the ground get hard and always remember that the richer the soil the better and bigger the growth and the more tender the stalks. Roots may be set out either in spring or fall.

This is practically all one needs to know, to raise rhubarb.

The weeding and hoeing brought the roses to our cheeks and gave us the most voracious appetites. Then there was the joy of watching the plants grow, plucking the beautiful stalks, marketing and shipping. (It is an excellent shipper.) Lastly, came the fun of making the jam and marmalade and selling them.

I put a little advertisement in the paper and found a surprisingly large number of customers, some of whom came to the house for the jam or marmalade (I made two kinds), and others phoned, and my little girl became the carrier.

Her enthusiasm and zeal were only equaled by my own, and I know she could never have appreciated her music lessons so keenly as she did, had it not been for the preliminary anticipation and effort to secure them.

Of course, the lessons were deferred a year longer than I had hoped, because there is no profit till the plants are a year old; but we knew the lessons were assured, so there was no despair over the delay.

Here are the recipes for the jam and marmalade:

Rhubarb Marmalade. — I find a market for this all the year round. It looks very attractive in these new wide-mouthed glass jars and jelly glasses. — Two quarts of rhubarb, broken rather small, two pints of sugar, two oranges, juice of one and grated rind of other, one cup of chopped raisins, if you like, or one cup of broken walnut meat; or omit both raisins and nuts. Cover the pieces of rhubarb with sugar and let stand over night. Then add the other fruit and cook until thick.

Rhubarb Jam. — Simpler and cheaper and very good. — Two pounds of sugar, and one lemon. Wipe the rhubarb but do not peel it. Cut into inch-pieces. Cut the lemon into halves, remove the seeds, press out the juice and chop the rind fine. Put the whole into a preserving kettle over the fire and stir frequently. Let it cook slowly one hour or until thick. If the rhubarb is old, it will need to cook two hours.

Making the Kitchen Attractive

By Mrs. A. G. M. Neil

"IT is the most attractive room in the whole house," exclaimed the visitor enthusiastically, as the bride showed her with well justified pride her trim little kitchen.

"That is what Jack says," responded the demure little bride. "I made up my mind that it should be, too. You see, we cannot afford to keep a maid for awhile and, as I must spend the greater part of my time in the kitchen, I resolved to have it as pleasant and comfortable as I could make it."

"Wise little woman," commended the friend, as pictures of other kitchens flitted through her mind and she involuntarily compared them with the dainty one before her.

It was a small room, for the house itself was tiny, but the attractive wall-paper—tiled effect in white and a warm shade of tan,—gave it the effect of

being larger.

"As the kitchen faced north and was so small, Jack and I thought the tan and white effect would be warmer and at the same time seem to give more space. Besides, it corresponds with the woodwork, dresser and other furnishings," explained the young housekeeper.

The floor was covered with a good quality of linoleum in imitation of the hardwood floors, which also accorded well with the oak woodwork, dresser, capacious kitchen table and other furniture.

The window shades were of tan to correspond, and the Dutch curtains were of white muslin, dotted with pale yellow poppies. These gave a very sunshiny effect to the room.

There was a big, deep-seated rocker in the room, with soft, comfortable cushions of cretonne in yellow and white design, which almost matched the window curtains.

A set of hanging shelves placed over the table contained the various cook books, as well as some really good literature and one or two of the current magazines.

"I often have a minute or two, when I can sit down in the rocker and read, while I am waiting for things to cook," explained the bride, "and I made up my mind I would have good reading at hand for just those spare moments. You have no idea how much reading I really get done in that way, and I work so much better afterwards for those brief rests in the big chair. I often accomplish odd bits of sewing, too." She indicated the pretty sweet-grass sewing basket with its yellow ribbons, placed on the top of the book shelves.

There was a high stool in one corner of the room, which the bride explained she used when sitting up to the table to prepare vegetables, and to iron when her "feet got tired." Two other regulation kitchen chairs, a dresser, a roomy kitchen table with numerous capacious drawers underneath, and the range were all the other furnishings which the small room permitted.

Back of the door leading to closet and cellar were rows and rows of hooks. On these hung shining cooking utensils—convenient to hand, yet out of sight when the doors were closed.

On the walls were two or three really good pictures—attractive landscapes in plain but neat oak frames to correspond with the color scheme of the room. These brightened up the room wonderfully, and were restful and delightful to look at.

"They were some of the prettiest pictures we had, so I put them in here where I would see them oftenest and where they would rest and refresh me while I was doing my work."

Over the kitchen table, beside the small book shelves, hung an artistic calendar, also with a pretty country scene on it, and with the dates in good large print. There was also an attractive memorandum pad with burnt leather covering, which the bride said saved her "lots of cudgeling of brains" about things she needed at different times or duties that required to be done.

"It looks almost too pretty for use." "Indeed, it is not," answered the bride, quickly. "It is all for use and for comfort. Everything in the room is washable, and I assure you is washed often. Even the wall paper is the washable kind. Everything is to make my work easy and pleasant, and to make my surroundings as comfortable and attractive as I can have them in the room where I am obliged to spend so much of my time."

"Do you wonder that I love my little kitchen?" she asked, with pride, "that I enjoy my work here, and never feel like hurrying through it and off to some other room where I can rest and enjoy myself?"

"Indeed I don't," responded the friend, heartily.

An Experiment in Economics

By Susie Bouchelle Wight

IT has been most truly said that the luxuries of one generation are the necessities of the next, but it is only when their necessity is acceded to, that it exists. This fact is one we are prone to overlook in these days when everybody is discussing the high cost of living. There are a thousand demands for things that we have become accustomed to consider essential to our comfort and well-being, which under a rigid common-sense examination would have to be classed either as luxuries, or else as concessions to the extravagant spirit of the times.

I know a family who have recently been obliged to reduce their scale of living, and their methods are interesting and suggestive. For some years past, the father has been aware that they were spending more than they should, but his business belonged to him alone, and was one in which occasional deals brought in large profits, so in a mistaken spirit of tenderness for his loved ones he had gone on bearing the strain with an occasional feeble protest, depending upon fortuitous circumstances to make up the deficit. A time came, however, when a certain long-talked of business investment had to be foregone for lack of an inconsiderable sum of ready money.

"Why," said the oldest son, "I spend that much every year on my roadster alone—surely we can borrow that?"

"I will not borrow, while we live as we do," returned the father gravely. "We are living clear up to our income, and no margin is left for just such opportunities as might enable us, by and by, to enjoy the things we have now, and have no right to."

I think, perhaps, it was the very love and gentleness, which was all these children could remember from their father, that made them enter so earnestly into the thorough discussion that followed. He never had cried "Wolf," before, so now they came to the rescue, and the situation was handled, as all such situation should be, with common consent, after common consideration.

As is usual in any system of retrenchment, the table was the first thing to come under the searchlight. It had been the family habit to have anything they wanted to eat, and of course they wanted the very best that could be had. The butcher's bill was eliminated at one fell swoop, and that was the largest item of the commissariat. They retained a good roast for Sunday dinner, and then depended upon butter and cheese and bacon for fats. A little study of breakfast fruits resulted in the choice of apples at half the cost of bananas and grapefruit, and in the substitution of stewed fruits, now and then, for fresh ones. It was found possible to make quite a saving in the choice of their vegetables. Sugar, which had gone in enormous quantities for fudge and kindred purposes, came to be looked upon more as it had in the days of the parents' childhood, and desserts, of which this family were especially fond, were made the subject of a close and profitable investigation.

When it came to clothes, these people thought, at first, that no difference could be made, until the daughter of the house quoted, "It isn't doing without things that hurts—it is keeping up the bluff."

"I don't know whether the bluff is worth keeping up," said the mother, and then, for the experiment's sake, they entered into an agreement to do away with everything included in that idea of "keeping up the bluff," those expenditures made partly from the love of ease and comfort, and with a weather eye to the neighbors' opinions. It is a queer thing, this concession to what

people say. Seeing certain economies, the worst remark that is likely to be made is that the Smiths have been living too extravagantly, and are having to mend their ways. If this is true, as very probably it is, why resent it? If they go still farther and observe, "It is what I knew they would come to," why resent that, or even worse insinuation? If our neighbors are wiser than we, so much to their credit; and if they cast reflections upon us—well, a little analysis of that word "reflection" will convince us that the unkind word and the thought behind it are greater evils than the shadow they may cast upon us. Our one affair is literally to attend to our own business, and what people may say depends for its importance exactly upon the importance we give it in our own minds. It looms very large with us, if we allow it to—to the world outside, it is but a matter of casual remark.

Well, this elimination of "the bluff" proved the keynote of the entire matter, because it was seen that so very many of the luxuries depended for their largest value upon the fact that others indulged in them. Entertainments were reduced to a minimum; recreations were brought to a simpler plane; articles of dress were not discarded simply because they had become passé, but were remodeled and altered at home, and one radical member of that family wore shirtwaists and plan skirts on all occasions, with such an air that she actually gave a distinction to her costume.

The telephone! Do we really need it, or is it here for purely social reasons? The small members indicated their willingness to run errands, and it was thought that, sometimes, purchases made over the phone, because it was an easy way, would not be made at all, if they involved a trip down town. True, the phone was constantly in use for Marion, but she said that if her young friends could not take the trouble to come, or send a messenger when they wished to communicate with her, she didn't feel like keeping a telephone for their convenience, only, she added falteringly, "It always sounds so kind of horrid when Central says 'That phone has been dicontinued.'"

"Bluff" commented the small boy, so after that month there was no longer the peremptory tinkle of the phone in that house. The question of electric lights met a similar disposal.

In a nutshell, it all meant the foregoing of modern conveniences for that family, until such time as they could be really afforded, and it was a brave example that many in these days need to follow. Not one item of this wholesale renunciation was large—some savings were so small as almost to seem trifling, but the sum total largely justified the experiment. The heavy burden was lifted from the man of the house, and because of it he became cheerful with his children in a way they had almost forgotten. A certain moral fibre, which is being developed in the younger members of the family, is the attempt at a mutual helpfulness, which has replaced their former irresponsibility, and the healthy zest that comes with economic independence seems better worth while than the easy pleasure purchased at the price of their father's perplexity. The outcome is sure to be good. There will be the requisite margin for business expansion, which means the interest of the family as a group, and the individuals working together for a common cause will have acquired pleasantly and happily those habits of thrift that, otherwise, must have been won—if won at all, through the stern discipline of defeat and loss.

The Girl Who Cooked

By Mary Carolyn Davies

IT is not easy to bake a cake, and stir salad, and drain the potatoes, when your brain is just swirling with plots and settings and climaxes, and when the most fascinating little ideas and fancies keep dancing into your mind and fairly crying out to be written up into stories. Especially if the writing of them means, possibly, college in the fall; and not writing them means, certainly, no college.

And, besides, Nan hated cooking, anyway. At least, she had hated it before. It was Nan's proud boast that she never in her life did anything she didn't want to. Her method, you see, was that as soon as she found she had to do anything, she immediately set about wanting to.

It wasn't easy for Nan to be spending her summer over the cook-stove and the ironing board. That summer—why the very thought of it had borne her triumphantly through the roughnesses of her year as backwoods "schoolmarm." "Never mind," she would say gaily, as she tossed her head to keep back the tears, "Just wait till summer. Then, I'll be doing my own, own work. Oh, the stories that I can write—next summer."

Three of "the girls" from their near-by schools, had ridden over to say Goodbye, as Nan left, radiant, the day school closed.

"Be sure to tell us all about your writing, Nan," they called out.

"Don't forget to let us know every check you get."

"Good luck, Nan. College next fall." were the last words she heard as the train pulled out.

College next fall? Yes, if hard work could bring it. With the study she meant to put in at the library, and the stories she had planned to do, she knew she could "make" college. It would mean giving up everything: no vacation fun for her, but a steady grind at her writing. But for college, Nan could sacrifice anything.

But when she got home, her plans went very badly "a-gley," indeed. No sooner had she flown into the house, dashed wildly at her mother, and her brothers and sisters of varying ages and freckle-faced dirtiness, in the midst of the kisses and fun, and home-again gladness of it all, than they began telling her how needed she was.

It was good, good to be one of the home band again—not to be "the schoolmarm," and a pattern for the community any more, but to be just Nan, to find her old place waiting for her just the same.

She was longing for a chance to tell her mother all her summer plans,—how she would have her regular hours for work, writing out under the cherry trees in the little nook where she used to study her Virgil,—how she would read, and study up on short-story structure and methods, and all the hundred and one plans she was so eager to begin. In her enthusiasm, she could scarcely follow the conversation.

Conversation at the Little Brown House was of a three-ring circus variety invented by Nan and the others, destined to get the most said in the least time. Everyone talked at once, and you listened to whichever interested you most. Everybody cheerfully interrupted everyone, and a family talk was the jolliest, happiest-hearted affair imaginable.

"Nan," her mother was saying, "I'm so glad you're back, and can take hold of things. I've let the housecleaning go, and I'm behind in the sewing, and—"

"O Nan," Ted broke in, "I want you to coach me in Algebra this summer. You know I flunked."

"And now you can make my summer dresses for me, Nan," broke in "Lollipops," and teach me to embroider."

"We've just been waiting for you to get here, Nan," her mother repeated, relief in her tone. "I had to keep up, some way, till you came."

No one waited for Nan to make any reply, and no one noticed the white look of dismay in her face. It was gone on the instant, and Nan was laughing over Ted's telling of one of the twins' pranks.

In some wireless fashion the news had got round the neighborhood that Nan was home. For anyone to say "Nan," was as much as saying, "Fire, Fire." Everyone dropped whatever was to be done, and made a grand rush for the Little Brown House.

Nan welcomed them all, from fat, homely Mother Bagley, to the Trumbull babies. The doorbell and the telephone kept up a merry carol, and "Hello Nan" echoed everywhere.

In all the merry chaos of talk and laughter, it seemed to Nan as if everybody said something about how nice it was that she had got home, and could "take hold of things," and give her mother a rest.

"I wish I had a daughter like that. You're a lucky woman, Kate," her mother's chum told her, and Nan, overhearing, flushed.

"But I can help more by working at my own work," she thought passionately; "A*nyone* can sweep floors and cook."

It was not until the supper dishes were out of the way that Nan could snatch a moment to think out this problem that had come to her.

Then she ran lightly out to her own, little corner of the world—the little nook under the old cherry tree, where she had fought out all her girlish battles.

There, all alone in the sunset, she faced her problem squarely, and had all the bitterness of her own little Gethsemane.

"I can't give it up," she moaned, "It's my own, own work. And it means—college. I can't waste my splendid summer just doing other people's corners." She lifted her head to the sunset hills. "A girl must live her own life, and choose her own life-work." Impulsively she threw her arms around the old tree, and laid her face against it.

"O what ought I to do?" she sobbed.

But all the while, she knew what she would do.

She had a little motto of her own that had steadied her hand sometimes, and she quoted it now, ruefully, through her sobs, "When in doubt, do the hardest thing."

"Well," she straightened her slim figure, and stood out proudly, "here goes."

It wasn't a very poetical surrender to duty, but she meant it. She marched steadily toward the house, stopping at the little spring to splash cold water into her eyes, and luring all the twinkle back.

She remembered how scornfully one of the girls at High used to say, "Anybody can give in, but it takes a hero to give in as if he liked to do it."

She flashed up to the porch, and was immediately taken possession of by every occupant of it. "Wait until the newness wears off," she laughed, "then I won't be so popular."

"Where have you been, daughter?" her mother smiled up at her affectionately.

"Having a little think-fest all by myself, muz," Nan answered, cheerily. "Will you tell me just what you have for breakfast, and how you cook it? You know I don't know a thing about cooking—but I'm going to."

So that was how Nan came to be cooking dinner on this busy Saturday, while the tiny birds, bursting their throats with joy, and the lure of summer, called to her in vain.

She was tired, tired, body and soul. She was always tired nowadays, just

as tired in the morning as when she tumbled into bed at night. But no one knew.

She and the alarm clock had a little dispute every morning. The alarm clock always won. She had put her hand to the—stove-lifter, and she would not turn back.

This was the tiredest day of all. The kitchen was littered up with everybody, and Nan was trying to thread her way through the laughing, quarreling chaos, to the culmination of dinner.

"Say, Nan," suddenly demanded Kenneth, sitting up straight, and looking over at her, "why don't you ever write any stories any more?"

Nan tossed back her head, and laughed, holding up the dripping doughnut on the fork, and turning her fire-flushed face upon him.

"Stories!" she cried. "Oh—those beans are burning!" When she had rescued the beans, and put in a new panful of sizzling doughnuts, she turned again, and waved her arm tragically over the scene.

"This is why," she announced, dramatically. "It's better to live stories than to write them, Ke-Ke," she quoted blithely.

"Yes," agreed "Ke-Ke," "but, gee! sis, your stories are corkers."

"Thank you, gentle reader," she curtseyed, and, like Thackeray's heroine, went on cutting bread and butter.

Nan *had* tried, for a while, to serve two masters. She had hoped to write in the corners of the day, but she soon found that her days were largely circular, and that corners were a non-existing quantity.

Also, she discovered that stories and cooking do not mix. If she ran to her notebook to jot down one of those faintly fugitive ideas, everything in sight would burn and boil over and mutiny. And when she would cuddle up in the lap of Fancy all by herself for a moment, it was surprisingly difficult to imagine what the girl did next, or to describe even a sunset. Then, just when her pencil would get in tune with things, and she would feel the glow of a well-turned sentence, "Nan," someone would call, and the little, maddeningly intrusive tasks would begin all over again.

Finally, she gave in to the great god, Work, and locked up her pathetic little writing desk. She shut her eyes, and, standing under the old cherry tree, threw the key just as far as she could. Then she put all her heart into feeding the family, and sewing buttons on them, and dimpling out at the world in general.

And nobody even guessed about the slender little key she had thrown away, and the locked-up place in her heart.

When any of them spoke of her writing, she turned them off gaily, as she had Kenneth, today. His reminder had opened the old sore for a moment, but before dinner was over, she was her own cheery self again.

A little later, the twins plunged in with the mail, to where Nan, arms in the steaming dish-water, was singing away.

"There's a letter for you," came their two-fold shout, "Open it quick, Nan!"

Nan's letters were an advent to the whole household, as much to be shared as a box of candy.

Laughing, she wiped her hands on her apron, and, pulling out a hair-pin, ran it under the flap. Out of the envelope dropped a clipping.

"The letter's from Pauline, the school-ma'am in the next district," she announced happily, and, perching on the table, read out the droll, jolly epistle.

In the middle of a sentence she stopped, "M—m," she skipped, and then started reading again, halfway down the next page.

Nobody noticed the omission except her mother. Mothers always notice things.

Nan's mother had confided to her best friend, the day before, "You never know your children are growing up,

Nell, till they first stop showing you their letters. Then you suddenly realize that they're not your little boys and girls any longer, but young folks with an individual life of their own. Nan always tossed her letters over to me, as a matter of course, before she read them or after, it made no difference. But now— It's foolish of me to mind, of course." She had laughed at herself, but she did mind, all the same.

Nan had not dared show her mother the girls' letters this summer. They were too dangerously besprinkled with gay little references and questions about Nan's writings and checks—and Nan would not, for worlds, have had her mother know what she was giving up.

That night in her room Nan read again the page she had skipped.

"I suppose you are too busy with stories, and big things to be interested in it," Pauline said, "but I'm enclosing a clipping I noticed in the Homemaker's Magazine. You said you were doing some cooking, didn't you?" Then she went on to ask about Nan's stories and checks.

Nan picked up the clipping. "A Contest! First prize, three hundred dollars," she gasped. "And for a cooking article," she read on farther, "telling the experiences of an amateur, and what she learned. Well, I certainly ought to be able to give a heart-felt experience talk." She laughed at a sudden vision of her soda-less biscuits, surplus-salted rice, and a few other of her strikingly original versions of culinary prowess.

"And that's something I *could* scribble at in odd minutes—no, half-minutes," she corrected. "Dare I? Of course, I'd never win any of the prizes, even the least, last, tiny one. But—I've half a mind to try. Shall I?" She remembered the man, who, with a cake in his hand, stood so long before the oven door saying, "Shall I, or shan't I? Is it time, or isn't it? She loves me, she loves me not," that the oven got cold; and she determined to decide at once.

She shook a quarter out of her bank, and balanced it tentatively in her fingers. Nan believed in tossing up. "Of course, I don't always do what the coin says," she explained ingenuously, "but I always find out, when it comes up heads, whether I wanted it tails or not."

She put her head on one side judiciously. "Heads I write it, tails I don't."

The coin flashed in the air, and came down—tails. "Oh, but, I *wan't* to," she cried out, sudden disappointment in her tones.

Then, "Two out of three," she dimpled, and tossed again. Heads it was and she gravely accepted the decision.

It wasn't until late the next day that she began the important article. Then it was launched by a paragraph on a piece of wrapping paper, hastily jotted down, in the kitchen. Every day, between courses, she would add a few sentences, and all the fun and blunders went into it, as they occurred.

Nan kept her little secret to herself; if it came to nothing, she didn't want anyone to be disappointed. She wasn't at all sure of finishing. Besides, she shrank in a perfect agony from discussing her writing or hearing anyone speak of it. They had always laughed at Nan for her sensitiveness about her "scribblings." She could not stand to hear a line of hers read aloud, and to reduce her to an agony of embarrassment, one had only to quote a phrase.

Her article was nearly finished now. She did not want to send it without telling her mother about it. For several days she fenced for openings, she tried to introduce it naturally, but each time cowardice overcame her. At last, she resolved grimly to shut her eyes and fall in, the way she had learned to dive.

She marched boldly into her mother's room, feeling the pulse in her throat throbbing so wildly that she could hardly breathe.

"Mother," she began, "I have some-

thing I want to tell you."

"Yes, dear," her mother looked up encouragingly, from the rompers she was making.

"It's,"—Nan's courage was oozing—"I—you see—I wanted to tell you before I did it—I wanted you to know first—" Nan stopped, overcome by confusion.

The look of puzzlement on her mother's face suddenly changed. "Why, Nan," she cried, horrified, "Surely it's not—You're not thinking of getting married, are you?"

"Oh, no, muz! No, *no*," protested Nan, in terror. "It's only, don't you see—I've been trying to write a cooking thing, for a prize." And she told her all about the precious contest.

"Well, I am relieved," her mother smiled. "But, Nan, next time you write a story, don't scare me into expecting an elopement, or a confession of crime. May I see it?"

The ordeal over, Nan's story sailed on to a magnificent close. It was cleverly done. And yet, when she rounded out the last sentence, she was not satisfied. There was so much more to tell. She hadn't dreamed of the romantic possibilities in cooking.

"Now, tomorrow," she thought, "I will copy it, and get it all ready to send."

But tomorrow brought a dismaying quantity of extra work, and the next day and the next sped by without a minute free from house cares. It was getting dangerously near the closing day of the contest.

Saturday, they were going to have a picnic, "a regular crackerjack of a picnic," Kenneth characterized it, and it had the usual sandwich-cake-salad-packing prelude the evening before.

As Nan had her tired hand on the electric switch, going to bed that night, her calendar glared steadily and accusingly at her. She saw the date, and gasped.

Tomorrow was the last chance for the contest.

Was it worth the sacrifice, she asked herself. She had no chance of winning a prize anyway. "Aw, don't be a piker," she seemed to hear Kenneth's boyish voice. That decided her.

"I'll stick it out," she said. "I'll cross the tape, now that I've come this far, even if I am the last one in the race."

Next morning she laughed off the protests, and packed off all the others to the picnic, then drew a long breath of relief. Now she could settle down to work.

Laden with her fountain pen, paper, and three sofa cushions, she fared forth right joyously to her own corner under the cherry trees, stood there a moment, arms stretched up in sheer abandonment of joy to the happy sky, then threw herself down on the grass to write. The birds seemed to welcome her back and the still morning was a balm to her cumbered-with-much-cooking soul.

Her pen flew over the shining pages, and when the last line was copied, and the finished article folded down and slipped into the big overcoat of an envelope, with the return envelope pinkly stamped and tucked away, Nan breathed a big, big sigh of relief.

"There, that's done," she whispered, "but I won't feel real, real safe till I've fed it to that hungry green monster across the street," and in another moment she heard the satisfying thud, as it dropped into the mail-box.

"Now, I'm never, never, going to think of it again," she disciplined herself, for I'm not going to feel disappointed. I'd better bake up some pies for tomorrow, and get some hominy on to cook."

So, ushered in by Cream of Wheat and griddle cakes, day after day went by.

Nan had forgotten her manuscript—in the daytime. For the first week or so, sometimes at night, she couldn't help wondering if—But she always shut her eyes tight and stopped short at that point.

Vacation was nearly over. Nan had

(Continued on page 238)

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When Come the Evil Days

We who look backward, who the long way know
Would we our bitter wisdom dare bestow
On those whose eyes look forward, self-deceived,
Blest in believing all we once believed? —
Would we have springtime fear the winter snow?

We who have seen the way the roses go,
Were happy while we watched the brief buds grow:
Let us be silent, we the oft bereaved,
We who look backward!

Barren the fields they seek with hope aglow —
There oft we sowed the seed that did not grow,
How oft we wept the harvest slender-sheaved,
Now we weigh dreams against the things achieved,
Oh we could speak! But dare we rob them so —
We who look backward?

STOKELY S. FISHER.

INTEREST IN WORK

THAT interest in one's work or calling is essential to successful achievement is a trite and common saying; and, yet, the fact must be kept constantly before us. Children, we say, must be interested in their studies and books or they fail in approved attainments. Right here is to be seen the difference between the old and the new education. To-day the natural activities of the child are given employment. He is kept busy in doing what he wants and likes to do. He is lead and directed rather than forced and driven. Cultivation and training are encouraged along lines of natural tastes and tendencies. Efficient life work points to the spirit that inspires the best educational thought of the day.

Is not lack of interest and earnestness on the part of women, in the daily routine of life the main cause of many a failure in housekeeping or home-making? And may not this fault, if fault there be, be due largely to the old time ways of training for efficient practical life? We must catch the spirit of betterment in the ways of living and make haste to adapt ourselves to the new conditions. It is the duty, rather the privilege, of every one to cultivate an interest in his work. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" is good advice, and sound philosophy. We admire the man who is enthusiastic and in earnest even though he plead a poor cause. But a lively interest in one's work and calling tends to lift the meanest of tasks from the sphere of drudgery to that of useful and noble service. The employee, who can say he just loves his work, will not be compelled, in all likelihood, to ask for an increase in wage.

RESERVED STRENGTH

ALMOST pitiable object is the person who can not amuse and entertain himself, who is helplessly dependent on others for active occupation and

amusement. Often he becomes an unpardonable bore or nuisance. Internal resources are a treasure most persons may possess. Children should be taught early and late, in season and out, to occupy and amuse themselves, to acquire steadily a fund of resources from which they may, unconsciously, draw to tide over, otherwise, many a bitter idle hour.

And we have so many objects to interest and incite to constant, active life, that idleness would seem well nigh impossible. There are tools and work, games, books and music, also all out-doors with almost countless subjects of attraction and delight; and there is the silent hour for thought and meditation, so inestimable in value to many; for "out of silence comes thy strength." Surely the means and sources for storing up resources at self-command are inexhaustible. The failure to attain must come from improper instruction in early life. The cultivation of natural, instinctive interests have been neglected or misdirected. Anyhow we have come to realize that the idle and indolent are a burden to carry; while for the common loafer society has no use.

CONTENTMENT VERSUS SATISFACTION

DOES the church teach that a man should be satisfied with his present condition, no matter what that condition may be? Long hours, short wages, unsanitary workshops, unhealthy homes, uneducated minds? Nothing could be farther from the truth. The whole trend of its teaching is in the opposite direction. Some men are sneeringly saying that the Church teaches submission, and that, therefore, it is an obstacle in the way of real progress. I want to point out the difference between being "content" and being "satisfied." The Bible exhorts men to be content. It does not teach that they are to be satisfied.

There is a great difference between the two. St. Paul said that he had learned, in whatsoever state he was, "therewith to be content." He had learned how to make the best of things as they were. But in the same epistle he added: "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect. This one thing I do: forgetting the things which are behind (the successes and the failures), I press on." He was content, but not satisfied.

Satisfaction is derived from the Latin words "satis" and "facio," which mean making or having enough. Contentment is from the Latin "contineo," which means to contain, or to hold one's self together.

Contentment lies in one's self. Satisfaction is derived from external objects. Contentment means the enjoyment of what one has, but it does not imply that one has reached the ideal. It is not indifference or laziness. It does not demoralize character or hinder noble aspirations or brave endeavor after improvement.

It does mean, however, that one is self-contained,— the master of one's self. No man can reach out after better and higher things until he has conquered himself. Solomon, the wise king, once said, "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

And so the Church is with the toiler in his struggles after better things. It does not teach that a man must be satisfied. It does teach that a man hould learn to be content,— and so does common sense teach it.— *Rev. Charles Stelzle, in the Presbyterian Advance.*

THE statement of Irene E. MacDermott of Pittsburg, at the National Education Association, held recently in Salt Lake City, is worthy of notice. "Education," she declared, "ought to be made so to increase efficiency that employers will voluntarily raise wages. Education is more effective in preventing immorality among girls than a minimum wage." Apropos of Miss MacDermott's statement, the writer remembers how, a

few months ago, while passing through one of our large department stores in company with an assistant manager talking on the subject of morality and wages, the manager suddenly stopped and, pointing to a young girl back of a parcel counter, said, "Watch her tie up that bundle." The girl under observation had cut off a piece of wrapping paper twice the needed length; then she placed around the bundle three times the amount of twine necessary, taking for this simple operation more than enough time and keeping the customer waiting. While she worked she was chewing gum. "That's what we're up against," said the manager, — "inefficiency, wastefulness. That girl has been shown how to tie up bundles, but she simply doesn't care how much she wastes. Tell me how we can afford to pay such help more than we do? We'd gladly pay more if she were worth more."

The ability to be alone without being lonely is a good index of character. The summer gives opportunity to almost every one for the testing of ability in this direction. To judge from appearances, the world is not big enough to make such experience possible, or there are few people who really want to get off by themselves, or in making the effort so many congregate in favorable places that the very effort defeats itself. Few sights are more depressing than the sight-seers abroad who herd it through art galleries and the pleasure-seekers at home who fill the wide porches of the summer hotel. Being alone is what they seem to dread and avoid. They come to nature for rest and peace, and bring the very associations that made them need a change. What would often do the most good would be a temporary desertion by every one from every one else.

"Get leave to work
In this world,—'tis the best you get at all
Get work! Get work!
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get."

AN OBJECT

The reader of a culinary journal should not expect to find in each issue absolutely new recipes or items that promise sure cure of all household perplexities. New ideas are desirable and always to be sought for, but other matters are also to be esteemed. Interest in one's work and occupation is to be kept up; incentives to higher efforts are to be welcomed; in a word, we need constant inspiration, in order to attain the best results in any occupation. Information as to what others are doing, or up-to-date knowledge is quite essential to good every day workmanship as well as to all future progress or betterment. In these ways the household publication should be found helpful.

Why should the average country girl be more adapt in manipulating things outside than inside the house, unless it be that she has been humored and trained in that way? Far too frequently it, seems, in the country home, the mother does the cooking and the house-keeping, while the daugher drives the horses.

That which we hear is nothing new, but the old truth uttered in the new accents of faith. There are no new heavens overhead, but the old heaven better understood. There is no new earth under our feet, but the old earth better known. There is no new revelation, specially made, but the unending revelation, newly read.—*G. B.*

Senator Hoar once had a dear friend ill with appendicitis and was becoming uneasy, when a letter announced joyfully that the surgeons had declared the illness not appendicitis, after all, but acute-indigestion. "That is good news," said the senator. "I rejoice that the difficulty lay in the table of contents rather than in the appendix."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

SLICES OF LEMON AND ORANGE FOR TEA

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

Oyster Chaudfroid

(Hors d'Ouevre)

USE large oysters; take one or two for each service. Set them over a quick fire and shake the pan occasionally, until the liquid around the oysters is heated to the boiling point; cover, and let simmer about three minutes. Drain the oysters and let chill on or near ice. Have ready one cup of aspic jelly, made of three-fourths a cup of chicken broth, seasoned with celery, carrot and onion, and one-fourth a package of gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water, also half a cup of thick mayonnaise dressing. When the aspic is quite cool but not "set", beat it very gradually into the mayonnaise. Use this aspic mayonnaise to coat the chilled oysters. Set on ice to become firm; set a ring cut from an olive on each oyster, a figure cut from a pimiento in the center, then cover with a little half-set aspic (without mayonnaise) to keep the decoration from drying. Serve, on rounds or ovals of toasted or fried bread, before the soup or in place of it.

Small Bouchèes, Caroline

Bake chou paste (cream cake mixture) in small, round or oval shapes. Cut off the tops (when cold) and fill with hard-cooked eggs, cut in small, neat cubes, and truffles, cut in the same way, mixed with mayonnaise dressing. Serve as an appetizer.

Roulettes

Have ready thin slices of oatmeal, Graham or Boston Brown Bread, with crusts removed. Spread these with chopped and pounded chicken or ham (or both) mixed to taste with anchovy paste and chopped capers. Roll each slice neatly, butter the outside of each roulette lightly, then roll half of them in chopped parsley and the other half in chopped white, or sifted yolk of egg. Serve as an appetizer at dinner, luncheon or high tea.

Caviare in Tomato Cups

Select small bright red tomatoes of a uniform size. Peel and scoop out the centers and sprinkle the insides lightly with salt. In each set a teaspoonful of caviare seasoned with a few drops, each, of onion juice, and lemon juice and a generous sprinkling of paprika. Finish with a quarter a slice of hard-cooked egg. The tomatoes should be very small and both tomato and caviare be thoroughly chilled. Serve as a hors d'oeuvre.

SAUTÉD SWORD FISH

Deviled Almonds (Belle Reece)

Blanch two ounces of almonds and, at once, cut into shreds; sauté a light brown in clarified butter or in olive oil or let brown in the oven; add half a tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce, half a tablespoon of chutney, one gherkin, cut in shreds, and a few grains of cayenne, mix thoroughly and serve on rounds or ovals of toasted or fried bread. If toast be used, butter it while hot. Serve as an appetizer at the beginning of meal or as a "*bonne bouche*" at the close.

Black Bean Soup

Let one pint of black or dark red kidney beans soak in cold water over night; drain, wash in cold water and rinse and drain again. Set to cook in two quarts of cold water; add an onion, two branches of parsley and let simmer until the beans are soft, adding boiling water as needed. Press the beans through a sieve; add two teaspoonfuls of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika and, if desired, a cup of tomato purée. Heat the soup to the boiling point. Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream, and gradually beat in two tablespoonfuls of flour; dilute with a little of the hot soup, stir until smooth, then return to the soup kettle and let simmer fifteen minutes; skim as needed. Serve a slice of lemon and a slice of hard-cooked egg in each plate of soup. Pass croutons with the soup.

Tuna Fish Cakes

For a small family let a can of Tuna become very hot in boiling water; open the can, drain off the liquid and turn the fish upon hot dish; serve with plain boiled potatoes and drawn butter sauce, to which chopped pickles or hard-cooked egg has been added. The next day, or

BLACK BASS

the day thereafter, reheat the potatoes in boiling water, drain and mash; add the remnants of the fish, picked fine, and the sauce, mix thoroughly and shape into small flat cakes; pat these in flour, then sauté in salt pork or bacon fat, first on one side and then on the other.

BAKED BLUEFISH, BREAD DRESSING

Sautéd Sword Fish

Cut a slice of sword-fish in triangular-shaped pieces, dip in egg and soft, sifted bread crumbs and sauté in fat from salt pork. Set around a mound of mashed potato and pipe mashed potato between and above the pieces of fish.

Mashed Potatoes

Cook pared potatoes in boiling, salted water until tender; drain, sprinkle with salt and let stand, partially covered, on the back of the range a few moments. Keep the saucepan hot on the stove, turning the potatoes into another dish if necessary; press the potatoes through a "ricer" into the saucepan; make a place free of potato on the bottom and turn in a little sweet milk and watch until it boils; add salt and butter as needed, beat with a slitted, wooden spoon until light and creamy. Serve at once.

Paprika Potatoes Served with Fish Chops, Etc.

This dish may be prepared at the dinner or luncheon table in the chafing dish. Have ready hot, mealy, baked potatoes; empty pulp from the skins into the dish and mash with a wooden spoon or plated fork; add butter, hot cream and enough paprika to tint them delicately yet noticeably. The potatoes when done should have the consistency of soft, mashed potatoes.

Baked Bluefish

The fish used in the illustration was a bluefish weighing about five pounds. Other sea fish or black bass may be prepared in the same manner. As thus prepared every morsel sent to the table is edible and the dish presents a much more attractive appearance than when the fish is sent to the table whole. Remove the head of the fish, then cut down both sides of the back and remove a narrow strip of skin with fins attached; remove also a strip from the front of the fish in the same manner, then loosen the skin below the head from the flesh, grasp the skin with the fingers of the left hand and, keeping the back of a knife against the breadth of the fish or the edge against the skin, push and pull the skin from the flesh on both sides; now cut the flesh from the bones on both sides, leaving as little flesh on the bones as possible; remove any single small bones that may remain near the head of the fish; wash and wipe dry. On a fish sheet of suitable length — the cover of a tin cracker box

with edges flattened answers the purpose — set in a baking pan, lay two or three thin slices of fat salt pork, on these set one piece of the fish and above dispose a layer of bread dressing; on this set the other piece of fish; add bits of pork above. Let bake about forty minutes, basting with fat, salt pork fat, milk, cream or tomato sauce. When baked remove the bits of pork from the top, spread on three-fourths a cup of fine cracker crumbs mixed with one-fourth a cup of melted butter. Return to the oven to brown the crumbs. Lift out the tin sheet and with a spatula push the slices neatly on to a platter. Garnish with slices of parsley and lemon. Serve drawn butter or Hollandaise sauce in a bowl.

YOUNG CHICKEN, HUNGARIAN STYLE

Bread Dressing for Baked Fish

Mix together one generous cup of soft bread crumbs, one-fourth a cup of melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of fine-chopped green or red pepper, one tablespoonful of fine-chopped or scraped onion, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika and half a teaspoonful of powdered sweet basil. Two tablespoonfuls of fine-chopped pickles may also be added.

Fillet of Fish in Tomato Cups

Select tomatoes of uniform size and suitable for individual service. Cut out a piece around the stem end. Season inside with salt and paprika. Have fillets of salt or fresh water fish of a size for individual service. Roll these in melted butter, sprinkle with salt, pepper and lemon juice, also, if desired, a few drops of onion juice; roll into turban shapes and set into the tomato cups. Set the tomatoes into an agate baking dish and baste with melted butter; bake about ten minutes or until the fish is cooked. Serve in individual casseroles or ramekins with Hollandaise sauce poured over. Cold cooked turbans of fish may be set in peeled-and-chilled tomato cups (uncooked) with mayonnaise poured over. Sauce Tartare may replace the mayonnaise.

Young Chicken, Hungarian Style

Separate a young chicken into pieces at the joints, and make three portions of the breast; dip the pieces in water, then roll lightly in flour and sauté in fat tried out of fat, salt pork. When browned on one side turn and brown the other side; add about one pint of milk, cover and let simmer until the chicken is tender. It will probably take about one hour. If preferred the chicken may be removed from the frying pan to a casserole. The cooking may be completed in the oven or

PANNED CHICKEN

on top of the range. Finish with two tablespoonfuls of white wine and a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley. While the chicken is cooking, blanch and cook a cup of rice, season with a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful or more of paprika. and a grating of nutmeg. If convenient, use a pint of chicken broth with about a cup of water or tomato purée, in cooking the rice. When cooked stir through it (with a silver fork) the juice of half a lemon and about one-fourth a cup of butter. Butter a border mold; fill it with the rice, packing it solidly. Turn the rice upon a flat dish of suitable size. Dispose the chicken in the center. Strain the sauce, add the juice of half a lemon and beat in a little butter. Pour the sauce over the chicken. The rice may be shaped on the serving dish with a spoon instead of in a mold.

Panned Chicken

With a strong, sharp knife cut down both sides of the back-bone of a young chicken, spread out the flesh and remove all the internal organs attached to the back-bone. Wash the meat, wipe dry and set, skin side down, on a rack in a baking pan. Lay slices of fat salt pork on the meat and set to cook in a hot oven; after fifteen minutes reduce the heat, cover closely and let bake until tender. The chicken should be juicy and not dry in the least. Serve with it broiled bacon and the liver. Garnish with toast-points, dipped in the liquid in the pan, and then in fine-chopped parsley.

Loin Roast of Beef

The cut of beef shown in the illustration is the first beyond the "tip of the loin." Wipe with a damp cloth and set, skin side down, on a rack in the meat pan; rub over with salt and flour. Set in a hot oven to sear over the surface and baste each ten minutes with fat in the pan or with fat from the top of a dish of

LOIN ROAST OF BEEF FRANCONIA POTATOES

soup; dredge with flour after each basting. Reduce the heat, after twenty minutes, and let cook from an hour and a quarter to an hour and a half or three-quarters, as a rare, medium-rare or well-done piece of meat is desired. Turn the meat when half-cooked. About half an hour before removal from the oven, dispose around the meat in the pan potatoes, pared and cooked fifteen minutes in boiling water. Baste the potatoes, when the meat is basted. At no time should the fat in the pan be heated enough to burn. Meat cooked at too high a temperature is never satisfactorily cooked.

Pie from Remnants of Loin Roast

Cut the remnants of meat from a roast of beef in very thin slices, and trim off all unedible portions. Put the bones, gristle, etc., and left over gravy or sauce in a saucepan, cover with cold water and let simmer an hour or two, then drain off the liquid; in this broth simmer the prepared meat until tender. It will take two hours or longer to render the meat perfectly tender. Turn the meat and broth into a shallow pie dish and season with salt and pepper. Have ready some baking-powder biscuit-mixture, rolled into a thin sheet; cut this to fit the top of the dish, stamp out some ornaments, brush the under side of these with cold water and set them in regular order on the paste; set the paste above the meat, letting it rest on the meat and the edge of the dish. Bake about half an hour.

PIE FROM REMNANTS OF ROAST BEEF

Biscuit Paste for Meat Pie

Sift together two cups of sifted pastry flour, two rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt. Cut in one-fourth a cup of shortening and mix to a dough with milk (from half to three-fourths a cup of milk will be needed). Turn on to a floured board, roll to coat with flour, then knead slightly and roll out as required.

Currant-Mint Sauce for Roast Lamb

Chop fine a bunch of mint leaves, then mix through a tumbler of currant jelly softened over hot water.

Cold Roast Fillet of Beef, Jardinière

The fillet from the rump of beef weighs from two and a half to three and a half pounds. To be served cold, it may be covered over when set into the oven with slices of fat salt pork, instead of being larded. Cook as any roast, basting frequently, but with higher heat, the meat being thin. Bake about three-quarters of an hour. When cold cut in very thin slices, but across the grain and somewhat

COLD ROAST FILLET OF BEEF, JARDINIÈRE

transversely rather than straight across. Have ready some cooked cereal, molded in a narrow bread pan. The pan should have straight sides and be about the width of the slices of meat. Set the mold of cereal on a suitable dish, brush it with white of egg, slightly beaten, then sprinkle with fine-chopped parsley. Dispose the slices of meat on the cereal foundation (Socle). Set around the foundation cold, cooked flowerets of cauliflower, quarters of beets and shelled beans. Pipe Bernaise sauce on the meat and vegetables. Serve as the main dish at luncheon or high tea. Hollandaise or Mayonnaise sauce may be used with this dish.

Bernaise Sauce

Chop, fine, enough mild onion to make two tablespoonfuls; add a slice of green pepper, chopped fine, and one-fourth a cup of vinegar; let stand on the shelf of the range about half an hour, then strain through a piece of cheese-cloth, pressing out all the juice; meanwhile, add the beaten yolks of three eggs and a tablespoonful of butter; set over hot water and stir constantly, while adding butter in small pieces, until half a cup in all has been added. Finish with a tablespoonful of parsley, chopped exceedingly fine and wrung dry in a cloth. If the parsley be not fine, it will clog the pipe when the sauce is set in place.

Egg-and-Tomato Salad

Cut hard-cooked eggs in quarters, after removing a slice from one end that the eggs may stand level. On individual plates set slices of ripe tomato with two or three heart-leaves of lettuce; on each slice of tomato set one of the prepared

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

OATMEAL BISCUIT

eggs, held together with a ring cut from a slice of tomato. Surround with mayonnaise dressing.

Parker House Rolls

Mix a cake of compressed yeast through half a cup of scalded-and-cooled milk, then add to two cups of scalded-and-cooled milk. Stir in about three cups of bread flour. Beat the mixture until smooth, cover and set aside out of draughts. When light and puffy add half a cup of melted shortening, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar and enough flour to make a soft dough. Knead until smooth and elastic. Wash the mixing bowl and butter it; put in the dough, cover and set aside to become doubled in bulk. Do not cut down. Turn, undisturbed, upside down upon a board, lightly dredged and rubbed with flour; pat and roll into a sheet less than half an inch thick; this can be done with a few motions of the rolling pin, if the directions be accurately followed. Lift the dough from the board, that the rounds may not shrink when cut, and cut into rounds; set a bit of butter on one-half and fold over evenly. Bake about twenty-five minutes when again light. For a crusty glaze, brush over, when baked, with white of egg, slightly beaten, and return to the oven for one or two minutes. For a soft glaze brush over

MILK SHERBET, WITH DECORATION

with corn starch, mixed with cold water and cooked in boiling water to a smooth thin paste. Either glaze makes a good "finish" to the rolls. These and all rolls are good, reheated in the paper bags sold for cooking purposes.

Oatmeal Biscuit

Pour two cups of hot milk over one cup of uncooked oatmeal; add one-fourth a cup of butter or other shortening and one teaspoonful of salt; when cooled to a lukewarm temperature add a cake of compressed yeast, mixed through half a cup of lukewarm milk or water, half a cup of molasses and about two cups, each of entire wheat and white flour; beat the mixture about ten minutes, cover and set aside to become light. Cut down and turn into small timbale molds, or into muffin pans, carefully buttered. When nearly doubled in bulk bake about twenty minutes.

Cornmeal Muffins

Cream three tablespoonfuls of butter; beat in half a cup of sugar, and two eggs, beaten without separating; add three-fourths a cup of milk. Sift together one cup and a half of flour, three-fourths a cup of corn meal, half a teaspoonful of salt and three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add the liquid ingredients and mix thoroughly. Bake in a hot, well-buttered muffin pan about twenty-five minutes.

Glacèd Crabapples (Miss Reece)

Select a hard, red variety of crab-apples. Use only perfect fruit. For a peck of apples take five pounds of granulated sugar. Wash and wipe the fruit, leaving on the stems if desired; put the fruit and sugar in stone jars or casseroles, in layers, adding cinnamon and cassia buds to taste. Cover the jars with a buttered paper. Bake in a slow oven two and one-half hours. These may be stored as canned fruit, but will keep in earthen jars some time.

Milk Sherbet with Decoration

Mix one cup and a half of sugar with the juice of four lemons and gradually beat in one quart of rich milk. Pack and freeze at once. Serve in glass cups with a cherry and a sprinkling of chopped pistachio nuts above.

Slices of Orange and Lemon for Teas

Cut the fruit in halves, lengthwise; lay flat side down on a board and with a sharp knife cut in exceedingly thin slices. Dispose these in a glass dish, in alternate rows, orange and lemon, each half slice slightly overlapping another. Fill the center with cubes of preserved ginger or pineapple. With a smaller dish, cut in quarter rather than half-slices. Serve a piece of lemon, orange and the third article in each cup of tea. The effect of the arrangement is that of a flower with petals, of two colors, alternating.

Rummage Pickles

Chop three quarts of green tomatoes, one quart of ripe tomatoes, three small bunches of celery, three large onions, three red peppers, three green peppers, one large ripe cucumber and one quart of small green cucumbers. Cover with one-third a cup of salt. Let stand over-night; in the morning drain well, add three pints of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar, one teaspoonful, each, of mustard and pepper and one tablespoonful of cinnamon. Store cold in half-pint fruit jars, that only a small portion may be opened at once.

Drop Cookies

Beat two tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream; beat in one-fouth a teaspoonful of salt, half a cup of sugar, one well beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls of milk and one cup of sifted flour, sifted again with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Drop by small teaspoofuls on a buttered tin; set half a pecan nut meat above. Bake in a quick oven.

Menus for a Week in October

FAMILY WITH YOUNG CHILDREN

Taste the food that stands before you;
It is blessed and enchanted.
It has magic virtues in it.

Longfellow

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Cream of Wheat, Thin Cream
Bacon Cooked in Broiler in Oven
Small Baked Potatoes
Dry Toast
Cocoa Coffee

Dinner

Cream of Tomato Soup
Browned Crackers
Broiled Lamb Chops
Mashed Potato Squash
Queen of Puddings

Supper

Hot Boiled Rice, Milk
Zwiebach, Sliced Peaches
Hot Bacon Sandwiches (adults)
Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Creamed Salt Codfish on Toast
Sliced Tomatoes or Pickled Beets
Corn Meal Muffins
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Fresh Fish Boiled, Drawn Butter Sauce
Boiled Potatoes Boiled Onions
Apple Dumplings
Coffee

Supper

Mealy Baked Potatoes, Butter
Sardines Dry Toast
"Boiled" Custard in Cups
Sponge Cake
Tea Milk

MONDAY

Breakfast

Sliced Bananas, Thin Cream
Milk Toast
Cooked Ham, Broiled Baked Potato Cakes
Cocoa Coffee

Dinner

Fore Quarter of Lamb Boiled, Caper Sauce
Boiled Potatoes Baked Sweet Potatoes
Celery
Cornstarch Blanc Mange, Cream, Sugar
Coffee Milk

Supper

Cream Toast with Beaten Egg
Bran Cookies Stewed Crabapples
Tea Milk

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Milk
Eggs Cooked in Shell
Toasted Muffins Honey in Comb
Cocoa Coffee

Dinner

Broiled Hamburg Steak
Baked Sweet Potatoes Lettuce
Tapioca Custard Pudding, Vanilla Sauce

Supper

Corn Custard
Oatmeal Biscuit
Baked Apples, Sweet
Tea Milk

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Oatmeal
Poached Eggs on Toast
Rye Meal Muffins Sliced Tomatoes
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Lamb and Tomato Soup
Baked Potatoes Hashed Lamb
Spinach
Creamy Rice Pudding
Coffee

Supper

Soft Scrambled Eggs
Toast Zwiebach Stewed Prunes
Cold Water Sponge Cake
Tea Milk

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Boiled Rice, Thin Cream
Left Over Fish in Cakes
Buttered Toast
Cocoa Coffee

Dinner

Fresh Fish Chowder
Pickled Beets or Sliced Tomatoes
Lemon Jelly, Custard Sauce
Honey Cookies

Supper

Stewed Lima Beans, Buttered
French Bread, Toasted
Cottage Cheese Stewed Crabapples
Oatmeal Macaroons
Tea Milk

SATURDAY

Breakfast	Dinner	Supper
Creamed Smoked Beef	Stewed Pigeons	Potato Soup
White Hashed Potatoes	Scalloped or Stewed Tomatoes	Croutons
Rice Griddle Cakes	Celery	Stewed Pears
Honey Syrup	Roasted Chestnuts	Cream Cakes
Coffee Cocoa	Home-Made Carmels Coffee	Tea Milk

Menus for a Week in October

For agreeable flavor try dishes reddened and made piquant with paprika.

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Oatmeal
Eggs Cooked in Shell
New Rye Bread
Coffee

Dinner

Roast Loin of Beef
Franconia Potatoes
Squash Tomato Salad
Deviled Almonds
Coffee

Supper

Apples Baked with Almonds
New Rye Bread
Cottage Cheese with Paprika
Honey Cookies
Tea

MONDAY

Breakfast

Cream of Wheat, Thin Cream
Sliced Bananas
Frizzled Dried Beef White Hashed Potatoes
Corn Meal Muffins
Cocoa Coffee

Dinner

Roast Beef Pie, Biscuit Crust
Cauliflower au Gratin Celery
Baked Tapioca Custard, Vanilla Sauce
Crackers Cheese
Coffee

Supper

Shelled Beans, Stewed
Fresh Graham Bread and Butter
Sponge Cake Sliced Peaches
Tea

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Broiled Bacon
Small Sweet Potatoes Baked
Fried Cream of Wheat, Maple or Caramel Syrup
Dry Toast Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Boned Slices of Fish Baked with Milk
Baked Potatoes with Paprika
Cucumbers, French Dressing or New Pickles
Boiled Onions in Cream
Peach Sherbet Coffee

Supper

Gnocchi a la Romaine
Hot Apple Sauce
Buttered Toast Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Eggs in Shell
Dutch Apple Cake, Revised
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Roast Leg of Lamb
Currant-Jelly-Mint Sauce
Potatoes Scalloped with Peppers
Baked Squash
Cottage Pudding, Creamy Sauce
Coffee

Supper

Boiled Rice, Milk
Potato Salad Sardines
New Rye Bread and Butter
Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Melons
Broiled Cooked Ham
Creamed Potatoes
Doughnuts
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Rechaufee of Lamb
(with shredded green peppers, tomato puree and macaroni)
Pickled Beets
Apple Pie Cheese Coffee

Supper

Baked Potatoes, Butter
Broiled Bacon Stewed Crabapples
Baking Powder Biscuit or Pop Overs
Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Sweet Apples, Baked, Cereal, Thin Cream
Eggs Scrambled with Chopped Ham
Cream Toast Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Tuna Boiled in Can
Boiled Potatoes Egg Sauce
Sliced Tomatoes
Lemon Sponge Pie or
Lemon Jelly with Sliced Bananas
Coffee

Supper

Oyster Stew
New Pickles Buttered Toast
Cheese, Apple Sauce Tea

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Corn Meal Mush, Milk
French Omelet
Sliced Tomatoes, Broiled
Parker House Rolls
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Hot Corned Beef
Boiled Potatoes Boiled Cabbage
Boiled Squash
Baked Indian Pudding, Whipped Cream
Coffee

Supper

Hot Baked Sweet Apples
Bread Milk
Gingerbread
Tea

Practical Home Dietetics

Diet in Uric Acid Disorders

By Minnie Genevieve Morse

THE process of human nutrition is one of the most marvelous phenomena in a universe of marvels. Even when through carelessness or self-indulgence or privation the fuel supplied to the body furnace is improperly selected, insufficient, or too abundant, up to a certain point the machinery adjusts itself to the abnormal conditions, and comparatively little harm results. This is especially the case in youth, when all the nutritive processes are carried on with greatest vigor; when the afternoon of life commences, and the physical powers begin to wane, adjustment to abnormal conditions becomes more difficult. Unfortunately, this is the time when the heaviest strain is apt to be put upon the organs of digestion and elimination; the pleasures of the table are usually dearest to those who are no longer bearing the heat and burden of the day, but are allowing themselves a respite from hard work and bodily exertion. In persons of this type, overindulgence in eating and drinking, or anything that tends to bring about a further insufficiency of these or other organs, may result in the accumulation in the body of waste products which the excreting system is not able to carry off.

Of these waste products, which, by remaining in the body in excessive quantities, may produce detrimental effects, the one that probably does the most damage, and the one regarding which the public certainly hears the most, is uric acid. Just how an excess of uric acid in the system is brought about is not certain, but it is known to be due in some manner to a defect in the way the nitrogenous foods, and especially meats, are handled by the nutritive processes. Probably the principal causative factor may vary somewhat in different cases. Nor is the form of trouble produced by the excess of acid always the same. It may be deposited as crystals in the kidneys or bladder, forming renal or vesical calculi, popularly known as "gravel"; a gouty condition may appear, characterized by an accumulation of deposits in the joints; or there may be only the more indefinite symptoms included in what is known as the lithemic state, among which may be mentioned various forms of irritation of the nervous system, digestive disturbances, headache or a feeling of fulness of the head, or some skin affection. Rheumatism was also formerly believed to be largely due to excess of uric acid in the blood, and, while acute rheumatism is now numbered among germ diseases, and an anti-uric-acid diet is thought to be of less import-

ance in its prevention or its treatment than was supposed a generation ago, still it is known that a premature return to a meat diet after an attack may induce a relapse.

Special restricted diets for use in diseased conditions are much less often prescribed than was formerly the case, research having proved the futility of many of the dietetic methods of earlier days. The principle of modern dietetics seems to be, largely, to give in most conditions as well balanced, nourishing, and easily digestible a diet as is possible under the circumstances, treating each case to a considerable extent on its own merits. Even in chronic kidney disease, in diabetes, in obesity, and in continued fevers, which are perhaps the conditions requiring the greatest restriction in the matter of food, the tendency is toward a less rigid and uniform regimen than formerly. While certain general considerations remain in force, and must always do so, such as the reduction of fat-making foods in the obese patient's diet, and the cutting down of starch and sugar in that of the diabetic, so many circumstances must be taken into account, in the case of any given person, that to lay down hard and fast rules for general use is difficult if not impossible.

This is seldom more truly the case than in uric acid disorders, where the condition of the patient's heart, blood vessels, kidneys, digestive organs, body weight, and many other circumstances may play their part in bringing about the situation; and the person who has been told or becomes convinced that he has in his system an excess of this mischief-making element will do well to discuss the matter fully with a good physician, have a dietetic regimen laid out for him with as much detail as possible, and then abide by it, avoiding indulgences and indiscretions with great care, if he desires fair health and length of days.

It may be said, however, that the general opinion of the medical profession is that the sufferer from uric acid disorders should avoid eating heavily of meats or sweets, and live largely upon farinaceous foods and fresh vegetables, omitting entirely from his diet any article that is known to disagree with him, and, in most cases, all forms of alcohol. The red meats, which are supposed to be the worst offenders, produce their evil effects chiefly by means of the "extractives" which they contain; these extractives are what give the fine flavor to the meat, and to beef tea and beef extract. Boiled meats have been found to agree better with patients troubled with excessive uric acid than those that have been roasted or fried, as the extractives are pretty well removed by boiling. It does not do to reduce the proportion of nitrogenous food allowed to a patient too greatly, as a sufficient amount is required by the body to compensate for the constant combustion of such material that goes on as long as life continues. Even in health, however, far less is needed in mature life than during the period of growth, and less again by those who lead a sedentary life than by those engaged in active physical work. Moreover, nitrogen may be supplied to the system in other forms than meat, foods of this class including also eggs, milk, cheese, fish, poultry, nuts, and some of the vegetables and grains. Most mature Americans of the well-to-do classes are heavy meat eaters, and it would be well for the health of this and future generations, if the present almost prohibitive prices of the good cuts of meat might lead to a general decrease in the use of this sort of food. At all events, the person showing signs of uric acid disorder will make no mistake in cutting down the quantity of meat he eats to a small portion once a day, and avoiding all dishes in the preparation of which meat extracts are used. Especially is this important in cases where there may be the slightest suspicion of any weakness of the kidneys, which are the principal excreting organs of the body, and which too often make no sign of their inadequacy until the situation

is beyond remedy.

The reason for restricting the amount of sugar eaten in uric acid disorders is that the taking of foods sweetened with cane sugar has a tendency to retard the digestion of porteid (or nitrogenous) foods, which, of course, makes the meat eaten by an individual an even greater menace to his well-being than it would otherwise be. As sweets stand only second to meats in popular favor, restriction along this line also may involve considerable self-denial. "Dieting means going without everything you like," complained a patient with a fondness for good living; and too many such people come to the conclusion that the game is not worth the candle, return to their self-indulgent habits, and pay a heavy penalty in impaired health and suffering.

If the housewife whose household contains a person showing signs of uric acid disorder will plan her daily menu so as to use as little meat as possible, and will make a practice of using fruit for dessert or of substituting a salad for the usual sweet course, she will not only make the patient feel his restrictions less, but will lay a foundation for better health on the part of the rest of her family. Not only may she use poultry, game, fish or shell fish for the *piece de resistance* of a meal, but modern cook books and domestic magazines will furnish her with numberless suggestions for "dishes with meat value," which may serve as occasional substitutes. Fried foods and rich made dishes, however, being difficult of digestion even for the healthy, should not be given to patients with uric acid troubles, even for the sake of varying a restricted diet.

A good nourishing soup may well form a substantial part of the dinner menu, requiring less of a hearty sort to follow it than the few spoonfuls of light bouillon or consomme which does little beyond exciting the digestive fluids to greater action. Such soups should not contain much fat, and are better made from vegetables, fresh fish, oysters, clams, or chicken, than from meat. Cream soups are especially valuable in cases where the taking of considerable milk is recommended.

In summer, when fresh vegetables are cheap and abundant, there need be little difficulty in varying the bill of fare, as there is seldom much restriction along this line, and vegetable dishes are acceptable to almost everyone. During the winter, although the variety is less, it is well to have vegetables play as large a part as possible in the menu, and those staple canned articles that are known to be packed by a reliable house may be used to supplement the resources of the market. A few vegetables, however, are frequently forbidden to the uric acid sufferer, chiefly because they contain oxalic acid, which is nearly related to uric acid; among these are rhubarb, asparagus, and tomatoes, all of which, unfortunately, are very popular members of the vegetable kingdom. Sweet potatoes and mushrooms are also often found on the forbidden list.

With regard to the use of fruit in excess of uric acid, authorities differ considerably, but nearly all agree in allowing apples, pears, and peaches, raw or cooked and oranges and pineapples, and in forbidding such acid fruits as strawberries, which will often, even when taken in the most moderate quantity, precipitate an attack in a gouty patient. Fruits containing large quantities of sugar, such as grapes, prunes, and figs, are usually prohibited, and all cooked fruits are generally directed to be prepared without sugar, as sugar combined with fruit acids undergoes in the digestive canal a fermentative process that is considered to have injurious effects. Dried fruits should not be used in the diet of these patients.

Farinaceous foods may in a large proportion of cases of uric acid disorder form a very considerable part of the diet. Cereals of almost all kinds may be allowed, and the eating of bread, when not too fresh, and especially graham, rye,

or whole wheat bread or rolls, is seldom much restricted in uncomplicated cases. Crackers of the unsweetened varieties, macaroni and spagetti, rice and corn meal, dry and milk toast all come under the head of farinaceous foods, and are wholesome and nourishing.

If sugar is directed to be almost entirely omitted from the diet, and yet the patient has a craving for sweet desserts, simple milk puddings, blanc-mange, and jellies, sweetened with saccharin or sweetina, substances derived from coal tar and many times sweeter than any form of sugar, are usually permitted. Honey and milk sugar are considered less injurious than cane sugar.

Champagne, sweet wines, liquors of all kinds, and even cider are held to be mischievous when admitted to the diet of a person with uric acid trouble, and the use of any form of alcohol is generally strictly prohibited, except in cases of elderly or debilitated patients for whom stimulation is absolutely necessary, when whiskey is most often ordered. Many authorities forbid the use of coffee or cocoa, but allow weak tea, if taken without sugar. Unlimited milk is usually allowed, unless it is known to disagree with an individual; malted milk is agreeable and nourishing, and buttermilk, which is supposed to exert a particularly beneficial effect on intestinal digestion, is high in favor with the medical profession. Cereal coffee is harmless, if taken without sugar, and toast water, hot or cold, is agreeable to some people. Many persons drink far too little water, and very few drink it to excess, except those who wash down the half-masticated solids of their meals with glass after glass of iced water, chilling the stomach and further retarding digestion by over-diluting the gastric fluids. While the modern view of drinking at meals regards the taking of a reasonable amount of fluid as non-injurious, indulgence in large quantities, and especially when ice-cold, is unquestionably contrary to the laws of health. Plenty of pure water taken between meals, however, is necessary, in order to keep the system well flushed out. The object sought in drinking the alkaline waters so largely used by gouty and lithemic patients is the counteraction in some degree of the over-acid reaction of the blood. Vichy, Londonderry, and Buffalo Lithia waters are frequently recommended; but it is probable that the benefit derived from them is to a considerable degree that of drinking a pure water, as the amount of lithium they contain is so small that a great quantity of water would have to be taken to introduce an appreciable amount of it into the system. A more decided result along this line is obtained by using the effervescent lithium tablets which are sold by all pharmacists, and which may be added to a glass of water and taken as required.

As has already been intimated, it is a dangerous procedure for a person suffering from excess of uric acid in the system to attempt to treat himself. A hundred different conditions may exist, involving entirely different indications for treatment. For example, if obesity is present, eating a large amount of fat-producing vegetables and farinaceous foods is not to be recommended, and the diet must be modified accordingly. If there is a tendency to diabetes, — and of this the patient cannot judge for himself, — starchy foods must be largely eliminated from the menu.

When a man's automobile shows signs of weakness somewhere, he loses no time in having it looked over by a man skilled in such work, and if he is wise he will realize that symptoms of wear and tear or of disorder in his bodily machinery call loudly for the same expert attention, ignorant attempts to deal with the situation being as provocative of disaster in the one case as in the other. When a person comes of a gouty, rheumatic, or lithemic family, however, he may himself do much to avert his own day of trouble, by moderation in eating and drinking.

HOME IDEAS & ECONOMIES

Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

My "Company" Salad Dressing

THE telephone bell rang insistently, and as I hastened to pick up the receiver I recognized a note of anxiety in a voice familiar to me.

"Oh, Marion, is that you? You were so long coming to the 'phone I was afraid you were out. I'm in an awful dilemma — help me, please. There's not an egg to be had around here, and Will's mother is coming to lunch — oh, don't laugh,— it's really serious. How can I put a ready-made mayonnaise on my salad? You know how opposed she is to eating anything not strictly home-made, and she will be sure to ask me if I made the dressing. What am I to do? You can't make mayonnaise without eggs, can you?"

"Not mayonnaise — " said I, promptly. "But, Ruth, I seldom, in fact, never, since my trip abroad, use a mayonnaise dressing on anything — "

"Oh, I know," interrupted Ruth, a little excitedly, "You do make delicious French dressings, but I never have any luck with them. I have tried different ways — using the egg-beater, or a silver fork, and either I don't get the ingredients chilled just right or something is the matter, for it never gets smooth. I'm afraid to try that."

"Listen, Ruth," I tried to be patient with this friend of mine who was always excited when her in-laws came to dine.

"There is nothing nicer than a French dressing. When properly made it has a subtle, epicurean taste which places a mayonnaise almost in the plebian class. Have you some good — really first-class olive oil? Fine! Put four tablespoonfuls in a bottle. A small — about half-pint bottle is a good size — yes, a BOTTLE, I know what I am talking about, don't interrupt me till I've finished. Then add one tablespoonful of the very best vinegar; spiced, if you can get it, is fine. And half a teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of something — paprika, I often use. Of course, if your vinegar is spiced, you may omit that. Now Ruth, cork your bottle tightly and shake! That's all. Your dressing is made. Yes, it's the way I always do, and I keep the one bottle for the purpose, and as it is an expensive little thing which came originally from abroad with some foreign decoction in, I have no compunctions at all about putting it right on the table. We like to dress our own salad.

"That's all, my dear. Now get your lettuce hearts and a couple of sound, ripe tomatoes, with some chopped celery or part of a green pepper, both for looks and taste, and you'll have a salad that will tempt the palate of not only mother-in-laws, but any chance visitor who may happen in. Good-by and good-luck!"

H. I. C.

* * *

Eating Or Dining?

TO-DAY Lucia came to me all aglow with an important discovery to impart: "Can it be that it is only in

our own family and at our own table that our mental differences are so plainly accentuated and set forth?"

"Where were you last night," I asked with the privilege of an old acquaintance, "did you take dinner at Laidley's?"

"Well," she replied with a smile, "I cannot say that I took dinner or that I merely ate with them, for I realize that it was more than just eating, it was dining in the fullest sense of the word. For 'there's a difference.'"

"That sounds interesting," I interposed, "come, tell me more about this eating or dining, rather."

"Perhaps I'm mistaken, but I consider that one cannot be said to dine when the tablecloth is crooked, and the centerpiece not above reproach, and no flowers, not even a tiny bunch of them, and everyone of the family talking their own hobby at table, as it is at home. My brothers talk athletics, and the feminine members talk dress, mostly; father is usually silent, and we never seem to have one thought in common as a family. If I start to tell an anecdote, that I think might be an agreeable change, nobody listens, or I find that they have raced through the meal and are leaving the table."

"Well, last night at Laidley's everything was different; the table was well-ordered and appointed, though I, as Margaret's friend, was the only guest, and we had a leisurely meal with a little interesting conversation thrown in as a side dish as it were; everything said was good and every member of the family took an intelligent part in whatever was being discussed, and every one who spoke was given attention and consideration by the others. Now I know why I am not as clever as Margaret at repartee, and why she knows so much of political questions and impersonal problems. Her father is a member of the council, and when he and her brother discussed civic measure, everyone listened or gave an opinion. Do you know that I left there quite envious, but determined that, if ever I have a home in which I am the presiding genius, I will never let meal time, especially the last meal of the day degenerate into anything as material and meaningless, as it is in my present household. At my table there shall be food for the mind as well as for the body; we shall dine in the fullest sense of the word, and shall meet upon the common level of an interchange of thought upon some interesting and worth-while subject.

"Sermons in dishes," I laughed in answer. But, none the less, I felt that my friend had learned something highly important. I doubt if any habit of our lives is as influential for our immediate happiness as well as for our future development as the tone and subject of our daily conversation at meals.

What an important item is the subject for discussion 365 days in a year; how beneficial or how deteriorating may be the effect upon the mind of young persons, be they members of the family or chance guests. For the rarity of good talk is perhaps nowhere so conspicuously emphasized as at dinner, be it a formal affair or a family gathering.

Few are the leaders who regard the occasion as other than a gastronomic or a sartorial display, to be seasoned if possible with enough of light talk to impart an air of gayety to the function. The mind, it would seem, were a neglegible quality, not worthy of consideration.

Why should not preparations, on the part of the dinner giver,—housekeeper or hostess, include thought as to what shall be said? One need not attempt to give the occasion a conversazione complexion but merely arrange that the talk shall be generally interesting and entertaining. One need not eliminate originality, which is spontaneous, but the well-informed and tactful hostess not only can appear to good conversational advantage, but she can, by giving thought to the matter, make each guest yield the best of which he or she is capable for the entertainment of the company.

As at present exhibited in social life, table conversation is at low water mark.

Formerly a social gathering, such as a dinner, was always held in the giver's own home, where the owner's personal tastes, as represented in his books, pictures, and hobbies, gave the keynote for subjects of converse, or suggested appropriate themes. Now the scene often shifts to the hotel and rented scenery, which is not conducive to a feast of reason and flow of soul. At least, this is true of mixed social gatherings. Men's dinners usually have some attic salt with which to season the dishes. But to have the real and piquant quality, it takes the virile and strong ideas of the man, coping with the tact and imagination of a clever woman to produce the finest flower of conversation.

The art of good table talk needs for its best expression, well-directed knowledge gained from books and life, lucidity of statement, a fine sense of humor, imagination, and a well-modulated and clear voice. These acquirements should be upheld as desirable, and made an object of ambition instead of being wholly ignored. The home and place to begin to [illegible] accomplishments is in the home and at the family table. Then, indeed, we may dine happily, a great advancement over ordinary eating.

M. C. K.

* * *

Boneless Bass Easy

ALTHOUGH the streams of Maryland are not over-laden with monster bass, its housewives have discovered a trick in preparing that luscious fish that robs it of its greatest terror — bones. No one need hesitate at enjoying the fish because of them, if the cook be possessed of the proper recipe. Says one Maryland authority,—

"Every bone should and can be taken out of a bass before it is fried. The proper way is to lay the bass on a board and scrape off all the scales. Then run a sharp knife all along the back on both sides close to the fin. Catch the fin at the tail and pull it out and it will rip up all along the back and out will come all those fin bones.

"It is just as easy to take out the backbone and ribs. Run the knife along, right on the ribs, and you can lift the meat right off and there you have the fish in halves without any bones in it. Cut these halves, each, in two or three places, wash them in cool water, salt and roll in flour and corn meal. Use crackers, if you want a heavier crust. Good butter, not old, and fresh bacon fat should be used for frying the fish. Grease the skillet when it is smoking hot and lay in your fish. Don't turn over your pieces. Turn the skillet around by the handle, thus keeping the meat moving right around the fat. And you will have a royal dish." C. F. C.

* * *

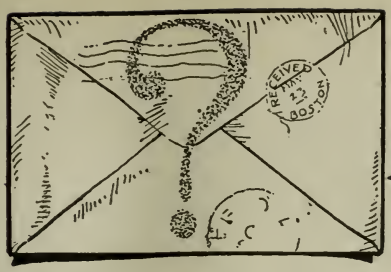
No More Ants

HAVE you been bothered with ants? Measly, little, red ones that get into your cupboard, ice-box and various places where you simply cannot have them?

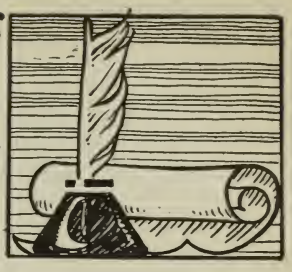
Try this: It is one of a dozen "sure-cures" which came to me well recommended, and absolutely the only one which had the necessary effect.

Get five cents worth of Tartar Emelie from your druggist. Mix a little of this with about one-fourth as much sugar and add a few drops of water. Stir this with a match or tooth-pick until well mixed. Be careful not to use too much water. A very thick paste is best. Put drops of this where the ants are, also make "runs" where they will find them.

A good plan is to find where they enter the house. A little watching will show this. You will find that they come and go in a general direction and it is an easy matter to trace their entrance to a porch post, porch steps, a defective window or perhaps a cold air register. Put your paste at their entrance way and you will find your ant problem solved. L. S. K.



QUERIES & ANSWERS



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit $1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

QUERY 2059.—"Recipe with explicit directions for making and rolling a Jelly Roll."

Jelly Roll

3 eggs
1½ cups of sugar
Grated rind of 1 lemon
1 tablespoonful of lemon juice
½ a cup of cold water
1½ cups of flour
½ a teaspoonful of soda
1 slightly rounding teaspoonful of cream of-tartar

Beat the eggs; gradually beat in the sugar, and grated rind, then add the flour with soda and cream-of-tartar, alternately, with the water. Bake in a buttered shallow pan; turn upside down upon a cloth and trim off the four sides (these are crusty and break in rolling. Have ready a tumbler of jelly beaten quite smooth with a silver fork. Spread the jelly over the cake, then, keeping the cloth between the fingers and the cake, roll the cake over and over having the cloth against the whole width of the cake will keep the cake from cracking while rolling). At last roll the cake in the cloth. The pan must be of good size that the sheet of cake be thin.

QUERY 2060.—"How may Parsley be kept fresh after it has been brought from market?"

Keeping Parsley

Parsley may be kept a long time in a glass of water in the same manner as cut flowers are kept. Change the water each day and occasionally clip the ends of the stems. A subscriber suggests keeping lettuce and parsley in a cheese-cloth bag near the ice; this does very well but the glass of water set in the ice-chest is more satisfactory. Parsley may be kept a week or more without water, in the refrigerator, in a closed receptacle that excludes air.

QUERY 2061.—"Recipe for Lady Fingers."

Lady Fingers

3 eggs
½ a cup of sugar
Grated rind of ½ a lemon
⅝ a cup of flour

Beat the yolks thick, and the whites dry; add lemon rind to yolks, and beat in the sugar gradually; fold in half the whites, half the flour, the other half of the whites and the rest of the flour. Shape on a buttered baking sheet, in narrow strips, about one inch wide and four or five inches long and dredge with sugar. Bake about ten minutes.

QUERY 2062.—"Recipe for Dill Pickles."

Dill Pickles

As far as we know Dill pickles are made as any pickles save that branches of dill are laid in between the layers of pickles to give them flavor. If these pickles are made by a process of fermentation similar to that employed for sauer krout, will some reader kindly supply a recipe?

QUERY 2063.—"Desserts without sugar. What Soups are best for an individual unable to eat sugar?"

Soups for Sugar-free Diet

Clam broth, bouillon, meat broths, consommé, or cream soups, made of starch-free vegetables, thickened with gluten flour. Among the cream soups allowable would be asparagus, spinach, celery, tomato, cabbage, lettuce and string bean.

Desserts Free of Sugar

Custards, jellies, Bavarian Cream and similar desserts may be made as usual by using Sweetina in place of sugar.

QUERY 2064.—"What differences are occasioned in bread by the use of milk and of water as ingredients?"

Differences in Milk and Water Bread

Bread made with milk is more nutritious than bread made with water. Bread made with water and no shortening, well kneaded, gives French bread. This is a rather porous bread with tough flinty crust; such bread is sometimes called true bread, and bread made with milk and shortening a variety of cake. Bread made with milk, or half milk and half water, is thought to remain moist and in good condition longer than bread made with water.

QUERY 2065.—"Recipes for Strawberry Jam and Strawrbery Jelly."

Strawberry Jam

For each pound of berries take three-fourths a pound of sugar. Put the berries, carefully hulled, washed, and drained, over the fire. Let heat slowly till they are softened throughout. If eight quarts or more are to be made, pour off a pint of juice and can for some other use. Break up the berries with a slitted wooden spoon, then add the sugar and let cook until thick. Store either as canned fruit or as jelly.

Strawberry Jelly

Apples or currants should be added to strawberries, if a satisfactory jelly is to be made. As apples are not in season in strawberry time, it is best to can the strawberry juice without sugar and make up the jelly when apples are plenty. Prepare the apple juice in the usual manner. Use one pint of strawberry juice to three pints of apple juice and three-fourths a cup of sugar to each cup of fruit juice. Cook the apple and strawberry juice together about fifteen minutes; add the sugar made hot on plates in the oven, cook two or three minutes longer or to 218° F. by the sugar thermometer. Have the glasses on a cloth in a pan of hot water. Fill the glasses at once. Skim during the cooking as needed. Raspberries may be used in the same manner.

QUERY 2066.—"Sauce for Broiled Live Lobster; it looks like melted butter, but there seem to be other ingredients in it."

Sauce for Broiled Live Lobster

Melted butter without other ingredients is often used. At other times lemon juice, paprika, chopped parsley, etc., are added.

QUERY 2067.—"Why do Waffles made with sour or buttermilk lack crispness? Recipe for Waffles."

Waffles with Sour or Buttermilk

1¼ cups of flour	1 cup of thick sour milk
¼ a teaspoonful of salt	
½ a teaspoonful of soda	2 eggs

4 tablespoonfuls of melted butter

Sift together the dry ingredients; add the yolks of the eggs, beaten and mixed with the sour milk, and the melted butter; mix all together thoroughly, then fold in the whites of the eggs, beaten dry. Rich milk (butter fat) and shortening make waffles crisp.

QUERY 2068.—"Recipe for English Muffins."

English Muffins

Soften a yeast cake in half a cup of lukewarm water. Add this to a cup of

LOWNEY'S COCOA

Lowney's Cocoa Is Simply Nature At Her Best

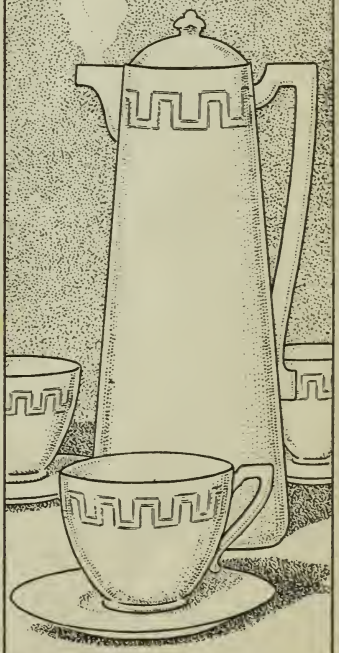
Certain South American districts grow a superior grade of cocoa beans.

These beans are roasted and ground for Lowney's Cocoa.

You get no man-made additions to blur Nature's best cocoa flavor.

And what a flavor it is! There is joy in the very aroma that steams from the cup. You can taste the purity in each delicious sip.

That natural flavor has never been bettered by man.



scalded-and-cooled milk, into which two tablespoonfuls of butter have been melted. Add also half a teaspoonful of salt and one cup and a half of sifted bread flour. Beat the above mixture until it is very smooth. Then cover, and set to rise. When the sponge is light, beat into it about two cups, or two and one-fourth cups, of flour, continuing the beating some few minutes (eight or ten), to make a tough batter. Cover, and let stand until again light. The mixture is now ready to use, or it may be cut down, covered, and set into the refrigerator until morning. When ready to bake, cut the dough into twenty-four pieces. Knead these with floured hands or on a well-floured board (the dough is rather soft). Then pat them to the size of the rings. Have the board well-floured, and the muffin rings well-buttered. Put the rings on the board and the dough in the rings, and cover close with a pan or cloth. When the dough a little more than half fills the rings, remove the rings, and dough with a spatula to a well-heated and buttered griddle. Keep the griddle of uniform heat, and, when the muffins are baked on one side, turn muffins and rings, and bake the other side. When the muffins are baked, cut through the crust, then tear apart with the fingers (as a cracker is split), and toast the halves over a bed of coals. Spread the rough side with butter as soon as toasted, and serve at once. The muffin rings used for this recipe were two and three-fourths inches in diameter. Rings of a larger size may be used. Toasted muffin are served with marmalade and tea as a light lunch, or with a green vegetable salad and cheese as a salad course.

QUERY 2069.—"Recipes for Spiced Peaches and Candied Orange Peel."

Spiced Peaches

7 lbs. of peaches
5 lbs. of sugar
1 pint of vinegar
1 cup of water
⅔ a cup of stick cinnamon
⅓ a cup of whole cloves

Remove the skins from the peaches. Have ready a syrup, made of the sugar, vinegar and water, add the spices, then add a few of the peaches with one or two cloves pressed into each; let cook a moment, turning the peaches if necessary to soften all sides. Set the peaches in fruit jars. When all are cooked reduce the syrup and with it fill the jars to overflow. Close the jars as in canning fruit.

Candied Orange Peel

Cut the peel, removed from the fruit in quarter sections, in strips of uniform thickness. Let cook in boiling water until very tender. Set aside until the next day. Take the original weight of the peel in sugar with enough water from the peel to dissolve it (half its weight). Boil and skim; add the peel and let cook until the syrup is nearly absorbed; pick out the strips of peel and roll them, while hot, one by one, in granulated sugar. Let dry on table oil cloth.

QUERY 2070.—"Recipes for 'Mixing Mustard similar to the prepared mustard sold in bottles,'" and for "baking beans with tomato sauce."

Bottled Mustard

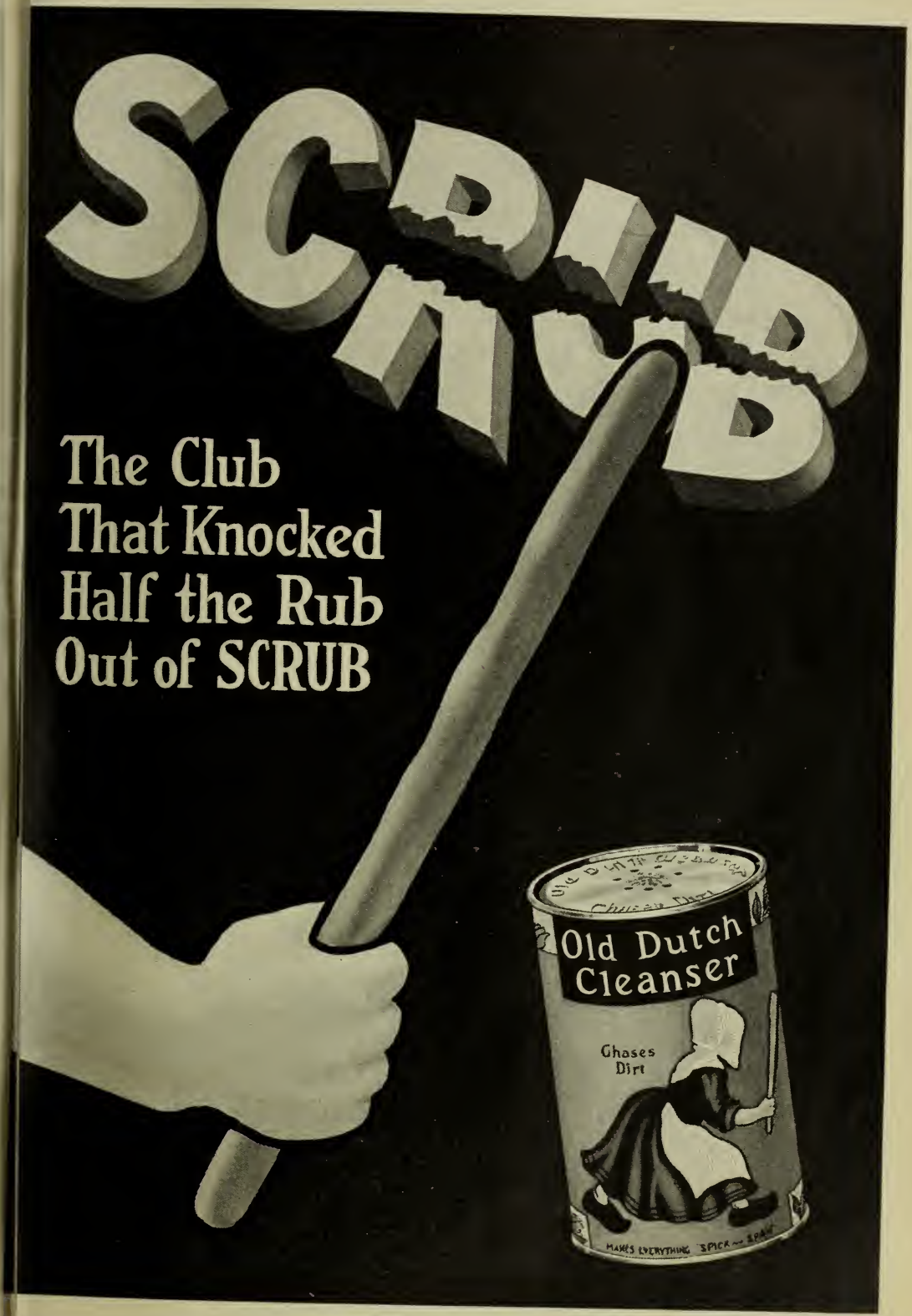
To half a cup of powdered mustard add one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of sugar, then stir to a thick paste with boiling water. For French mustard, use vinegar seasoned with shallot, trarragon or garlic, in the place of the water. The above are general rules. Dealers putting up such specialities have formulas for the same that are not divulged to the consumer.

Beans Baked with Tomato Sauce

Use your usual formula for baking beans, the one for Boston Baked Beans being preferred, then, when occasion arises for replenishing the liquid, add, each time, a cup of tomato purée or a cup of ordinary tomato sauce.

QUERY 2071.—"What shall I give my college boy for food; he does not wish meat three times a day."

Food for College I


SCRUB
The Club
That Knocked
Half the Rub
Out of SCRUB
Old Dutch
Cleanser
Chases
Dirt

Mix in the usual manner, adding the fruit to the creamed butter and flour and sifting the spices and soda with the flour. Bake in two pans about one hour and a quarter.

Molasses Cookies

½ a cup of molasses
1 teaspoonful of soda
¼ a cup of boiling water
¼ a cup of butter
2 cups of flour
½ a teaspoonful of salt
1 tablespoonful of yellow ginger
½ a teaspoonful of cinnamon

Stir the soda into the molasses; melt the butter in the boiling water; turn all into a bowl and stir in the flour sifted with the salt and spices; add more flour if needed, but keep the dough as soft as can be handled. Roll out only a portion of the dough at a time. Cut into rounds. The recipe makes about two dozen cookies.

QUERY 2077.—"In making bread with potatoes, how many potatoes should be allowed to a loaf of bread?"

Potatoes in Bread

We have not used potatoes in bread for some time, but judge that a potato of medium-size would be ample for one loaf of bread.

QUERY 2078.—"Kindly give suggestions as to the best diet to eliminate rheumatism from the system."

Diet to Cure Rheumatism

In a case where doctors disagree, who is to decide? In general, avoid meat and sweets, the sweets because they hinder the assimilation and excretion of the proteins in the meat. See also article on another page of this issue on "Diet for Uric Acid Conditions."

QUERY 2079.—"Recipe for Hashed Brown Potatoes."

Hashed Brown Potatoes

Chop, fine, six or eight cold, boiled potatoes, and season as needed with salt and pepper. Have hot in a frying pan from one-fourth to one-half a cup of fat cooked from fat salt pork; put in the potatoes, mix thoroughly with the hot fat, then press firmly over the bottom of the pan. Let stand to brown, then fold as an omelet and turn upon a hot dish.

QUERY 2080.—"Recipes for Sour and Sweet Cucumber Pickles."

Sour Cucumber Pickles

Wash the cucumbers, then sprinkle with salt and cover with cold water. Use a generous cup of salt to a peck of cucumbers. The next day drain, rinse and pack into fruit jars, or simply in an earthen crock. Add pepper pods, green or red, and large or small according to the receptacle used. Sprinkle in, also, a few whole spices. Cover with vinegar, scalding hot. Close fruit jars as in canning fruit; having sterilized the jars before packing in the cucumbers, the pickles will then keep indefinitely. For a greener pickle, put grape or cabbage leaves over and under the cucumbers; scald the water with the salt and pour over them, then the next day proceed as above.

Sweet Cucumber Pickles

Prepare as sour pickles, except add sugar to taste to the vinegar, when scalding it. Sprinkle white and black mustard seed, pieces of horseradish, ginger root, green and red peppers through the cans.

REFRIGERATORS—ICE BOXES

and all places where meats and foods are kept should be regularly disinfected and purified by using

Platt's Chlorides,

The Odorless Disinfectant.

Destroys germs and foul odors, does not permeate the food.

Safe, Efficient and Economical. Sold Everywhere

HENRY B. PLATT
42 Cliff Street, New York City, N. Y.

When you entertain

the soup problem is delightfully and simply solved for you by

Kornlet

THE MILK OF GREEN CORN

It makes the daintiest of corn soup in a few moments. Recipe upon the wrapper. Kornlet is the concentrated milk of green corn of finest variety. It is like an extract, and goes a long way. One can makes eight or ten liberal portions, or twenty if served in cups.

Ordinary canned corn contains the hulls as well as the solidified contents of the kernels. In making Kornlet, we take out the milk, while the kernels are plump and juicy —and this milk alone, without the indigestible hulls, is boiled down and concentrated.

It isn't how much you pay, but what you get for your money, that determines the economy of the food you buy. In using Kornlet, dilute with milk, cream, tomato pulp, soup stock, or combine it in other agreeable ways. Kornlet is the concentrated essence of delicious young sweet corn, and is a most desirable delicacy to keep ready in your pantry. Sold by grocers at 25c a can.

If your grocer cannot supply you, send us his name and your address with 25c in stamps and we will send you a full-sized can by Parcel Post, prepaid, also our Kornlet Recipe Book, FREE.

Meadow Queen Canned Food is Dependable

The Haserot Canneries Company

413 Huron Road, Cleveland, Ohio

Some New Ways of Serving

By Kate Hudson

THOUGH the German house-mother may pay less attention to the latest cry in clothes and personal adornments than does her American sister, she manages to follow very closely the ever-changing fashions in garnishing and serving what she sets before her guests. Tomatoes appear, just now, to be largely used in garnishing fish and toasts and for holding all sorts of unusual hors-d'oeuvres The newest one of the latter is — according to a noted Berlin hostess who is also a notable housekeeper — caviar filled into cups composed of large tomatoes of uniform size and color thoroughly chilled; as is the "Beluga," which is either heaped high above the tomatoes' rim or flattened down with a cover formed of the tomato bottom with a bit of stem for handle.

When the fish-course consists of fillets-de-sole or other fillets these, lightly rolled in scrolls, are also served standing erect in large tomato cups, covered with sauce — Hollandaise, and crowned with two shrimps crossed; and where larger fish is served whole it is placed close to one rim of the platter to admit of its other half holding the fish's corresponding bulk outlined with small "sea-fruit," as mussels, prawns or shrimps and filled in with small tomatoes holding minced truffles. Another very popular garnishing for pickerel or salmon — also filling up the space on the platter opposite the fish — are cucumbers hollowed out into boats filled with caviar; or a double line of hard-boiled eggs, standing upright, each egg belted with a "ring" cut from a big tomato.

Roast meats particularly that German and Austrian favorite, roast veal, are frequently surrounded with tomato cups filled with green peas, and even with fine-sliced carrot liberally topped with the parsley, with which in Germany the latter vegetable is always prepared.

K. H.

The little daughter of a prominent divine, whom it would be cruel to name, was recently taken to her father's church for the first time. She was, of course, intensely interested in all that went on. A true little Yankee, her first remark to her mother on coming out was, "Do all those little boys in nighties get paid for singing?" "Yes, I suppose so," replied her mother. "And does father get paid, too?" "Yes." Well, I shouldn't think they'd have to pay him much, for he does nothing but talk, and he just loves to do that."

In every kitchen thing to be regarded is health.

This new book of recipes by Mrs. Rorer sent free.

McILHENNY'S
TABASCO
SAUCE

MRS. SARAH TYSON RORER has just prepared a new book of recipes, hitherto unpublished, in which will be found directions for making many unique and delectable dishes, and other information of value to those interested in good cooking.

This new book of Mrs. Rorer's will be sent free to anybody anywhere upon request. Just send your name and address on a postcard to Department H-5, McIlhenny Company, Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Of course the prime purpose of this new recipe book is to attract more favorable attention to our Tabasco Sauce, and to promote its use more widely instead of dry pepper as a seasoning for all dishes requiring pepper.

It is now generally admitted among cookery experts that pure, unadulterated liquid Tabasco pepper is far superior to cayenne or black pepper because of intense seasoning power, delicious flavor and wholesomeness.

McIlhenny's Tabasco Sauce is the original and only genuine liquid Tabasco pepper, and is being used to great advantage by famous chefs and good housekeepers throughout the civilized world.

It is more wholesome and a better seasoning than cayenne or black pepper, and makes a most delightful table sauce.

Order a bottle from your grocer today; and don't forget to send for Mrs. Rorer's new recipe book.

McILHENNY COMPANY, Dept. H-5
Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

How Alice became an Angel

Uncle Chester had a way of asking how things were done—even when they were done in the kitchen.

So that when he tasted the angel cake at his birthday dinner, and exclaimed, "Delicious!" it was inevitable that he should ask, "What is that delightful flavoring?"

"I knew you were coming, so I told them to give me the very best," said Alice, "and they gave me Burnett's."

"Alice," said Uncle Chester, "your compliment is as charming as the flavor. You're an angel! When I get home, I'm going to insist, diplomatically but firmly, that our people always use

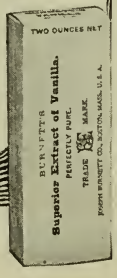
Burnett's VANILLA

The use of Burnett's assures to a dessert the purest and most perfect flavoring. And a successful dessert is a happy climax to a luncheon or dinner. There is no more practical economy than the use of *the best* flavoring when its cost is so small compared with the cost of a meal that might otherwise be marred or spoiled. Insist on Burnett's.

Let us send you our Recipe Book of 115 tempting desserts. Please mention your grocer's name in writing for it.

JOSEPH BURNETT CO.
Dept. K, 36 India Street
Boston, Mass.

Western Package



Eastern Package

The Girl Who Cooked

Concluded from page 205

put off the task as long as she could, but she really must, she knew, set about applying for a school now.

At least, one afternoon, with a sort of Latimer and Ridly expression, as Ted diagnozed it, on her face, she had collected her courage, some paper, envelopes, and several school clerk's addresses, and was grimly preparing to convince them of the peculiar adaptability of her talents for their several schools, when the Postman's whistle came like a welcome summons.

Everybody tumbled out of the house, and somebody seized the budget, and bore it in, in triumph.

"Nan, that's partiality," Ted grumbled, "I believe you're Uncle Sam's favorite niece. "Whew—here's a business-like envelope."

"The Homemaker," her mother glanced at the corner of the envelope. "Why—Nan—it's too thin to be—Oh, do you think—"

"Oh, no," said Nan hastily, "it's only some notice or other, of course. She pulled out a slender blue slip of paper, then stared at it with a dazed expression in her eyes.

"Mother, take it, and see what it says. I can't be seeing straight. Oh, quick!" her voice shook.

Everybody clambered to look over Mother's shoulder.

"Pay to the order of—" began Ted.

"Three hundred dollars," shouted Kenneth.

"Oh, Nan!" Lollipops flew at her.

"You've won, dear," her mother was smiling at her, proudly.

Nan's eyes shone. College, college, the check seemed to chant joyously at her.

She opened her lips to speak. But in that instant came a piercing odor from the kitchen, and the check fluttered unnoticed to the floor.

"The beans are burning," cried Nan, and vanished through the door.

AVALON
(Brand)
TUNA
California's Fish De Luxe

Serve direct from the tin—garnish with lettuce and slices of lemon.

—A new treat from CALIFORNIA.

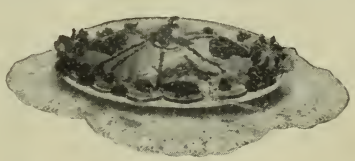
—Something different and easy to serve—something everyone will like.

—The white, tender meat of the Tuna Fish caught in the deep blue Pacific, near Catalina Island, California.

—This delicately flavored Tuna meat looks and tastes like breast of chicken, and can be served either as fish or meat.

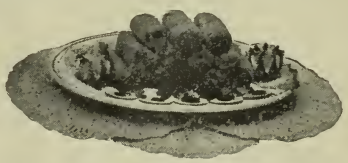
—Order a trial can from your grocer.

AVALON Brand TUNA is carefully cooked and seasoned, and is ready to eat just as it comes from the tin. But you may prepare it in different ways to suit different occasions. Write for our booklet of TUNA RECIPES and in the meantime, try the two printed below.



A SIMPLE SALAD

Shred one large can of AVALON BRAND TUNA, add one small cup chopped celery or cucumber, one tablespoonful grated onion, mix with mayonnaise dressing. Serve on lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise.



AVALON TUNA CROQUETTES

Melt two and one-half tablespoons butter, add one half tablespoon finely chopped onion and cook till onion is yellow, add one-third cup flour, cook till smooth, add one cup stewed tomatoes and cook, stirring constantly till boiling, add one can AVALON BRAND TUNA and one cup finely chopped boiled potato. Season to taste with salt and pepper, form into balls, dip in egg, roll in crumbs and fry in hot deep grease.

THE VAN-THOMAS COMPANY

353 East Second Street - - - - - LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Appropriate Beverage—

Welch's

"The National Drink"

Welch's gives a touch of genial hospitality to the formal and informal social affairs of the winter time. It is always ready to serve plain, and is quickly made into punches and other delicious beverages.

Welch's is now relied upon by thousands of women who face the problems of entertaining. You should keep a supply in the house. Almost every day or evening you will find it a cheerful feature of the home life.

WELCH PUNCH—This punch, so simply and easily made, has never been equaled or excelled. It delights every one who tries it. Use one pint of Welch's, one quart of plain or charged water, the juice of three lemons and one orange, and one cup of sugar. Mix and serve very cold. If you use a punch bowl garnish with sliced fruits.

Do more than ask for "Grape Juice"
—say Welch's and GET IT

If unable to obtain Welch's of your dealer we will send a trial case of a dozen pints for $3, express prepaid east of Omaha. Sample 4-oz. bottle, mailed for 10c. Booklet of recipes free.

The Welch Grape Juice Co.
Westfield, N. Y.

A Ramona Party

A CALIFORNIA tourist whom I know, brought home a jar of pickled figs, guava jelly and other things for the sole purpose of giving a unique party, and it certainly was an interesting function. It may be given by ladies lately returned from California or be prepared in compliment to those who have just returned from the land of sunshine and flowers. A novel gathering would be an entire company of people who had visited California.

The decorations may be a blending of Spanish and Indian colors. Navajo blankets make splendid rugs, as well as couch covers; smaller bits of woven pieces for stand covers or pillow tops are nice, and Spanish flags should wave along with the Stars and Stripes. Large Indian jars, if procurable, should hold sprays of the yellow mustard or yellow flowered musk and red geraniums, and carnations should stand in brown earthen ollas. Flowery June is a favorable month to get plenty of greenery for making a bower of a porch. It might be arranged something after the porch on Camulos ranch, Ramona's early home. Many souvenirs of the trip may be utilized either here or on the table, which should show doilies and elaborate centerpiece of drawn work.

A bowl of the golden California poppy, resting on the beautiful weblike lace, makes a gorgeous center.

The place-cards may be water colors of the dainty wild flowers of the state, or tiny Indian sketches, or better still, thin orange wood cards bearing a picture of the Camulos ranch house.

Small dishes of pottery may hold the nuts and bonbons, which are in appropriate colors; these later may be given as favors. Abalone shells so highly polished make beautiful receptacles for candied fruit and jelly.

It adds, if a guitar player can be secured to play during refreshments, or if a musical friend will sing several Spanish love songs. A very desirable

Some Reasons Why

Crawford Ranges

Are Better Than Others:

1. Single Damper Control (patented)

The greatest improvement ever made in cooking stoves. One movement of this damper perfectly regulates fire and oven. Simply push the knob to "Kindle," "Bake," or "Check"—*the Range does the rest.* Damper mistakes common to the two-damper ranges are impossible with this range.

Coal (or Wood) Range

2. Two Hods in the Base

One deep Hod for ashes instead of the old clumsy ash pan. It is easy to remove and carry without spilling. The other Hod is for coal. This feature is patented.

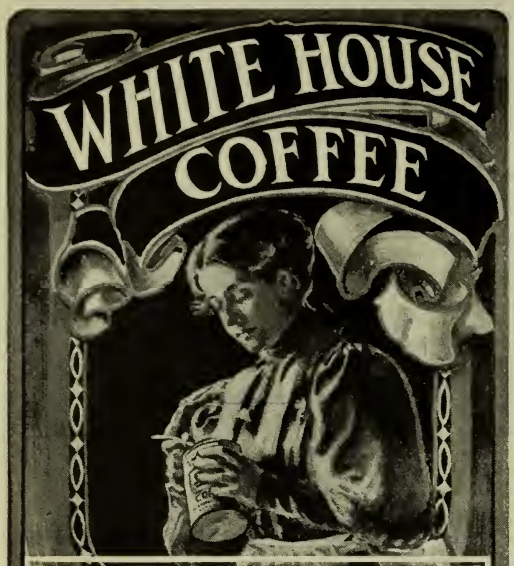
3. The Perfectly Heated Oven

Some ovens are too hot in some places and too cold in others. The curved cup-joint oven flues of Crawford Ranges heat the oven in every part alike. No *cold corners*—no *scorching spots.* That is why they bake better than other ovens.

Gas Ovens if desired—elevated (double) or end (single). These ovens are *safe; explosions* are impossible. The end oven has broiler at the top, which saves the cook much stooping.

Ask the CRAWFORD Agent to show you and write us for circulars

WALKER & PRATT MFG. COMPANY, 31-35 Union St., Boston



THE GOOD HOUSEWIFE

makes rather a serious matter of measuring out **WHITE HOUSE COFFEE**—for she knows that it is very precious stuff and should not be wasted. She knows that a smaller quantity than of most coffees will brew a delicious pot-full, and she is careful to exactness in using just the right quantity (learned by experience) with which to supply the requisite number of cups for present need. Whenever and wherever **WHITE HOUSE COFFEE** is used, its delicious flavor is a source of keen delight. Its uniformity and unsurpassed quality are always open to favorable comment; and its peculiar and fascinating qualities make it easily recognized, once it has been used, so that wherever one goes little exclamations are heard at the table, such as "That's certainly White House" or "So, you, too, use White House," or "I'm glad I can have my White House," which most eloquently express the public sentiment towards this splendid brand, and prove that the friendships it has formed have become cemented indissolubly.

WHITE HOUSE COFFEE is now sold by thousands of grocers, and no matter where one may be an insistent request for it and a knowledge that any grocer can easily procure it is certain to result in obtaining it.

In 1, 2 and 3 lb. air-tight tin cans only—whole ground or pulverized. Never sold in bulk.

JUST TRY IT

DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY

Principal Coffee Roasters

BOSTON—CHICAGO

feature is to choose some lady, who uses good English and can embellish the telling, to relate the story of Ramona. Then the hostess or lady or ladies who have visited Old Town, Senora Moreno's ranch and the Ramona House can give some of the many little tales floating around San Diego and its vicinity. Had Helen Hunt Jackson written nothing else, she should be held in sweet memory for giving to us this touching story.

After the meal a little contest may be held in pronouncing a list of Spanish words,—say a dozen such as Mohave, Navajo, Adobe, Frijoles, Tamales, Tortilla, Abalone, Alessandro, LaJolla, etc. To the one pronouncing them correctly give a small booklet of Spanish recipes —collected and made by hostess. While pencils and paper are out, ask for a list of characters in the book. To the one remembering the largest number give a Perry picture of Helen Hunt Jackson or a photograph of the old adobe Ramona House, where the priest who married Alessandro and Ramona lived.

The menu may be a simple tea, if a breakfast is not desirable. Chili con carne and tamales may make it strictly Spanish, or with a soup and more elaborate dessert, like strawberry and pineapple ice, a luncheon may be evolved. departing for summer trips, these are a carry out a spread in keeping with the idea. Two young maids in Indian or Spanish attire should do the serving.

Suggestive menu for a breakfast:

California Cherries arranged around celery dips filled with powdered sugar
Frijole Croquettes French Fried Potatoes
Whole Wheat Sandwiches
Orange Marmalade
Breaded Lamb Chops Buttered Peas
Fig Pickles
Rolls Guava Jelly
Vegetable Salad in Tomato Cases
Cottage Cheese in Green Pepper Rings
Toast Fingers
Flaming Sweet Omelette
Petits fours
Mexican Chocolate

Any lady who will take the pains to carry out such a party will find it voted a signal success, no matter whether her guests have all visited California or only know of it by reading. S. H.

THE most improved sanitary and scientific methods surround the manufacture of Eagle Brand.

Gail Borden

EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

THE ORIGINAL

All dairymen's cans are thoroughly cleansed and sterilized immediately after emptying at the condensery, before returning to the dairy. Has no equal for infant feeding and for general household use.

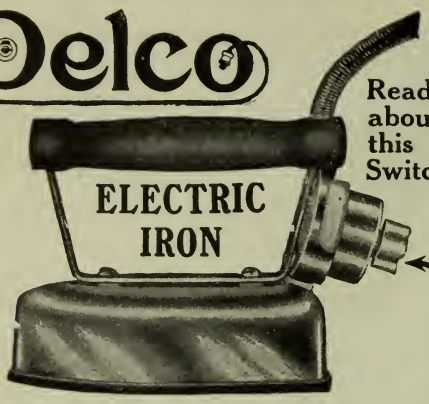
Send for our booklets "My Biography," "Borden's Recipes," and "Where Cleanliness Reigns Supreme"

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.

"Leaders of Quality"

Est. 1857 **New York**

Delco



Read about this Switch

YOU KNOW the ordinary electric lamp cannot be regulated; when turned on it must use the full current. Just so with the ordinary electric iron. You cannot control the heat. There is a continuous waste of electricity and great danger of scorching the clothes. The **DELCO** is the only iron in which you have complete control of the heat: by simply turning the switch you can have just the amount necessary, High, Medium or Low. The amount of current used is reduced to a minimum and you iron the finest clothes in perfect safety. We are so confident that you will be pleased with a Delco Three Heat Iron that we want you to

TRY IT TEN DAYS FREE

Use a **DELCO** next ironing day. If not perfectly satisfied send it back at our expense. Write today and you will agree that "It pays to have a **DELCO.**" Sent prepaid to any part of the U. S. for **$5.50.** Furnished with stand, cord and plug. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

DIAMOND ELECTRIC CO.

40 FREDERICK ST., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

PATENT IRONING BOARD COVER

Bottom View

Special Features:

Sanitary.
No Wrinkles.
No Tacking.
Does Not Flatten.
Felt Center With Facing Sheets.
Adjustable to any Ironing Board.
Does Not Lose Its Thickness or Resiliency.
Removable Facing Sheets that may be Relaundered or Replaced by New Ones.
Lasts a Life Time.

Top View

It is the Best and Only Ironing Board Cover of its kind on the Market.

A perfect Sleeve Board can be made by lacing together the sides of either end, either of which will also roll into an excellent sleeve pad.

Several nickle locks so arranged that the cover may easily be drawn about the narrow ends of the board no matter how sloping the ends may be.

Every tendency about the household now-a-days is toward the **Sanitary.** How long have you left your blankets and sheets on your board sooner than be annoyed by having to remove the tacks and go through another tacking process and the smoothing out of wrinkles? Has your patience been severely tested by having to do this? Note the hundreds of tack holes on the old board as shown in the cut. They speak for themselves and represent many a trying moment that most housewives experience.

Sent postpaid to your address on receipt of **$2.50** by the

JULIEN MANUFACTURING CO., Inc., ELMIRA, N. Y.

Verse of the Vegetable Vendor

Through the lanes and alleys narrow
Trudges he with brimming barrow,
Where leaf-filtered sun streams down
On the streets of Trenton town.

"Won't you buy my red tomatoes,
Corn and carrots and potatoes,
Fresh and fancy! If you're wise
You will use their ears and eyes.

When for cabbages you're paying
Don't forget this wise old saying:
('Tis a truth, though said in fun—)
Two heads better are than one.

Some onions purchased at the start
Might serve, perhaps, to make you smart;
My melons all are fine and sweet,—
My mustard greens cannot be beet.

Try this big, late-blooming posy,
Tastier than a scented rosy,
Queen of all my garden bower—
This blossom is the cauliflower!"

Thus he sauntereth and singeth,
And reluctant coin he wringeth
From the housewives, up and down,
Throughout peaceful Trenton town.

IVA WHITMAN ROBINSON.

It happened in Toronto.

Scene, the First Precinct Police-Station. Driscoll was making out his report. He began two or three times, and tore up the paper and started afresh.

"What are you workin' at?" said the man at the desk. "Writing a letter?"

"Naw!" said Driscoll. "There is a dead horse over on Cholmondelay Street, and Rule Seventeen says I have to report it in writing."

And Driscoll chewed the end of the penholder, groaned and leaned over the desk like a cuttlefish seeking its prey.

"How do you spell it, anyway?" said Driscoll.

"What?"

"Cholmondelay Street."

"Well, the same old way," answered the man at the desk.

Pretty soon Driscoll threw down the pen, got up and put on his uniform.

As he went out of the door, the desk-man called, "Where are you goin', Driscoll?"

"I'm goin' to drag that dead horse around the corner into King Street!"

ON EVERY PIECE

SALT AND PEPPER No 29

Every quality that makes table glass so beautiful, so appealing, is to be found in

SALT AND PEPPER No 23

Heisey's Glassware

INDIV DOMINO SUGAR No 393

The graceful shapes and harmonious designs make it the glassware that has true distinction.

HORSERADISH No 355

MARMALADE No 353

INDIV CREAM No 355

OYSTER COCKTAIL AND PLATE No. 393

GOBLET No 393

COCKTAIL No 601

OVAL CREAM No 353

So good, you can use it for important formal occasions —so inexpensive, you can enjoy it every day. Sold by the best dealers everywhere. Write for "Table Glass and How to Use It." This book shows a great variety of styles and patterns, and gives suggestions to help you select the table glass that is most appropriate and most beautiful.

EGG GLASS No 429

CREAM No 452

A. H. Heisey & Co.

Dept. 56
Newark, Ohio

CANDLESTICK No 29

HORSES NECK No 601

VASE No 351

Exquisite Desserts

and

Delicious Ice Cream

Made With

Junket Tablets

Your grocer or druggist sells them or we mail postpaid ten tablets to make ten quarts for 10 cents and give you the charming brochure "Junket Dainties" free.

CHR. HANSEN'S LABORATORY

Box 2507. Little Falls, N. Y.

Food Flavors

Are a study in themselves. We have spent years blending herbs and spices and making extracts.

Mapleine

Is our product. It is a pure vegetable essence. Use it in soups, sauces, candies and desserts. It

FLAVORS FOOD

GROCERS SELL IT

35c 2-oz. bottle
(50c in Canada)

Send 2c stamp for our Mapleine Cook Book.

CRESCENT MFG. CO., (Dept. R.) SEATTLE, WASH.

Appreciation

The Boston Cooking School Mag. Co.,

Thank you for the sample of a *perfect* cooking magazine. I am a woman just past her 75th birthday, a graduate of Boston University School of Medicine, who has practiced her profession over 30 years in Chicago, and who was born of a mother who believed in generous and proper feeding,—all this to vouch for my opinion of the magazine being worthy of consideration. Now I am living a sane life in this perfect climate, in a pocket of these beautiful mountains, but I am *still talking* cooking *enthusiastically*. I have felt very certain for years, that if the world were always properly *fed* there would be an end to Tuberculosis, and there would have been no *beginning* to "Hook-worm".

Cordially yours,

S. G. P.

I enclose $1.00 for magazine.

The change from the loud and strident and plush-covered to the quiet and simple in manners, housekeeping and art is owing more to the influence of William Morris than to any other man of the century. Morris said: "We need fewer things, and want them better. All your belongings should mean something to you. Every act of life should signify."

During the Civil War a Union general came up with a small, straggling body of his own cavalry, wading through a foot of soft, sticky mud. As the general approached, the troopers were drawn up to salute him; and in the midst of the floundering movement a man was thrown violently from his horse into the black, sticky mass. He crawled to his feet, a sorry spectacle. The general, smothering a laugh, rode up to him. "What's the matter, my man? Are you hurt?" the general asked, kindly. "Naw," replied the man, turning around his grimy face. "I ain't hurt none; but, if I ever love a country agin, you can kick *me!*"

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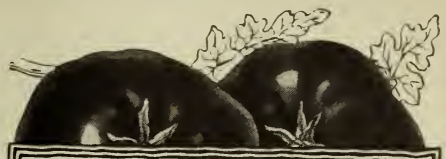

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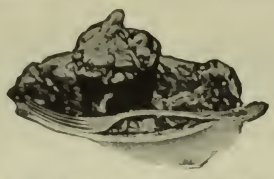

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Soak 1 envelope **Knox** Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes. Dissolve in 1½ cups boiling water. Add juice of three lemons if you use the plain package (or use part of the concentrated Lemon Juice in the Acidulated package soaked in ½ cup water) and ½ cup sugar. When jelly is beginning to set put in one cup celery cut fine, ½ cup nut meats, small pieces of apples, oranges, bananas or other fruits, pimentos or green peppers, cut up, if desired. Put in large or individual molds and serve on lettuce or endive leaves with mayonnaise dressing and garnish with marshmallows or nut meats.

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Potatoes made their way very slowly into popular favor in England, and were far too expensive to be seen on the table of any but the richest people. In the reign of James I. their price was two shillings a pound. Soon after the Restoration the government and the Royal Society tried to encourage the cultivation; but progress was slow, and it was not until nearly the end of the eighteenth century that the tuber came into popular use.

It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do: and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious. Turn that claim about as I may, think of it as long as I can, I can not find that it is an exorbitant claim; yet again I say if Society would or could admit it the face of the world would be changed; discontent and strife and dishonesty would be ended. To feel that we were doing work useful to others and pleasant to ourselves, and that such work and its due reward could not fail us! What serious harm could happen to us then?—*William Morris.*

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DUGDALE CO., 225 Dugdale Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Menu for Dinner Served at Table Shown in Frontispiece

Grapefruit in Cocktail Glasses
Consomme, with Vegetables, Julienne
Celery Olives Salted Nuts
Shoulder of Cod, Oyster Sauce
Hot House Cucumbers
French Potato Balls, with Parsley
Roast Turkey, Giblet Sauce
Cranberry Sauce
Potatoes, Scalloped, with Red and Green Peppers
Squash Souffle
Onions in Cream
Fillets of Wild Duck in Vol-au-vent
Currant Jelly
Cauliflower au Gratin
Melba Cup
(Vanilla ice-cream, half a preserved peach, raspberry sauce)
Nuts Raisins Bonbons
Sweet Cider Coffee

Menu for Dinner in the South

Anchovy, Egg-and-Truffle Canapes
Oyster Soup
Pin Money Mangoes Olives Salted Pecans
Rolled Fillets of Fresh Fish, Baked, Hollandaise Sauce
Potato Balls, French Fashion
Roast Guinea Chicks, Rice Croquettes, Creole Yams, Southern Style
Onions, Buttered
Guava Jelly
Roast Ham, Pineapple Fritters, Wine Sauce
Grapefruit Salad
Banana Pie Lemon Syllabub
Coffee

Menus for High Tea at Thanksgiving

I.

Cream of Oyster Soup Celery Olives
Chicken Croquettes
Peas
Parker House Rolls
Small Pumpkin Pies
Individual Charlotte Russe
Bonbons Salted Nuts Coffee

II.

Fried Oysters, Sauce Tartare
Truffled Chicken Timbales, Bechamel Sauce
Lady Finger Rolls
Fruit Cup
Lady Fingers
Macaroons
Maple Bonbons Salted Butternuts

TABLE LAID FOR THANKSGIVING DINNER
(Menu on preceding page)

The

Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XVIII NOVEMBER, 1913 No. 4

LIBRARY AND LIVING ROOM

A Home of the Past and Present

By Rosamond Lampman

AT the end of a quiet shady street, once a village lane, and where an atmosphere of old time romance still lingers, stands the quaint home of Mr. Everett Fowler at Kingston, N.Y., built when Dutch good fellowship reigned supreme nearly two centuries ago, and which bids fair to maintain its present usefulness another hundred years. Although rejuvenated and restored in many ways its original style has been preserved and its long, low lines and thick stone walls present a pleasing appearance particularly fascinating to lovers of the colonial.

Neither is this house, standing where

THE QUAINT DUTCH DOOR

the flickering shadows of the tall trees playing hide-and-seek on its gray walls seem to give it charcater like the lines in a dear old face, without its touch of history. In these days of peace and plenty in our land it is difficult to imagine quiet Kingston as a centre of national trials, conflicts, and impending dangers; once a fortified town, and once raided and burned by the envious British, while its terrified inhabitants were forced to flee to the little town of Hurly, three miles away, for safety. Among the few desolate homes, left standing, were the blackened walls of this sturdy house, whose pioneer owner had spent many weary months in building, and which was again bravely restored to its former usefulness during the Revolution.

The front entrance of this interesting house is the key-note of its character and the very embodiment of Dutch welcome and hospitality. There is no porch here, merely a hood extending out over a massive white door, which swings in two sections, adorned with a handsome old brass knocker; this, with the charming decorative frieze above it, the simple fluted pilasters at either side, and its unornate stone steps is a typical example of an early eighteenth century front door. Among the few necessary changes made in the exterior, a roomy porch has been built to the right, the straight lines of the roof, picturesquely broken here and there by dormers, and the solid paneled shutters, exchanged for more modern ones.

The charm of the interior lies in the rearrangement of the rooms, and the successful mingling of oldtime fittings with modern conveniences. While the old lines are here, as are the old fireplaces and cozy, low-beamed ceilings, new floors have taken the place of the time-worn ones, and tiny closet-like bed-rooms and pantries have been opened into quaint alcoves, that give the rooms in which they open a unique distinction of seeming larger than they really are. The great front door leads directly into one of these captivating recesses, once a dark and narrow hallway; though the stair-

THE DUTCH FIREPLACE

case ascending to the rooms above has not been altered, there are on either side wide archways opening into rooms that light it and give it apparent breadth.

The room at the left of this entrance is the happy combination of library and living room. Here a closet has been utilized into a charming nook, in which are built-in book shelves, a delightful old mahogany table, and a comfortable reading chair. The plastered walls are painted a sage green, and the ceiling, beams, and wood-work a darker shade. The floor, too, is stained this dark green, over which is placed green and white Navajo rugs. The commodious old fireplace, built of Dutch brick, brought over from Holland, with facings and hearth of plaster, is well equipped with antique fittings; these and the old Dutch brass box and milk-can, on either side the wide hearth, accord quaintly with the shield-shape backs and dainty carvings of the Heppelwhite chairs, the dignified grandfather's clock, and the simple white fluted curtains at the deep-casement windows.

The parlor at the right of the little hall, finished in colonial white, with polished floor and Oriental rugs, is a harmonious contrast to the color scheme of the library. While the fireplace with its simple shelf and plain paneling is the same as the other, there is a decorated iron back with the date, 1764, in high relief across the face. This room is replete with antique furniture, and the soft cream forms an effective back-ground for the time-softened hues of old mahogany and quaint upholstery. At the far end of this room another simple alcove, once an old-fashioned bed-recess, forms a fitting place for the piano, and beyond this is the dining-room, which was originally kitchen and bed-room combined.

To the lover of old-time table accessories there are few rooms more interesting than this one; the white plate-rails running around the softly tinted walls hold a delightful collection of rare old china, among them many pieces of old blue Staffordshire with American views, so dear to the heart of every American collector of this old ware. Graceful

decanters and frail old wine glasses, lending misty visions of toothsome pound-cake and rich red wine, grace the old-time side-board. A quaint girandole with tinkling prisms, whose twinkling lights have illuminated many a feast, and a stately coffee-urn, once the joy and pride of some dear old colonial dame, stand side by side. Polished old pewter, brass and silver, catching the glint of the sunshine, reflect whimsically the rich colors of a unique collection of Dutch steins hanging blithely above them. Here good Dutch hospitality is again expressed by the fire-place within a snug recess, the swinging brass tea-kettle over the fire, that sings a merry little tune on dull afternoons, and the cozy settle standing invitingly near.

At the south side of the dining-room a commodious kitchen has been built, equipped with all the modern improvements needed in a well appointed kitchen, and above this are comfortable sleeping apartments for the domestics.

On the second floor are the family sleeping rooms, each fitted, like the lower ones, with old-time fittings. In one of these rooms one sees an odd example of fireplaces, built without the accustomed high mantel, but, instead, there is a quaint niche nestling high up on either side of the broad chimney. In this room are many pieces of early eighteenth century make, and the heavy handsome mahogany sleigh-bed, the Sleepy-hollow chair, roomy high-boy, old sewing-table, and secretary with its secret draw, have, each, their special charm, and here, as throughout the house, lingers a delightful old-time atmosphere.

The third floor, once an old-fashion attic, mysterious and gloomy, has been transformed into a comfortable den. A new floor has been laid, and the dormer windows light it. There is a built-in cabinet with sliding glass doors running the half of one side, containing the owner's fine collection of curios and small antiques. The furniture here is also in keeping with the character of the house, and the chairs, tables, spinning-wheel, and desk, as well as the pictures, war implements, and Indian relics on the walls, all bear the hallmarks of brave old Revolutionary days.

Autumn Days

Oh, the grey days, the gold days,
When Autumn's on the wing.
When hills are dim with shrouding haze,
And through the mist you see a blaze
Where painted leaves still cling.

Oh, the still hours, the sweet hours,
Alone upon the hills.
The strange, enchanted, mystic shrine,
The air like sparkling, amber wine
That quickens, stirs and thrills.

Oh, the glad days, the sad days,
When summer has grown old.
The days when joy and pain are blent
Into a perfect

BANKING CELERY AT SMELTZER

California's Winter Celery Crop

By Charles A. Byers

DURING the past season Orange County, California, shipped to eastern and northern markets approximately seven hundred carloads of celery, harvested from about 2,000 acres. A carload of California celery, at the packing house, is worth approximately $600, making the total amount shipped worth to the growers something like $420,000 gross, or $210 per acre. Although this was one of the most prosperous seasons the state's growers have ever experienced, these figures nevertheless will give to the outsider a fair idea of how profitable the industry really is.

The United States every winter consumes tons of celery, as one of the principal "trimmings" of the turkey dinner, and it is to the growers of Southern California that the country looks for its crispest and finest mid-winter supply. The growers here seed in February, begin to harvest in October and finish up the season again in February, which means that the crop is harvested during the real winter months when the demand is keenest. In this respect California has a considerable advantage over New York, Michigan and Florida, the other leading celery-growing sections, and consequently she receives somewhat better prices than do the growers of these other states. The marketing of the celery crops of New York and Michigan ends about the last of October, on account of the cold winters, just at the beginning of the California harvesting time, and the Florida crop does not begin to appear in the market until about February, competing slightly with the close of the California crop.

Much of the western shipments of the past season sold in the markets of the East at 55 cents per dozen bunches, which is considered a top price, even for the mid-winter crop. In fact, the highest price ever before received by the California growers was 45 cents per dozen bunches. The railroads, however, receive a large proportion of this. The freight on a carload of California celery consigned to New York City, is about $300, which means that the New Yorker must pay something like $900 per carload.

Of course, the western grower does not possess anything like a monopoly on the mid-winter market, even if his crop is marketed fresh; much of the Michigan and New York crops goes into storage for the holidays, and even though it loses some of its crispness, it offers strong competition. A consignment of the California crop will reach New York in about fourteen days, and, therefore, within a little more than two weeks from the time the celery is taken from the ground, it can be served with a Christmas dinner in almost any part of the East.

California celery is shipped to every state in the Union, as well as to nearly all parts of Canada. The crop consists of two varieties, the Golden Heart and the Green Top, the former being an early variety and the latter a late variety. The former is grown in much the larger quantity. A carload of celery is made up of about 200 crates, each containing ten dozen bunches. There are usually three grades, and the prices naturally vary accordingly.

The celery-producing district of California is confined almost entirely to Orange County, the small town of Smeltzer, located about forty miles south of Los Angeles, constituting the center of the industry. The area is a sort of peatland with a mixture in some localities of a wet clay. It was originally a great stretch of bog covered with sloughs and creeks, over which luxuriant growths of vegetation had been precipitating for years layer upon layer of peat ingredients. To convert it into tillable soil, it was necessary to drain it, for which flumes and ditches, leading to the ocean five miles away, were constructed; and on account of the swampy nature of the area these ditches are constantly maintained.

The peatland portion of the area forces the celery plant into quick maturity, and from such localities comes the earlier part of the winter supply. The crops in the clay-soil area are developed much slower, and in this way the harvesting season is prolonged over a much longer period.

The celery-growing industry in California was started about eighteen years ago by D. E. Smeltzer, a former produce dealer of Kansas City, From that time the industry has steadily thrived and grown, and at present there are about 175 celery growers in the district. About 90 per cent of these growers are banded together in an organization known as the Celery Growers' Association of Orange County, with headquarters at Smeltzer, and it is through this asso-

GATHERING AND PACKING CELERY

ciation that almost the entire crop is marketed.

An acre of celery land in this locality is worth from $500 to $600. It will produce, if the season is good, about 1,300 dozen bunches, worth at the packing-house on an average of about 20 or 25 cents per dozen bunches. The average yield per acre for the entire section, however, is slightly less than 1,000 dozen bunches. Since the cost of production is rarely more than $35 or $50 per acre, the margin of profit is particularly tempting. An average crop is almost assured each year, and not a great deal of care in the way of planting and cultivation is required.

The sowing of celery seed begins in February and sometimes continues until the last of April, depending upon the variety sown and the time that the marketing is planned for. One acre sown to seed will supply plants sufficient for 40 acres. The transplanting is done from the first of June until the first of September. The plants are set in rows, and are continually "banked" until the harvesting time, which bleaches the stalks and causes them to become white and crisp. During the marketing season the visitor to Smeltzer will see large wagons, heaped high withcrates of celery, forming a long caravan wending its way to the packing-house, and for months the air, thereabout, is heavily ladened with the redolent odor of the plant.

Do Men Want Efficient Wives?

By An Observer

NOT long ago there appeared a pertinent article bemoaning the dearth of good wives for eligible young men. The author of this cleverly appealing disquisition purported to be an industrial magnate, employing in the neighborhood of four thousand men, who in the capacity of President of the Company, partly through policy and partly through genuine interest in his fellow-kind, still retains a most friendly relationship with his workers. In fact, so keenly alive is he to their everyday problems and manner of living that oft-whiles the rise and fall of the steel market sinks into insignificance as he lays a discerning finger on the matrimonial fluctuations of his operatives.

And this is the most recent report of this wide-awake observer. His medium salaried men, earning from twenty-five to fifty dollars a week, are not marrying. They are supporting comfortable clubs instead of families. His skilled mechanic and draughtsman, likewise the young college graduate who is working in his shop, because some day he hopes to direct other men in other shops, are all martyrs to bachelorhood — and why? Because the present day young woman is so dazzled by the material glitter of the age that she has forgotten how to be a man's helpmate. In short, the twentieth century god of gold has outdistanced Cupid.

It is indeed a sad commentary on the passing of the maiden of simple tastes, and I found myself shedding a responsive tear as I read the depicted loneliness of several promising men doomed to a "waiting at the church" sentence. Intelligent, stalwart, red-blooded types of manhood they were. Think of the social waste!

But, strange as it may seem, just at this juncture, there floated across my mental vision the faces of a half dozen clear-eyed, whole-souled girls whose names are fast appearing on the "to have and to hold" waiting list.

Two of these young women are graduates of a domestic science course, one is a qualified trained nurse, and others

all wholseome, broad-hipped women, ad-admirably built for motherhood, yet, somehow, love has passed them by.

Getting a firmer grip on the balance wheel of sympathy, I traversed the ground of a goodly bit of experience and there brought up short, face to face, with a few homely facts.

Right here on my own street might be said to flourish a typical example of to-day's conditions. This street, let it be known, lies in the suburbs of one of our largest American cities. The residents of our thoroughfare are of the good middle class Americans. We own our homes and take justifiable pride in our surroundings. Here and there is sprinkled a name boasting, at least, the quality of age, so with true Eastern family reverence, a few of us may and do stiffen our backbone with the thought that, if we are not accomplishing much, why, grandfather did!

However, on the whole, we are plain folk, just far enough removed from abject poverty on one hand, and the decadent smart set on the other, to be representative of the rank and file of good citizenry.

But what is more to the point, we have in our midst a comely array of marriageable daughters. Here, indeed, would seem to be a favorite stamping ground for Dan Cupid, but, alas, it is a long time between arrows! Perhaps the authority on rising steel and slumping matrimony can tell why.

For instance, on my right lives Martha, a girl of moderately fine looks and modest tastes. She is a graduate of an old New England Academy, noted for its thoroughness of instruction. Being an assiduous reader, she has materially supplemented the foundation work of school days by much worth-while browsing in the field of good literature. Martha, also, is a lover of good music and plays and sings most acceptably. Moreover, she is thoroughly domestic in her tastes and when "mother" sees fit to take a vacation, it is she who assumes the brunt of household management and capably mothers the younger members of the family.

It doesn't seem a long while either since Martha had her sixteenth birthday party and the flag was hoisted on the family flag-pole in her honor. Since that time the birthday fêtes have been fewer and less pronounced. To be really candid, recent natal anniversaries have drifted by unmentioned, and only what the street urchin terms "snitching" would reveal the fact that Martha is now fast approaching twenty-nine years of age and no gallant knight comes riding.

Then take the case of Margaret, who also lives close by. Margaret, too, may boast of average looks with an additional dash of vivacity in her make-up that is most attractive. Two years ago this likely young woman was graduated with honors from one of our leading colleges for women. While a conscientious student, she is thoroughly devoted to home interests, and a staunch lover of children. And it is to her credit, I record, that last year she took a less advantageous position as teacher in the local High School in order to be at home with her people. But, alas and alack! the confinement of such sedentary occupation is stamping her with the hall-mark of school-marmism. The youthful contour of face is fast being replaced by the settled dignity of the disciplinarian, which is augmented by a perceptible loss in weight. Yet she has signed for another year at the same institution, and at present the vista of Margaret's future looks much like the lonely road to Spinsterville.

Directly across the street from Margaret's home lives Helen. Although these girls are about the same age, they are as unlike as sparrow and blackbird. Helen is of the mannish type, and every move of her well-poised body suggests the keen and alert business woman that she is. Clothed in a trim-fitting, tailored gown, it is a pleasure to watch her stride buoyantly for the commuters' train to the city, where she is an invaluable assistan- to one of the towering commercial me

of the metropolis.

Housework and Helen seem as incongruous as date palms and snow fields, yet, this girl who openly avows a cordial dislike for homekeeping is engaged to be married. One cannot but wonder how a person so thoroughly inoculated with the business microbe will respond to the trying tests of domesticity, or if even a lullaby can drown the insidious call of the office?

But the well-worn trail on our avenue is to the door of Dorothy, or "Dot", as she is familiarly called, the little stenographer, who perhaps might best be described as the possessor of a well-turned ankle and a well-turned head. The former, she dresses attractively in a coquettish pump with the advantageous auxiliary of a split skirt. The latter, she adorns with the most fetching of bandeaux and bows. She is what the landfaring male observer of our suburban Rialto calls "some-class", and the seafaring guest of masculine persuasion who makes our port terms "a trim little craft." Intellectually, she prides herself on doing Marathons through the season's "best sellers," and what she knows of household accomplishments might be written on the back of a postage stamp, and then leave sufficient space for the lover of wide margins. She is neither atheltic or even robust looking, but she can purse her lips into a challenging pout, and do a high pressure stunt with her eyes that seem to bring results. One by one, the young men, shying away from a Beethoven sonata, congregate on her front porch to hear a melting interpretation of "Peg o' My Heart" to the novice-like accompaniment of her guitar. And, one by one, they fall captive to her nonsense and modishness!

They are not all feather-brained youths either. A few weeks ago none other than a hard-headed college-bred man fell captive to her wiles, and offered heart and hand. All of which prompts the italicized question: *Do our young men really want efficient wives?*

Now, is this street of mine peculiar or exceptional in matrimonial adventures? I can duplicate this self-same state of affairs in almost any adjoining locality.

This Fall the wedding bells will ring for one of the town's fashionable daughters. She, fortunately, has been given opportunities for culture and travel that are extremely desirable. But the plain, dependable science of household management has been totally ignored. She who can writhe through the Turkey Trot, Grizzly Bear and Bunny Hug in approved fashion will, when shorn of her social accomplishments and swagger trappings, approach the golden privilege of home-building with unprepared hands and a tired, anaemic body.

One may argue that these are only a handful of blind fools and the recorder of them the victim of circumscribed vision. In justice, may I say that she has not spent her days in a two by two township putting a diamond finish on her narrow views. In the North, South, and beautiful golden West, she has encountered similarly unfortunate conditions.

Almost unfailingly, in seven cases out of ten, where the game of wife hunting is in progress, you will see the willing male partner following devotedly in the wake of the untrained, peacocky type of womanhood.

It is all very well to try to soften our emotions by quoting the case of the fine moral specimen of modern Adonis, earning sixty dollars per week, who was cruelly jilted by some money-mad butterfly, but what of the worth-while girl who is never asked.

Considering the fact that the female population is greatly in preponderance of numbers, there is certainly a large percentage of marketable feminine ability waiting to give proof of efficiency.

Man has found no difficulty in standardizing woman's morality in the marriage question. Is he unequal to regulating the other requirements of wifehood?

Let him brush some twentieth century scales from his eyes and take an X-ray

peep at a woman's true worth when he essays the role of Romeo.

For fear some may suspect that the writer is lingering in the lonely realm of old-maid-dom, and hereby merely giving evidence of a crab-apple-like tartness of disappointment, let me whisper that I am fast nearing the "fat, fair, and forty" brigade of married contingents and here in the soft light of middle years I like to sit and tell the rosary of youthful satisfactions. I like to think that at twenty-one I married for love a poor man and such service as I have been in promoting his interests has been adequate compensation. I like to think of how I have been broadened and bettered by motherhood and to give ardent thanks that I early appreciated the unparalleled greatness of the service of the devoted home-maker.

This too, is the heart history of many of my neighbors, and, intuitively, I sense the same roseate dream in the breasts of scores of qualified, home-loving girls — the steel magnate and his discriminating employees to the contrary.

And there will be a marked increase of this desirable type as soon as men create the demand and cease to kow-tow to a trick of dress or some bewitching coquetry of manner. And that will be when men's hearts have been more severely pricked by divorce than by the shafts of Cupid, and when enshrined in the secret souls of mankind an efficient wife has come into her own,—emancipated from the fads and frills of fashion.

The Candle Light

Oh, many a view there is that charms,
And many a pleasing sight,
The waving grain of the hillside farms
And the apple orchards bright.
These for a day but when darkness falls
Oh, then, through the gloom of night
There's nothing sweet as the voice that calls
In a love-lit window light.

Where e'er we wander, whate'er we see,
Somehow there's a cloud at last,
And the heart that wearies and would be free
Calls out for the happy past.
Oh, then, God grant, that we shall not seek
In vain for the welcome sight
Of the smile we knew, and the welcome true
In a love-lit window light.

L. M. THORNTON.

Her Heart Warming

By Alix Thorn

THE open fire blazed hopefully, as if doing its best to dispel the gloom of the gray November day, and to turn the sedate old room into a cheerful comfortable place, and Miss Elizabeth, resting a well-shod foot on the fender, watched the bright flames intently, yet there was no answering brightness in her face. Thanksgiving was approaching, Thanksgiving, that day dedicated to family reunions, feasting and jollity, and, she told herself honestly, that she wished she might go to sleep the day before, and not awaken until it was all, all over and past, and she could pursue, undisturbed, her uneventful routine. She turned toward the window, restlessly, as if the change of scene might give her the de-

sired change of thought, but dull November's brown fields stretched far, the leafless trees lifted bare branches to a leaden sky, and there was a promise of snow.

Not always had she so dreaded the holiday season, the thin lips set in a firmer line, not always, and a sudden vision flashed before her mind's eye of the gay household of which she was once a part. What preparations they had made, she and her sister and her brothers, aided and abetted by both father and mother. No need then for open fires to dispel the gloom, for youth reigned, and there was never a thought of somber days to come. How the cousins came flocking, gathering around the long table, and what appetites they all had. What didn't they find to be merry over!

Yet now, now she was alone in the house she had, six months before, inherited from an Aunt, whose namesake she was; living in a little New England town, in which she was a comparative stranger. Her sister was in California, one brother in Paris, the other with his absorbing family in New York, and she felt today like that last sad leaf on the tree, or Moore's pathetic dreamer, who trod alone the deserted banquet hall.

Old Katie, inherited with the house, long a servant of her aunt, busied herself around the familiar kitchen, touchingly anxious to concoct tasty dishes for the new mistress, sure of her art; while upstairs, Myra, the newly engaged little maid, a product of the village, set in order the spacious bedroom which Miss Elizabeth had selected for her own. And here it was, a few moments later, that Miss Elizabeth found this light-hearted young person. She was assuring the window seat, as she vigorously brushed it, that her Bonnie was over the ocean, said ocean being held considerably longer than the composer had designed that it should be.

"Cold, aint it?" was her remark as her mistress entered the room. "I was sayin' to Katie in the kitchen, that it was what my Aunt Hat always called real nippin' Thanksgivin' weather. Makes a body feel good, though, don't it?"

"Does it?" was the reply, and Miss Elizabeth's tone was not what might be termed enthusiastic. Yet it was not her intention to chill the little maid's mood, rather she felt herself instinctively reaching out for any bit of cheer this morning.

"So you like such weather, do you?" she began in what she believed was an encouraging tone.

"I guess I do," was Myra's instant rejoinder; "why it brings Thanksgivin', and everyone is wanting that, that is most everybody, for I know some as ain't."

"Do you, who are they?" enquired Miss Elizabeth idly.

"Well," and Myra laid down her cloth, "there's old Mr. Finch who lives at the hotel. All his folks, they tell me, is dead and gone; he's 'most eighty. Nice old gentleman, with a kind word for everybody. Wears a sort of funny, shiney, tall hat, and carries a gold-topped cane, like a minister.

Well, then, there's the widow Foskett, who lives at the hotel too,— her husband was Doctor Foskett that doctored here in this town for years. Why Gramma knew him well, and my mother, too, and I can just sort of remember him in his old buggy. I guess she can't be much younger than Mr. Finch is, but she's the sort that smiles as if she'd got into the habit of smiling and didn't see the use of stopping. She wasn't left with much, but she's got as handsome a room as you'd ask to see; all furnished with things from the Foskett house. She's not a chick or a child, but she's liked, she is. She's asked me to her room some evenin's when I was helpin' out at the hotel. My, but her chairs are as restin' ones, as you ever saw.

Then there's that old Miss Abigal Morton, always called Miss Abigal, who lives alone by herself in that little brown house below the church. She's kind 'o lame, and because it's a trouble to get to her places, she's seldom asked out. And

then, well, then the only other one I can recall now that ain't anticipatin' Thanksgivin' much, is that yellow-haired young school teacher, Miss Blake, who boards at the store-keeper's. She comes from up Vermont way, and the vacation's too short for her to get home and back again, I heard her telling some one."

"So all these people are not very glad of Thanksgiving," was Miss Elizabeth's sole answer. Yet two hours later, as she sat at her solitary lunch in the large, quiet dining room, her thoughts reverted to those village neighbors of whom her little maid had spoken at such length.

Were they, too, like herself—the old man, the two women, and that yellow-haired school mistress, dreading Thanksgiving, striving to forget unforgettable things! Untasted stood the dainty lunch before her, as she sat lost in a day-dream. And as she mused, behold a miracle! She conjured up a circle of unknown guests around her table; strange faces had they all, but the gloom was dispelled, a genial warmth pervaded her being, and her thoughts seemed to have peopled the silence.

"Sure and she ate no lunch," was old Katie's comment to Myra, as together they did the dishes," only took a sup of tea, but, the poor lady, she looked a bit happier when she give me an order, ten minutes since.

Perhaps now, she's lookin' forward, as the quality does, to Thanksgivin'. Do you remember, child, it's but four days off?"

Myra's sole answer was an involuntary sigh, which she explained later by remarking — "I wish Katie, I do, that we were goin' to have a real fine dinner-party here; a table just full, instead of one lady, and she such a quiet one."

Old Katie, however, did not hear her young helper, as she was busily clattering silver.

"I will want the carriage at ten, John," said Miss Elizabeth, next morning, to the sturdy young country boy who was her driver, "I shall make several calls, bring the warm robes, and be prompt, John."

"Yes, 'um, "was the reply, and Miss Elizabeth, an excited flush on her usually pale face, went into breakfast.

"To the hotel first, John," and Miss Elizabeth's even voice had a curious thrill in it, and to the hotel they went. She was gone but a short time, yet, as she entered the carriage, her mouth was smiling, and her lips were smiling, too.

"Now to the school house, John," was her further command, "You know where it is, I suppose.

"Guess I do, Ma'am," was the cheerful rejoinder, "used to go there myself, when I was a little tyke, every day regular. Get up, boy,— " this last to the shining bay.

"Really," said Miss Elizabeth, entering the carriage, again, and tucking the robe more securely around her fur-coated self, "this has been a distinct sensation, calling on a village school mistress; finding her just a dear and charming girl, and being received as if I were, indeed, an angel of light."

"Do you know where Miss Abigal Morton lives, John?"

"Good land, yes, old lady Morton's ain't more'n a quarter of a mile from here; a little brown house back from the road, laylock bushes each side of it."

Straight up the steps went erect Miss Elizabeth, and the ancient knocker announced her in noisy fashion, bringing the frail little owner of the brown house to the door, sweetly surprised to see her visitor. Here it was that Miss Elizabeth lingered longest, but it was not yet twelve o'clock, when John received his final order, "And now, home, John."

Before her long mirror stood Miss Elizabeth, arranging her soft graying hair — "Was it a sudden impulse!" she spoke aloud, as if to an unseen presence in the still room, "It was unlike myself, but, but I am glad they are coming, I can truthfully say I am glad they are *all* coming — positively I seem to be almost looking forward to Thanksgiving."

"We are to have four guests for dinner

Thursday, Katie," announced Miss Elizabeth, that same evening," and I am sure I can count upon you to give us a delicious dinner. You will like a larger family. I understand no real cook enjoys cooking for one only."

From her corner by the kitchen closet, round-eyed and smiling Myra watched and listened. John had reported where he had driven his mistress that morning, and the little maid was sure she knew who were the expected guests.

Miss Elizabeth awoke early next day, with a pleasant sense of anticipation, which remained with her, though her first peep out of the window disclosed the fact that a leaden sky gloomed above the village, while, a chill wind blustered around the old house.

"We must manage to have enough brightness inside, to make us forget the clouds to-day," she thought, as she dressed. "I told John to call at the hotel at ten, bring them here, and then go straight away for the others.

"Dinner will not be until two o'clock, so my guests will have a chance to get nicely rested and acquainted, and, first of all, to become acquainted with me."

A few moments before the expected hour, Miss Elizabeth, in her dainty white gown, stood in the wide entrance hall, waiting to receive the first comers, for already the rattle of wheels sounded down the drive; and it was she, gracious, welcoming, who held out both hands to the shyly smiling little old lady, who was being gallantly assisted up the stone steps by a dignified old gentleman.

"I am so very glad to see you both," cried Miss Elizabeth, and in her tones there was the ring of sincerity." Oh, Mrs. Foskett, were you at all cold! There is such a change in the weather."

"Cold, oh, no," chirped the newcomer, "I enoyed every minute of the drive, and so did Mr. Finch, now didn't you?" appealing to her companion.

"Certainly I did," with a quaint bow toward Miss Elizabeth, "it was delightful in that comfortable carriage."

Half an hour later, wheels again sounded on the drive, bringing the other expected ones; soon after Miss Elizabeth's guests were gathered in the library before the open fire — the four older people and the pink-cheeked girl. Miss Abigal, sweet faced and white haired, held Helen Blake's slim hand in her own wrinkled one, while she visited with her. Mr. Finch pored eagerly over a rare old book he had discovered on a remote shelf, while Mrs. Foskett knitted on a wonderful muffler designed for a village child.

And bless me, what a cheerful tableful they were, when, at last, dinner was ready, old Katie and beaming Myra serving them. Mr. Finch told some anecdotes of his boyhood. Mrs. Foskett's eyes brimmed with tears, even as she smiled, when recounting some of her physician-husband's experiences in his country practice. Miss Abigal encouraged the little teacher to tell them of the doings of her most lovable, yet most mischievous pupil, and Miss Elizabeth was an appreciative listener.

How changed was her familiar dining room; it was not the candles with their rosy shades nor yet the softly pink chrisanthemum center-piece that altered all, it was the happiness and good cheer, that, like the spirit of Thanksgiving, unseen yet pervasive, made itself felt.

The wintry dusk was closing down, when they drove away to their several homes, and Miss Elizabeth stood at the hall window looking out at the tall pine trees, which the snow flakes were thickly powdering. Still she smiled as she recalled the good-byes she had just heard.

"It has been such a perfect day for me, I hope you enjoyed it half as much," Mrs. Foskett had whispered.

"I expected to be so homesick and miserable, dear Miss Elizabeth," the young girl cried, "and I've had the lovliest time. Of *course* I'll come to see you soon."

"Oh, dear lady, you've given an old man a wonderful day to remember, a bit of his past brought back," and Mr. Finch's

voice was not quite steady.

"It's a good deal to make four people as happy as you have this Thanksgiving," Miss Abigal murmured, her faded blue eyes misty, "how many times I shall relive it."

Miss Elizabeth was once more alone, yet she felt no sadness. Her rooms seemed to re-echo with her guests happy voices, and a glow was at her heart.

"It was my little maid that showed me what I should do, my little maid," she humbly owned, "and this day shall be but a beginning. I will not abuse my stewardship, my latch string shall be out; how many lonely ones there are that need me, and my hospitality, even as I need them; oh, the joy of being a lady bountiful, oh, the joy of it."

Two House-Mothers

By Flora Huntley

THERE is a rule of Physics taught in every school, to the effect that action and reaction are equal; that what is gained in power is lost in time. In the Literature class this law is further emphasized. It was Emerson who said: "For everything you have missed you have gained something else; and for everything you gain, you lose something."

Men, in the business world everywhere recognize this principle and conserve their time, economize intelligently, and expend where it will bring results. They look to the future rather than to the work of a single day, and determine what will pay in the long run. But the women in the home too often plod through their work without reflection, under the impression that the harder they work the better for the family. The less hired done, the greater the financial resources. This lack of intelligence in the household problems is what makes the wife a drudge or an invalid, when a little reflection would establish a system that would bring far greater returns to the whole family.

Health, leisure and money: these are the points of consideration for the average mother, usually considered in the reverse order: how to save money; how to save time; how to save her own strength. What she forgets is that she does one at the expense of the other, and that a saving of money may mean an illness or other untoward loss.

Next door to me there lives a woman who does "her own" work: laundry, cooking, baking, preserving and housecleaning. She makes her own and her daughter's clothes, from a tailored suit to an evening gown, and she does it well. She is literally wife, mother, cook and char-woman, as well as a good companion to her husband. But she seldom passes a week without a sick headache, and the doctor's bills are no small item of expense. This she considers unavoidable. When her friends remonstrate and tell her she works too hard, she says there is no other way; that they can not afford to hire any help whatever; that her husband does not like baker's bread; the house must be kept in order for the sake of the example to the children. They are eager to help mother, but she is so tired and nervous that the effort to teach them is only an added strain, and she sometimes has to leave home for a rest of a day or two. Before she was married she had a music class, but she dropped that work, because she had no time for practice. She looks old and tired, but declares there is a satisfaction in knowing she has done her full duty to her family. But has she?

Across the street her neighbor manages quite differently. She, too, keeps no regular servant, but she believes that the laundry, the bakery, the cannery and soap-factory have taken the place of

eighteenth century methods, when all these manufacturies were carried on in the farmer's kitchen. She tests and investigates, to find the most wholesome and sanitary conditions, and then buys intelligently. She spends little time on fancy salads and desserts, but serves simple fruits or nuts, or a sweet at the end of the meal. Once a week the laundryman calls for the "flat pieces," including the everyday napkins and tablecloths. Once in two weeks a woman comes to the house to wash the underclothes, aprons and handkerchiefs. She also cleans the kitchen and bath-room. This takes half a day and costs a dollar. Sometimes she is kept a whole day, if there are shirtwaists to be done up, dainty stocks or linen to iron or extra cleaning to be done. Twice a month a vacuum cleaner goes over all rugs, sofa pillows and curtains. This, too, costs a dollar, but it eliminates all sweeping except in the kitchen and the brushing up of crumbs in the dining-room. The fuel bill is reduced almost one-half, and the doctor never visits this home. Before the mother was married she was something of an artist and she still has time to paint a set of dinner cards or a Christmas motto, if an order comes, and in this way she pays for many a day's cleaning. She looks younger and happier every year and her husband and children regard her as a comrade and playfellow rather than as an overworked servant. "Poor mother, how tired you look!" is never a comment in that home.

When will women learn that it is poor economy to overwork, to undertake too great a variety of occupations, to neglect a talent or to abandon a field where one is a skilled worker? What business man would try to be his own bookkeeper, stenographer, clerk and salesman, and, at the same time, do the sweeping in his store and the washing of windows? It would be extravagance to spend his time in this way.

The mother is the greatest asset of the home. Her most valued capital is health and leisure to guide her children. A home is much more than a restaurant or a dormitory, and the woman, who spends a great deal of time on the three meals a day, with the accompaning dishwashing, is putting the profession of cook higher than that of mother and teacher A little reflection and a careful expenditure of money will bring greater returns to the family than an enlarged bank account, and the memory of a happy helpful mother is a greater inspiration to the young man than the recollection of a clean floor or a good dinner.

The Wane of The Year

When crimson fires of summer wane
Upon the misty hills,
And grey clouds brim with silver rain
The cruses of the rills,
Let not the fires of love burn dim;
Though fades the summer's glow,
For love there is no farewell hymn,
Her roses never blow.

The white smoke of the autumn fires
Shall drift across the miles,
Upborne from summer's ashen pyres
On hill, in woodland's aisles,
But love within the heart shall burn
When summer's lips are cold,
When to the earth the fields return
Their hoards of gathered gold.

A. W. S.

How One Bride Learned Efficiency

By Etta C. Dunbar

THE first winter of our married life my husband and I decided to give a series of small, weekly dinners to our friends, on what has been considered by them a rather novel plan. Our idea was that these dinners should be simple, informal and as inexpensive as possible, but as perfect as we could make them. Out of a list of our friends, either individual or mutual, he was to select the guests, not less than two nor more than four, and I was not to know who they were to be. I was to select a menu out of some cook book or magazine and follow it to the letter, regardless as to whether the dishes were all new or not, and he was not to know what it was to be. A younger sister was to help me, for our mutual benefit.

As one important consideration was economy, instead of buying expensive flowers at the green house we used a house plant that was in bloom, or flowers from the garden when they were to be had. Even the simplest of these could be arranged artistically and looked very pretty.

Also, as my kitchen was not well equipped with utensils, I was to get whatever was necessary or would help me materially in my work. The plan worked splendidly. My sister and I learned to prepare a great number of dishes that were new to us; we became quite ingenious in meeting emergencies; we became very systematic in our work; my kitchen was supplied with modern utensils that, otherwise, I might not have had for years, and, in a short time, we were able to serve a dinner to our most distinguished guests quite as calmly as we had hitherto entertained our most intimate friends; and we met our friends in a more intimate way than we could have done otherwise.

I kept a record of each dinner, giving date, guests, centerpiece and menu, and now when we glance over this note book we recall little incidents and experiences that give us pleasure as well as remind us of some of our mistakes.

The following is the record of the first of such dinners:

Date: Friday, March 3, 1911
Guests: Miss Blair, Mr. Jones
Centerpiece: Cyclamen

Menu

Tomato Soup Crackers
Baked Fish Hollandaise Sauce
Shadow Potatoes Cole Slaw
Fig Pudding
Coffee

This one, you see, was very simple. Those following became a little more elaborate; for instance, the record for Friday, April 7, 1911, is,

Guests: Mr. and Mrs. Brown and small son, James.
Centerpiece: Home grown violets.

Menu

Clear Soup Crackers
Roast Leg of Lamb (stuffed)
Mashed Potatoes Baked Cauliflower
Brown Bread
Lettuce Salad French Dressing Cheese Fingers
Steamed Chocolate Pudding Cream Sauce
Coffee

Another, Friday, May 5, 1911.
Guests: Mr. and Mrs. Charles.
Centerpiece: Blue myrtle and daisies.

Menu

Cream of Tomato Soup Croutons
Panned Chicken Asparagus Mashed Potatoes
Lettuce, Tomato, Radish Salad
Mayonnaise Dressing
Brown Bread
Lemon Jelly Whipped Cream Angel Cake
Coffee

Then the last one of that year on May

27, 1911.
Guests: Mr. and Mrs. Smith and small daughter.
Centerpiece: Pansies and daisies.

Menu

Tomato Soup Crackers
Roast Leg of Lamb Mint Sauce
Creamed New Potatoes
New Peas in Turnip Cups
Radish and Lettuce Salad
Brown Bread Sandwiches
Fresh Strawberries and Cream Sunshine Cake
Coffee

I recall that at one of the first of these dinners I put the French dressing on the lettuce before the meal was served and, of course, by the time it was to be eaten it was quite wilted. Since that experience I know positively that such a salad must not be mixed until just before it is served. Again, on one occasion when I served Maryland chicken, while I cooked the chicken even a trifle longer than the recipe advised, it was not quite as tender as it should have been. From my own experience I learned that chicken should be cooked as long as that particular chicken needs cooking or until it is tender, regardless as to whether the cook book says a longer or shorter time. Now, too, I can judge quite accurately as to what amount will be required for any small number of persons, and I am less apt to worry that there won't be quite enough.

On the whole, we considered our experiment as an unusually successful one, one that gave us a great deal of real pleasure as well as experience that has since proved to be invaluable.

The Making of Woman

In "The Independent."

When now the high gods had perfected man,
The making then of woman they began;
But no material durable was left,
So from the slight and subtle she was weft.

And they took counsel; for her soul was drawn
The mystery and the moment of the dawn.
And for her fragile face they sagely took
The primrose opening pale with upward look;
And for her motion stayed a fleeting star,
Therefore so bright she seems and so afar!

They gave her the first leap of the loosed deer,
Then rustling secret of the fringèd mere,
And elfin mischief of the guilty glade,
Lighting whereon a mortal grows afraid.—
The dance of fays upon illumined bank,
The frolic and the freak, and moonshine prank.

The tremble of first dew upon the grass,
The yearning of the moon as she doth pass;
Then the suspense of the o'erbrimming billow
And dream of noon-breeze upon wild-flower pillow.
They gave her golden music's dying strain,
The quiet prattling mercy of the rain.

They stole her heavy sorrow from the sea,
And yet from running brooks their laughing glee,
And thus with subtle touch and yet most sure,
They fashioned a frail thing that shall endure.

By Stephen Phillips.

Welcome and Unwelcome Guests

By Mary H. Tufts

IT requires as much tact and common sense to be an agreeable guest, as it does to be an agreeable hostess.

Many of the bugbears of entertaining arise from the thoughtlessness or inconsiderateness of guests.

One of the most important facts to remember is that uninvited, unannounced guests are seldom welcome.

The hostess and her family must necessarily make certain changes in their daily routine, for the pleasure and comfort of guests; and they should always have the privilege of knowing when to expect guests, so that they may make these changes and plans at the least possible inconvenience to themselves.

The prospective guest should always consult his hostess as to the most convenient time for a visit; and, once the plans are made, should not break the engagement, except for reason of illness, or other unforeseen circumstances which absolutely prevent making the visit at the time planned for.

The guest, who comes unannounced, often finds that the house-wife already has a number of guests; or that illness in the family, or other circumstances make a guest a burden.

The thoughtful person will not plan to visit on farms during the very busy seasons of haying or harvesting; for at these times, unless plenty of help is employed indoors (and it seldom is), entertaining cannot help being burdensome.

There is a class of people who make "visits of convenience," so-called. They wish, perhaps, to go to an adjoining city or town to do shopping, have dentistry done, or to visit the dressmaker. So, for their own convenience and interests, they plan to visit some acquaintance or friend. In other words, they make use of the home of the friend or acquaintance, as they would a hotel or restaurant. Perhaps they are, also, anxious to save hotel bills, and therefore depend upon the friend for this hospitality.

In the country, also, to some extent, there exists the custom of visiting among persons whose parents, or some more remote ancestors have had some business dealings or chance acquaintance with one another. Not long ago a friend of mine was visited by a family of four, from a distant place, because, as they said, — "We used to know your grandfather; and worked for him when we were first married." So, perforce, my friend entertained them for a week, at great inconvenience; though she had never before even heard of them; much less did she owe them social favors.

Happily for the modern hostess, this old-time code of hospitality is giving way to a more sane and agreeable one. The laws of good society and politeness now permit her to entertain whoever, and whenever she pleases. She is not expected, by reasonable or sensible people, to entertain other than friends, or those to whom she is indebted in a social way.

Visiting in a servantless household, one may often aid the hostess in light household duties; or, if there are children in the family, may entertain them for a little while each day. Thus, while leaving your hostess to attend to necessary household duties, you may, also, pass the time pleasantly, and aid her at the same time.

However, the guest should be careful not to introduce games or pastimes, which would be the means of soiling or injuring the children's clothing; thereby proving a hindrance rather than a help to the mother. Neither should a guest give children candy, or other edibles, unless she is sure the mother is willing.

Comparatively few women enjoy having a guest watch them about the cook-

ing or other housework; therefore it is well to keep out of the kitchen or culinary department, unless one is specially invited to be there.

Some people show the utmost thoughtlessness in visiting, in their use of the furnishings of their room. It certainly is very vexing and disheartening for a careful housekeeper to have bedding and furniture carelessly injured by guests

Not long ago a friend told me that a recent guest had stained every nice damask and huck towel in the guest-room, with greasy cosmetic salves and lotions. This same guest also had the habit of lying on the bed with boots on, and with the spread or the white wool blankets unprotected from soiling by boots and clothing. The consequence was that the hostess was obliged to wash two pairs of very dirty, white, wool blankets after the guest's departure; though the blankets had been laundered but a short time before.

Fruit and ink-stains on bedding or table-covers are, except in occasional instances, needless; and the guests who are heedless in this respect cannot expect to be gladly entertained in the average household.

Every family will appreciate the tact of the guest who absents himself from the family circle for a time each day, so that they may talk over family or business plans, in private.

The greatest care should be exercised by guests not to make unnecessary or untimely demands upon the business-hours of families in which they visit. With many people it must nearly always be "Business before pleasure;" and interruptions during business-hours are not only an annoyance, but may mean considerable financial loss as well.

It is very inconsiderate to visit a friend who is preparing for a journey; unless, perhaps, there are servants to do the packing and other preparations.

If it is unavoidable that a guest arrive at mealtime, or after regular mealtime, it is a courtesy to get that meal on the dining-car, or at a hotel or restaurant; but the hostess should be informed in advance of such an intention; so that she may not be put to the trouble of preparing an extra meal, or of keeping a meal waiting. It has been said that the present generation is a "Set of Food-Cranks." I am not prepared to argue that topic; but would say that a guest should not make his hostess feel that she is to cater for a "Health-Food Sanitarium." Nor should he manifest disappointment or dissatisfaction with such food and entertainment as his hostess is able to provide.

Servants should be treated most politely; and only necessary services asked of them.

Nearly every year a family of city people visits one of my friends who reside in the country. They make so many demands of the one servant employed, that it is difficult to get a servant for more than one season, if it is known that this family is to visit her.

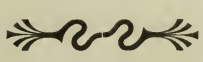
Guests should not expect, or allow, their personal clothing to be laundered in the home in which they are visiting; even though their hostess may, through courtesy, offer to have it done.

Unpleasant and embarrassing things may happen in the best-regulated households. The tactful guest is apparently oblivious to such incidents; or, at least, is discreetly tolerant of them.

One should not accept hospitality, and then criticise those who have bestowed it.

If other guests are present, one should make himself as agreeable as possible to them.

In other words, the welcome guest is he who enters, unobtrusively, into the pleasures and interests of the family in which he visits; but is careful not to meddle in family affairs, which do not concern him, nor thoughtlessly or carelessly to cause inconvenience in the family. Courtesy is a virtue.



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A Prayer for Beauty

In "The Forum."

Give her such beauty of body and mind
As the leaves of an aspen-tree
When they vary from silver to green in the wind,
And who shall be lovely as she?
Then give her the favor of harking to love
As the heart of a wood to the call of a dove!
And give her the beauty of following free
As the cloud in the sky or a wave in the sea!

Give her such purity vivid with light
As the wonder of passion can be,
Aware in the day and rapt in the night,
And none shall be lovely as she!
O give her the fortune a lover may find
In the sharing of beauty of body and mind,
The paramount beauty of giving, that she
May immortally give it!—but give her to me!

By WITTER BYNNER.

TO OUR READERS

A SUBSCRIPTION to the COOKING SCHOOL MAGAZINE should be regarded as a prudent investment. As an essential part of the housewife's equipment it has special fitness. The Hotel World and The Caterer are special publications for hotel keepers. Both in text and advertising matter these periodicals appeal to the interests of those who cater to the traveling public. In like manner the COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE is adapted especially to the needs of the general housewife everywhere.

We wish to invite your attention once more to the fact that the price of this periodical has not been changed. Other publications, with scarcely an exception, have increased their price of subscription, to keep pace with the constantly rising price of everything else. A few days ago the prosperous farmer in Maine, who for a long time has furnished us butter at a fixed price, wrote that on account of the general shortage in crops he must advance the price of butter five cents per pound. We accepted, for the goods were worth the increase. But it occurred to us that, though the cost of everything that goes into the contents and make-up of this publication has been largely increased, no one has ever suggested that a rise in the price of a yearly subscription would be agreeable. At any rate, we propose to stick to our price unless unforseen conditions arise.

In the meantime, help us give you a better publication by renewing your own subscription promptly and by putting, occasionally, a copy of the magazine into the hands of some friend or neighbor who may wish to subscribe. Your subscriptions provide only a part of the means we need, to attain results commensurate with your wants. Help us, also, by patronizing our advertisers. Only special, first-class, guaranteed articles find a place on our advertising pages. The fact that you buy and use the goods

there represented, as you are able to do so, is the sole inducement for these people to give us a share of their advertising business. You can do much to cause them to think well of us, and, at the same time, receive sure good to your elves.

Do not, except for good and sufficient reason, discontinue your subscription at this time because of high prices, the cost of living, and a desire to reduce expenses. This magazine deals expressly with matters of economy and should be of constant value to you. The good health of your family is to be put first in consideration. Look out for the realization of sound health; it comes largely from fresh air and proper, wholesome feeding.

WOMAN'S AFFAIRS

WOMAN'S affairs are rapidly coming into prominence. Her place and part in a progressive civilization is the subject of greatest concern today, and especially the interest in Domestic Science is steadily growing and spreading far and wide. We are just beginning to see how many branches the subject has and how significant and far-reaching it is in scope. Even the importance of good cooking, for instance, can not be over-estimated. As recently stated by an English writer of note, "A good cook should know much about food, as well as cooking, and should also know something of physiology. How few are really conversant with either food values or the digestibility of foods, and yet, to a knowledge of both, has to be added a broad common sense, for there are no fixed and definite rules that can be safely followed. There are foods which may easily be digested by some and are quite indigestible to others, while one style of cooking may suit certain people and quite upset others. It is not difficult however, with a good, sound, general knowledge to accommodate any of these various idiosyncrasies to individual requirements.

Cooking may also be a high art as well as a science, for it appeals to the three senses of sight, taste and smell. The appetite, and even the digestion, is stimulated when art is applied, and no cook can be said to have attained a high place who is not an artist. Color and decoration enter very largely into the effect and value, as well as the appearance of what we eat, therefore these deserve to be carefully studied.

It is almost impossible to over-rate the importance of good cooking. It promotes health and energy and, as an economic factor, its value can hardly be expressed in gold, but it also goes so far to promote the happiness of our homes that it is very difficult to appreciate why such an art has been so long neglected.

Another very tangible reason why cooking should be studied is that it pays. Good cooks are in demand, and are likely to be in greater demand in the future, and if the emolument is not high, at present, the reason is not far to seek, for we must, in fairness, recognise that the ability, either, is not high. The remuneration is certain to rise with the standard of fitness."

THE CALL TO PATRIOTISM

As It Comes to the American Houswife

TO view properly a picture one has to stand at a distance from it to get its perspective. So it is with history One must look back through the years to distinguish events and people in their real importance. The makers of our country did not see themselves in the heroic light of the future. Their lives were full of hard, monotonous, unromantic toil.

Few of us are called to pack up our cherished pieces of family mahogany and fine china to go a-pioneering. Let us hope that increasingly few of us are called to bear and rear sons to be shot down by the bullets of war. Was there, however, ever an age which called more loudly for living for one's country?

Pure milk, untainted meat, full weight from the grocer, "swat the fly," are subjects which, perhaps, do not sound as romantic as fighting Indians and pioneering, but they are, undoubtedly just as romantic in real living.

Whatever else the children of the future may see as they look back at these early years of the twentieth century, we may be sure that the woman question will stand out from the background. Woman in political life, woman in the industrial world, woman in her relation to the high cost of living . . . almost all the questions of the day before our nation have to do with the woman problem. Think you that the question of the cost of living would take the place that it now does in our national political life, if women had shown the same efficiency in eliminating waste from the home that men have shown in eliminating waste from business. Many an otherwise intelligent woman thinks that it is niggardly to look out for waste in her own kitchen. Many a woman wishes that she might earn an income outside her home and never thinks of the money she might acquire within the home by eliminating waste.

In America during the late decades it has been the custom to educate the children of the family who showed signs of brains and ability, away from country life. Compare the forestry and agriculture of Germany, where thought and intelligence are applied to every square inch of land. The results are wonderful. America is just beginning to open her eyes. In the same way that she is beginning to see the need of intelligence in forestry and agriculture so, too, is she beginning to see the need of the same in the home. Time was when the woman with gifts scorned to use them in her daily household tasks. These were a thing apart, and her methods of housekeeping and household management were as unsuited to her present day needs as her grandmother's one silk gown to her more complex social demands of the present day.

The call to the patriotic women of the land is sounding loudly American courtesy and taste, American marriages and family life, American housewives, are acquiring disrepute among the nations of the world. Many of the criticisms are unjust, perhaps, yet is not the very fact that they are uttered a challenge to every thinking woman who would keep alive in our land the high standards which are our inheritance? Is there anything more needed in our land than the intelligent housewife, willing to put into her task of home-making the same amount of care and thought which her husband puts into his profession? It is a work worthy of woman's best gifts. E. S. E.

It has long been conceded that all progressive races are well-fed. The French have long excelled in culinary matters as well as in thriftiness. They have paid enormous taxes and indemnities and are now foremost among the bankers for the world. They seem to have acquired, by long practice, the habit of economy, of eliminating waste and making a little go far. And herein, perhaps, lies the secret of the future prosperity and well-being of civilized nations.

How to cultivate the small garden and how to utilize and make the most of every thing so produced is a matter of vital importance to masses of people everywhere. How to make plain, simple dishes palatable and nourishing is the great *desideratum* in the culinary art, the last word that defines the frugal, thrifty housewife.

After all we are living in really prosperous times. The harvest ,in general, has been good. Neither famine nor war threatens. People who want to work are employed, while business of all kinds seems everywhere in flourishing condition.

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

Anchovy-and-Egg Canapes

ROLL trimmings of puff paste, left after cutting out patties or a vol-au-vent, to a little less than one-fourth an inch in thickness, and stamp out with a sharp cutter, dipped in boiling water, into diamond or other shapes. Chill and bake till done. Beat one-third a cup of butter to a cream and gradually beat in enough anchovy paste to tint and flavor as desired. When the puff-paste shapes are chilled, spread slightly with the paste, set a slice of hard-cooked egg in the center of each, and pipe paste on the edge of the "crust;" finish with a figure, cut from a slice of truffle or pickled beet, at the center of the egg, and fine-chopped truffle or beet in the open spaces. If truffle be used, dip the slices of egg in French dressing before setting them in place. Serve as a first course

ANCHOVY-AND-EGG CANAPÉS

or in the place of soup.

Chicken-and-Tomato Bouillon

Cut an onion, two stalks of celery, half a green pepper and half a small carrot in thin slices; let cook in three tablespoonfuls of butter until softened and slightly yellowed; add three branches of parsley and the yellow rind of a lemon, with a pint of water or chicken broth, and let simmer twenty minutes; add two quarts of rich chicken broth, the liquid drained from two cans of tomatoes (use none of the tomato pulp), the crushed shells of several eggs, and the slightly-beaten whites of four eggs, also salt and pepper to season. Mix all together thoroughly, then stir constantly over the fire until the boiling point is reached; let boil five minutes, then draw to a cool part of the range and let stand to settle. Skim, then strain through a napkin laid over a colander. Reheat before serving.

Cream of Oyster Soup

Pour two cups of cold water over a quart of oysters; take each oyster in the fingers, rinse in the water and remove bits of shell if present. Strain the water through a napkin. Heat the water to the boiling point, add the oysters and let cook until they are plump, the edges are ruffled and the water is again boiling. In the meantime make a cream sauce of one-third a cup, each, of butter and flour, a teaspoonful and a half of salt, half a teaspoonful of black pepper, and three pints of milk. Mix the oysters with the sauce and serve at once. One or two stalks of celery and half an onion may be scalded in the milk of which the sauce is made.

OYSTER-VOL-AU-VENT

Fresh Codfish, Boiled, Oyster Sauce

The cut of a large fish just back of the head is thought to be the best for boiling or steaming. Set the fish on a rack in a steam kettle, the piece is thick (comparatively) and will take about six minutes per pound to cook. A large quantity of water is unnecessary; this should be lukewarm that the skin of the fish may not contract. Dress on a napkin (to absorb the liquid). Surround the fish with hot, boiled or steamed potatoes of uniform size. Serve oyster sauce in a bowl apart.

Oyster Sauce

Pour a cup of water over a pint of oysters, rinse the oysters in the water and,removing shell that may be present, strain the water through cheese cloth, doubled and laid over a sieve. Heat the oyster liquid to the boiling point, add the oysters and shake until the liquid again boils and the edges of the oysters curl; drain off the broth and keep the oysters hot. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook one-fourth a cup of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt; when frothy add the oyster liquor, cooled for the purpose, and enough of the fish broth to make one pint in all; stir until boiling; then beat in one-fourth a cup of butter in bits.

Oyster Vol-au-Vent

Prepare one quart of oysters as for oyster sauce; make the sauce in the same manner, except for the liquid use one cup of the oyster liquor and three-fourths a cup of cream; stir the oysters into this sauce and use to fill a case made of puff paste.

Small Fillets of Fish, Fried, with Salad

Cut fresh fish, freed of skin and bone, into strips about an inch wide and an inch and a half to two inches long; season these with salt, paprika, lemon juice and onion juice if desired; roll in flour, then in an egg, beaten and diluted with four tablespoonfuls of milk, and then in soft, sifted bread-crumbs. Fry in deep fat and drain on tissue paper. Dispose in the center of a cold dish on a hot napkin. Surround with sliced celery and green peppers, dressed with mayonnaise, or French dressing, plain or made with mustard. Use one pepper to the choice part of a bunch of celery.

Fish Sausage

(Mrs. Little)

SMALL FILLETS OF FISH, FRIED, WITH CELERY AND PEPPER SALAD

Remove skin and bone of any firm fish, such as Cod, Turbot or Brill, and mince flesh fine. Stew an onion in some butter until tender and then pound it in a mortar with 4 oz. of butter, adding a little at a time. Soak 6 ounces of bread crumbs in milk, squeeze dry and add it to the onion mixture. Season the mixture to taste and mix in two well-beaten eggs. Last of all, put in the minced fish and mix all well together; shape into sausage, and fry to a golden brown.

Fried Oysters that are Different

(Mrs. Little)

Wash and dry the oysters, dip in a beaten egg diluted with two tablespoonuls of milk, and roll in fresh-grated

cheese. Stand them aside for ten minutes and then dip a second time. After second dipping, roll in fine, soft bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat, drain and serve with celery.

Poached Eggs with Anchovy Paste

Pour boiling water into an iron frying pan; add about a teaspoonful of salt; break in one or more strictly fresh eggs. Add more water, if necessary, that the eggs may be covered. Do not allow the water to boil during the cooking. As soon as an egg seems "set" on the bottom, run a spatula beneath it, that it may float in the water. Have ready a round of toast for each egg; spread the toast with butter, lightly, and then with anchovy paste. Set an egg on each round and serve at once.

Chicken or Veal Sausage

Take equal weights of meat, fat bacon and crumb of bread; pound in a mortar, then press through a sieve. To one pound add two beaten eggs and one cup of thick cream; mix all together thoroughly, then beat in two whites of eggs, beaten dry, and salt and pepper to season. Press into a bag or make into small flat cakes. Broil over a very moderate fire, or roll in flour and sauté in hot fat.

Chicken Timbales

Pass the uncooked breast of a chicken through a food chopper two or three times; add four eggs, one after another, beating in each egg thoroughly before adding another; beat in one pint of cream, gradually, and add about a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Turn the mixture into buttered timbale molds and let cook on many folds of paper, surrounded by boiling water, until firm in the center. The water *must not boil during the cooking.* Let stand out of the water to contract a little, then unmold. Serve with

Bechamel Sauce

Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook one-fourth a cup of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper; add one cup of cream and one cup of chicken broth and stir until boiling. Fine-chopped truffles or half a cup of canned mushrooms, cut in halves, are a good addition to the sauce.

Braised Fowl with Oysters

Truss the fowl as for roasting; spread slices of fat salt pork over it, then wrap in buttered paper and tie secure. Put a cup of fine-sliced vegetables in an earthen baking dish (use onion, celery,

STUFFED APPLES

carrot and parsley, with bits of pork); add a cup of hot veal or chicken broth, put in the prepared fowl, cover with a second cup of vegetables and the cover of the dish; let cook very slowly until the fowl is tender. It will probably take about three hours for a fowl one year old. Heat two dozen oysters to the boiling point. Make a sauce like the oyster sauce given above, using oyster broth and the broth in the dish; add the oysters, then beat in the beaten yolks of two eggs diluted with one-fourth a cup of cream. Unwrap the fowl, set it on a serving dish; pour over the sauce with the oysters and serve at once.

Roast Chicken with Rice Croquettes

Truss a young chicken neatly. Do not use any dressing. Baste frequently, to keep every portion moist and juicy. For the croquettes cook three-fourths a cup of blanched rice in about two and a half cups of milk or broth, or part tomato purée and part broth. If broth be used, add a tablespoonful, each, of chopped green or red pepper, and of onion yellowed in two tablespoonfuls of butter, with the broth. Season with salt and paprika. More liquid may be needed. The rice should be quite moist when done. Turn on to a buttered plate and when cooled somewhat form into balls or other shapes. Egg-and-bread crumb and fry in deep fat. Serve with the chicken in place of dressing or potato.

ROAST CHICKEN, WITH RICE CROQUETTES

Wax Beans, Creole Style

(Mrs. McKay)

Have ready two cups of cooked wax beans; add two medium-sized tomatoes, peeled and cut in pieces, or three-fourths a cup of canned tomato, freed of juice, half a clove of garlic or onion chopped fine, one teaspoonful of fine-chopped parsley, one tablespoonful of butter, about half a teaspoonful of salt and two cherry peppers cut in strips; let cook until the tomato is done Cooked chayotes may be prepared in the same manner by simply substituting this vegetable for the beans

Jellied Apples

Pare, quarter, core and slice enough apples to make a generous quart; dispose these in an earthen baking-dish, with sugar, in alternate layers. Use about a cup and a quarter of sugar. Pour in about half a cup of water, cover close and let bake about three hours in a very slow oven. Have ready one-fourth a package of gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water and dissolved in hot juice poured from the apples, or in one-fourth a cup of boiling water; lightly mix the dissolved gelatine through the hot apple and turn into an earthen dish. When cold and jellied, unmold and decorate with cream about half whipped. Serve as a dessert dish, or, without cream, with meat.

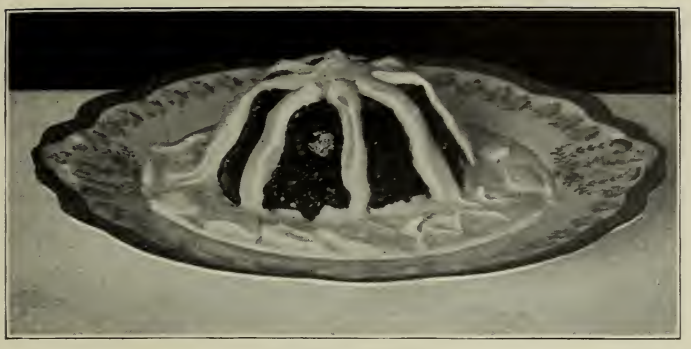
Stuffed Apples

For eight apples chop two slices of candied pineapple, a dozen cherries and a dozen blanched almonds; let cook in a little sugar and water, stirring occasionally until it is softened somewhat, and the water is evaporated. Make a syrup of one cup, each, of sugar and water and in it cook the apples, cored and pared. Turn the apples often and do not leave them until they are tender. If neglected the shape of the apples will be lost. As the apples become tender throughout, lift them to a serving dish: dredge with sugar and when all are done set into the oven to glaze the outside; it will take but two or three minutes. Put the prepared fruit in the centers; if any be left, add it to the syrup and let the whole reduce a little, then pour it around the apples. Serve hot or cold.

APPLE PIE—SEE PAGE 300

Honey Cookies

Cream half a cup of butter; beat in three-fourths a cup of sugar, one egg and one yolk, beaten together, half a cup of strained honey, the grated rind of a lemon and three cups of flour sifted with four teaspoonfuls of baking pow-



JELLIED APPLES

der. More flour may be required. The dough should be firm enough to be easily handled. Knead slightly (a little at a time), roll into a thin sheet and cut into cakes. Set the shapes in a buttered pan; beat the white of an egg (left for the purpose) a little, and use it to brush over the cookies in the pan, then at once sprinkle on some fine-chopped, blanched almonds and dredge with granulated sugar.

Molasses Doughnuts

Sift together two cups and a half of flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful of cinnamon and half a teaspoonful of salt. Stir half a teaspoonful of soda into half a cup of thick sour milk and one-fourth a cup of molasses; add one egg, beaten light; and stir into the dry ingredients. Keep the mixture as soft as possible. Take upon the board in small portions, knead slightly, roll into a sheet, cut into shapes and fry in deep fat.

Meringued Croustades of Fruit Maltaise

Cut stale sponge cake into squares of a size suitable for individual service. Remove a square piece from the center of each to form a case with walls one-fourth an inch thick. Fill the center with fresh fruit (raspberries, strawberreis or peaches are the best) or with preserved fruit cut in small pieces. With preserved fruit a variety of fruits with cooked sultana raisins may be used. Add also a little fruit-syrup flavored according to taste. Sprinkle fresh fruit with sugar. Cover with meringue and set into a cool oven to cook the meringue; at the last, let the meringue color delicately. In making the meringue beat the egg whites dry,

MERINGUED CROUSTADES OF FRUIT, MALTAISE

then gradually beat in a rounding tablespoonful of granulated sugar for each white used. Serve hot or cold. Surround the cases set on individual plates with a little of the fruit left over after filling the cases.

Bride's Cake (Small loaf)

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup and a half of sugar, half a cup of milk, two cups of sifted flour, sifted again with a rounding teaspoonful of baking powder, and, lastly, the whites of four eggs, beaten dry. Bake in a loaf nearly one hour. When cold, cover with confectioner's frosting, then decorate with ornamental frosting, putting it in place with bag and tube, and a sugar cupid.

Confectioner's Frosting

Boil one-fourth a cup, each, of sugar and water about three minutes, then beat in sifted confectioner's sugar, to make a frosting that will remain in place on the cake.

Ornamental Frosting

(Mrs. Johnson)

Boil one cup of sugar and one-half a cup of boiling water to 240. F. Stir the sugar and water until the sugar is melted, cover and let boil rapidly three or four minutes,— to wash down the grains of sugar — then put in the thermometer and cook as above. Have ready the white of one egg, about half-beaten; pour in the syrup very gradually — through a strainer — beating constantly, meanwhile. When all the syrup has been beaten in and the frosting is quite cool, beat in one teaspoonful of lemon juice. When cold the frosting will hold its shape perfectly, and flow smoothly and freely through a tube. The cake shown in the illustration was decorated with a leaf-tube. The frosting was tinted delicately, but not evenly, with a little rose-leaf color paste and was put on to simulate roses and a bow knot. The top is finished with a cupid — bought at a confectioner's, the base surrounded with white asteroids. If the frosting can not be used at once, cover the top of the bowl with a damp cloth. This frosting works well.

Puff Paste

Weigh out half a pound (one cup) of butter and half a pound (two cups) of pastry flour. Put two tablespoonfuls of the flour into a dredger for use when rolling the paste. Add one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt to the rest of the flour. Rinse an earthen bowl and a wooden spoon, or the hands, in hot water, then in cold, letting cold water, changed

BRIDE'S CAKE

once or twice, stand in the bowl some time, or until the bowl is chilled. Then refill the bowl with cold water, and in it work the butter, with the hand or spoon, until it is pliable and waxy throughout. Then pat it into a thin rectangular cake.

Take off about two tablespoonfuls of the butter, and set the rest aside in a cool place until ready to use.

With the tips of the fingers or a knife work the two tablespoonfuls of butter into the flour and salt. Then gradually add cold water, and mix the whole to a paste. About three-fourths a cup of water will be needed. The paste should be of such a consistency that it does not stick when kneaded.

Dredge a magic cover (used on board and pin) lightly with flour and work it in thoroughly. Then knead the little ball of dough until it is elastic. Cover it with the mixing-bowl, and let "rest" five minutes. Then pat it with the rolling-pin and roll into a rectangular sheet.

Have the sheet of paste a little more than twice the width and three times the length of the cake of butter.

Set the butter in the middle of one-half the paste, the greatest length of the butter over the greatest length of the paste. Then turn the paste lengthwise over the butter, thus folding the paste in the center, lengthwise, and enclosing the butter. Press the three open edges of paste together, to include the air. Then fold one end of the paste over and the other under the butter. There will now be three layers of paste over and three under the layer of butter. Press the edges of paste together firmly.

Now turn the paste around, in order to roll the sheet of paste in a direction opposite to the first rolling. Let "rest" about five minutes. Then pat gently with the pin, to press the paste together in ridges and break up the enclosed air into smaller bubbles. Roll the paste into a long strip, taking pains to roll the butter between the layers of paste and without letting the paste break through to the butter. Keep the edges even. Fold the paste, to make three even layers, with edges perfectly straight. Then turn the paste half-way around, so as to roll in the opposite direction. Let "rest" a few minutes. Then pat and roll into a sheet as before. Fold to make three layers. Turn half-way around. Pat and roll out as before.

Continue folding, turning, and rolling until the paste has been rolled out six times. Begin counting with the first rolling after the butter has been added. When rolling the sixth time, shape the paste for the article or articles to be cut from it.

For a vol-au-vent roll the paste to such thickness that two pieces the size of the vol-au-vent cutter may be cut from it. Dip the cutter in boiling water and stamp out the two pieces; cut each piece again about three-fourths an inch from the edge; cut one piece half through, the other, for the upper piece, three-quarters through; brush the lower piece with cold water and set the other above it; cut out small figures. brush the under side with cold water and use to decorate the center of the top. Let chill on ice half an hour; bake about forty minutes; cut out the center and remove uncooked paste if present. The oven should be hot on the bottom to send up the paste. Cover the top with brown paper if necessary. For the vol-au-vent shown in the illustration a cutter seven inches by four and a quarter was used. A large cutter gives a lower case and one easier to bake.

Menus for a Week in November

"If men are to be reformed, they must be well fed."

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Fried Oysters, Piccalilli
Oatmeal Biscuit (reheated)
Coffee Doughnuts Cocoa

Dinner

Boiled Fowl
Sauce with Egg Yolks
Boiled Rice Sweet Pickled Peaches
Celery-and-Green Pepper Salad
Ice Cream, Chocolate Sauce
Honey Cookies
Coffee

Supper

Hot Cheese Custard
Stuffed Apples Honey Cookies
Tea

MONDAY

Breakfast

Hashed Chicken on Toast
Rice Griddle Cakes
Cocoa Coffee

Luncheon

Pan Broiled Chops (mutton)
Baked Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes
Tapioca Custard Pudding, Vanilla Sauce
Half cup of Coffee

Dinner

Cream of Celery Soup
(chicken broth etc.)
Hamburg Steak
Scalloped Sweet Potatoes
Jellied Apples
Tea

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Creamed Codfish
Quartered Potatoes, Boiled
Baking Powder Biscuit
(whole wheat flour)
Cocoa Home Made Pickles Coffee

Luncheon

Tuna Crouqettes
Canned Peas Celery
Baked Apple Dumpling, Sugar, Cream
Tea

Dinner

Oyster Stew
Olives New Pickles
Apple Pie, Apple Meringue above, Cheese
Half cup of Coffee

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Fresh Country Sausage, Baked
Fried Apples Potatoes Cooked in Milk
Cornmeal Muffins
Coffee Dry Toast Cocoa

Luncheon

Rice Crouqettes, Cheese Sauce
Apple-and-Date Salad
Rye Bread and Butter
Cold-water Sponge Cake
Tea

Dinner

Shoulder of Lamb, Steamed
Caper Sauce
Boiled Turnips Boiled Potatoes Squash
Floating Island
Coffee

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Salt Mackeral Cooked in Milk
White Hashed Potatoes
Coffee Molasses Doughnuts Cocoa

Luncheon

Curried Lamb
French Fried Potatoes
Stewed Tomatoes
Squash Pie
Tea

Dinner

Oysters with Cheese, Fried
Cabbage-and-Green Pepper Salad
Parker House Rolls
Chocolate Cake with Nuts
Coffee

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Poached Eggs on Anchovy Toast
Fried Mush Baked Apples
Coffee Dry Toast Cocoa

Luncheon

Sardines
Potato Salad
Oatmeal Bread and Butter
Apple Pie Cheese
Coffee

Dinner

Boiled Shoulder of Cod
Boiled Potatoes, Egg Sauce
Boiled Onions Philadelphia Relish
Macedoine of Fruit in Lemon Jelly
Half Cup of Coflee

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Fried Salt Pork, County Fashion
Cream Sauce
German Fried Potatoes
Raisin Bread, Toasted
(Spread with Cinnamon and Sugar)
Coffee Cocoa

Luncheon

Onions Stuffed with Nuts, Baked
Ryemeal Bread and Butter
Apple Dumplings, Hard Sauce
Banana
Coffee

Dinner

Cream of Kornlet Soup
Fresh Cod Crouqettes
Sauce Tartare
Potatoes, Scalloped with Green Peppers
Lady Finger Rolls
Cranberry Tarts
Tea

Menus for Thanksgiving Dinners

Dinner for Family Gathering

(Country)

I.

Clam Broth in Cups
Celery Olives Home Made Pickles
Roast Turkey, Chestnut Dressing, Giblet Sauce
Baked Ham
Cranberry Sauce Jellied Apples
Squash Mashed Potatoes
Buttered Onions
Pumpkin Pie
Ice Cream, Maple Sauce
Fruit Nuts
Sweet Cider Coffee

(City)

II.

Oyster Chaudfroid
Consomme with Julienne Vegetables
Vol-au-vent of Scallops and Halibut
Salad of Hot House Cucumbers and Pearl Onions
Roast Turkey, Bread Dressing, Giblet Gravy
Sausage Cakes Potato Croquettes
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Celery Hearts
Cranberry Jelly
Sweet Cider Frappe
Broiled Fillets of Venison
Currant Jelly
Cauliflower au Gratin (in shells)
Pumpkin Pie
Baked Alaska
Bonbons Salted Nuts Raisins
Coffee

Dinner for Family without Guests

Tomato Bouillon
(Chicken Broth and Tomato, clarified)
Celery Crescent Olives
Roast Turkey, Bread Dressing
Giblet Gravy
Cranberry Jelly
Onions Mashed Potatoes Squash
Lettuce, French Dressing
Hot Apple Pie with Vanilla Ice Cream
(Junket)
Maple Bonbons Assorted Nuts
Coffee

Dinner in Institution

Cream of Oyster Soup
Celery Pickles
Fowls Steamed, then Browned in Oven
Giblet Sauce
Cranberry Sauce
Mashed Potatoes Squash Onions
Parker House Rolls
(Reheated in paper bag)
Baked Indian Pudding Vanilla Ice Cream
Nuts Raisins
Coffee

Dinner for Two

I.

Fried Oysters
Olives Rolls
Panned Chicken
Cranberry Jelly
Mashed Potatoes
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Celery Hearts
Pumpkin Pie Cream Cheese
Coffee
Nuts Raisins

II.

Cream of Kornlet Soup
Browned Crackers Olives
Domestic Duck, Roasted
Currant Jelly
Mashed Potato
Creamed Celery Hearts
Lettuce, French Dressing
Meringued Croustades of Fruit, Maltaise Style
Coffee
Nuts Raisins

Preparation in Detail of the Meals of One Day

Family of two Adults and two Children

By Janet M. Hill

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Cream of Wheat, Thin Cream
Salt Codfish Balls Bacon Rolls
Parker House Rolls, Reheated
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Fowl, Sauted
Cranberry Jelly
Mashed Potatoes Squash
Celery
Apple Pie
Tea

Supper

Hot Baked Apples (sweet) Thin Cream
Parker House Rolls Honey Cookies
Tea

On Saturday evening the potatoes for the fish balls are pared and put into cold water; the fish is picked in small pieces and set into another dish of cold water. Four slices of bacon are rolled, separately, and a wooden tooth-pick run through each to hold it in shape. The package of wheat, double-boiler and measuring cup are set on the table or shelf near the range. In the morning, as soon as the tea kettle boils, put a quart of boiling water and a teaspoonful of salt into the upper part of the double-boiler, and put directly over the fire; when the water again boils, take a cup of the wheat and stir while gradually sprinkling it into the water; let boil vigorously about five minutes, then set into the other part of the boiler, over boiling water, to cook until breakfast is ready. Pour boiling water over the potatoes (cut into halves or quarters), drain the fish and set it above and at the center of the potatoes, cover and let cook until the potatoes are tender (one pint of potato, one cup of fish).

Meanwhile, set the Scotch bowl with fat for frying over the fire, that the fat may melt and become hot. Take care that it does not become overheated, as that will spoil it. Fat for frying fish cakes or potatoes should not have been used very many times for frying or the color of the finished article will be muddy, rather than a clean amber tint.

Drain the water from the fish and potatoes, shake the fish from the potato and press the potato through the ricer; add the fish, a dash of black pepper, an egg, beaten light, and a little salt, if needed; with a wooden spoon beat the mixture very light; then shape with a spoon and the hands into about one dozen balls. Do not press the mixture together too firmly. Test the fat with a bit of bread; it should brown while fifty is being counted as the clock ticks. Put in the bacon, when well cooked skim out on to tissue paper to drain and put in one-third of the fish cakes. You may lower them into the fat in a frying basket — first immersed in the fat that the cakes may not stick to it —

or you may set them on a skimmer and let them slide from that into the fat. When of a delicate amber tint, raise the basket, drain and then pick out the fish balls wth the fingers and set them on tissue paper; or, using no basket, lift them out on the skimmer, drain and slide them to a dish holding tissue paper, crushed and made hot to receive them. While the fish balls are frying, the Parker House rolls, fastened securely in a paper bag of the kind used for cooking purposes, have been reheating in the oven, the coffee has been boiling and the cocoa gently simmering, and breakfast is now ready. Move the coffee back where it will simmer slightly, and the cocoa where it will keep hot without simmering. Put a paper napkin on a serving dish, and on this dispose the fish cakes and bacon and set the dish into the warming oven. Set the fat aside to cool a little. Turn the wheat into a hot dish and serve at once. After the cereal is eaten, take out the used dishes etc., and bring in the rest of the breakfast.

To make the coffee, three tablespoonsful of coffee was stirred with the crushed shell of the egg (used for the fish balls) and a little cold water, then when the fish balls were ready to fry, two cups and three-fourths of boiling water were poured on and the coffee set to boil. For two cups of cocoa two rounding teaspoonsful of cocoa and four rounding teaspoonsful of sugar were set to cook in about one cup and a half of boiling water. Cream or milk, scalded in a double boiler, are added, at pleasure, at the table to both the coffee and cocoa. Two quarts of milk are purchased daily and the cream is used for the morning cereal or such other purpose as seems best for the day in question.

Breakfast being over, the rest of the wheat (only one-half was taken up for breakfast) is turned into an empty coffee or baking-powder can to fry as mush, Monday morning. Put a strainer holding a piece of cheese cloth into a receptacle and pour in the fat from the Scotch bowl, wipe out the bowl with the tissue paper on which the fish cakes were drained (burn the paper), wash the bowl, outside and in, in hot soapy water, rinse and make dry, then to it return the fat, and set it aside ready to use for some other purpose.

On Saturday the fowl was cut in pieces at the joints, covered with boiling water and after ten minutes boiling was simmered until tender; the pieces of flesh were set aside in one dish, and the broth in another. One quart of cranberries were cooked, covered, about five minutes in boiling water, pressed through a gravy strainer with a wooden pestle (a matter of five minutes if the right sort of a sieve is used) and, without returning the pulp to the fire, two cups of sugar are stirred in, and the mixture turned into a mold. If these directions are followed on Saturday, cranberry jelly is assured for Sunday. If a jelly-like sauce, not as firm as jelly, be preferred, use two cups of water, keeping the proportions of the other ingredients the same.

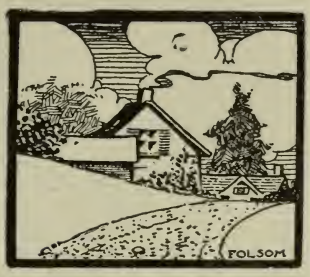
The Parker House rolls, reheated for breakfast and supper, were made on Saturday. The recipe (with illustration) appears in the October number of this magazine. Enthusiastic cooking teachers, obliged to give yeast rolls in the time devoted to a lesson, claim that one point in this recipe is of inestimable value to them. Indeed, no one, teacher or housekeeper, should ever attempt to make these rolls who does not grasp this point. Its use marks the dividing line between efficiency and inefficiency. Here it is:— when the dough is light and ready to shape, carefully — *without disturbing it in the least* — turn it *upside down* on the board, very lightly dredged with flour; pat it with the pin, *then roll with a few long strokes* into a sheet less than half an inch thick, then cut into rounds and finish as in the recipe. The undisturbed dough may be rolled into a thin sheet with the fewest motions imagin-

able; try it once, and Parker House rolls will have no further terrors for you. Do not forget *to lift the dough from the board* before cutting out the rounds; this insures no "flying back" of the same after they are cut. Properly reheated, these rolls are about, if not quite, equal to the fresh baked.

The pastry for the apple pie was made on Saturday, then on Sunday morning it will take but a short time to get the pie ready for the oven. At this season of the year, pastry keeps well and paste for two pies may be made on Saturday and a second pie be prepared the middle of the week. For the pastry, take three cups of pastry (not bread) flour, six ounces or three-fourths a cup of shortening, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and baking powder, and cold water as needed (rather less than three-fourths a cup). Sift together the dry ingredients; with two knives cut in the shortening, then, adding the water, gradually, mix to a paste; cut and mix with the knife until the paste cleans the bowl; cover and set aside in a cool place until time to make the pie. After breakfast, Sunday, pare, quarter, core and slice the apples, measure out a cup of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of butter; take rather more than one-fourth of the paste on a board, lightly dredged with flour, roll with a knife in the flour, knead slightly, then pat and roll out to fit the pan; lift the paste several times while rolling to be sure it is not sticking to the board; also dredge the board lightly with flour as needed. Lift the paste to the plate — an agate one is preferable — fit it closely, yet loosely, against the plate then cut all around *one-fourth an inch beyond the edge* of the plate. In baking, the paste will shrink and come just to the edge of the plate. Roll out the upper crust, and make several slits in the center. Now, both crusts being ready, fill the prepared plate with the apples, sprinkle on the sugar, salt and a little nutmeg or mace as is desired. Add the butter in bits, brush the edge with cold water and turn two or three tablespoonsful over the apples. Lift the upper paste into place, let it lie *loosely* over the apples, then cut even with the under paste; brush the two edges of paste together with water; *keep them together* and *away from the plate*. Set into an over hot on the bottom and let bake from twenty-five to thirty-five minutes. The oven should be hot, at first, to bake the pastry before it becomes soaked, after that reduce the heat that the pastry be not too dark in color.

At dinner time set the apples to bake for supper, and the potatoes and squash to boil; try out fat from bits of fat salt pork; dip the second joints, legs, and breast, cut in four pieces, in part of the broth made hot, then roll in flour and let brown in the hot fat, first on one side and then on the other. Stir flour, salt and black pepper with cold water to a smooth paste, dilute with some of the hot broth and stir the whole over the fire until boiling. Let simmer until dinner is ready; if fat rises remove with tissue paper. When dinner is ready to serve, set the tea kettle over the fire with fresh water and make the tea when removing the plates, before serving the pie. Have the tea pot scalded and hot that there be no delay. The recipe for the cookies (made on Saturday) will be found in the seasonable recipes. These will last about one week. The mashed potato, chicken (broth and meat) and squash, left over, will be made use of in the next chapter?

NOTE: — The days taken up from month to month are supposed to be continuous; the food left over from the meals in one month will be accounted for in the next month.—*Editor.*



HOME IDEAS & ECONOMIES

Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

Lunches for School Children

POSSIBLY some of the readers of this magazine have the same problem to solve as myself, namely, furnishing a good, substantial and nourishing luncheon, at a moderate cost, for school children and adults.

Often in poring over cook books in search of some dish to vary the menu, I was met with the difficulty of procuring some ingredient, as, for instance, most recipes for purées call for the addition of a quantity of soup stock. In kitchens where daily soup is not the rule, it would be quite an undertaking for a housewife with limited time at her command to first prepare the stock and then the purée.

A very savory soup, which is hearty enough for the main dish at luncheon, can be made from dried Lima beans in the following manner: Let soak over night the required quantity of beans (3 cups will serve seven or eight people); then place over the fire with plenty of water to prevent burning, a few bones from a roast or pieces of steak from dinner the night before, or a small left-over portion of stew, or a cup of gravy from a pot roast, and a few soup vegetables, whatever one has at hand, a couple of tomatoes, top of celery, a carrot or turnip, sprig of parsley, etc., simmered until very soft, then pressed through a colander, reheated and served with heated crackers or croutons.

This, with a green salad or apple sauce and bread and butter, makes a very satisfactory luncheon and one unusually relished.

The peas I use are not the split variety, but whole, green, dried peas. They are soaked in the same manner as the beans, cooked till soft, pressed through the colander and placed over the fire. Make a roux of butter and flour; add a little of the purée, and when smooth, add it to the rest and allow to boil up. This holds the particles of peas in suspension and seasons the soup. It is not necessary with the Lima beans. During the winter and early spring, no other seasoning is needed, but later on it is desirable to cook a small piece of salt pork or a few bones from a roast with them.

A soup can be made in either of the foregoing ways from lentils, but I have not succeeded in making it so palatable.

By varying the seasoning for the bean and lentil soups, slightly, as, for instance, at one time let the celery flavor predominate and at another time the tomato, or omitting either or both, an agreeable variety can be obtained.

Macaroni baked with cheese, laid on in thin slices, so as to form a crust, (for variety use tomato purée instead of milk, or season in the Italian fashion) furnishes the hearty dish for another luncheon.

L. V. O.

* * *

Garments for Outdoor Sports

THE child, whether boy or girl, who is to grow up into a rightful heritage of good health must learn to

play out of doors in the coldest of weather. In order, however, for the child to enjoy the out-door life in very cold weather, he must be comfortable and the mother, looking for the best good of her children, gives much thought to the problem. Probably no better suit has yet been brought out than the "Eskimo." These are practical, comfortable, inexpensive and can be made at home by any mother who makes or superintends the making of her children's clothing. The material is a pair of gray wool blankets. This color is chosen because they soil less than more delicate colors. The garments are a pair of loose bloomers and a jacket, with a hood attached at the throat line. These are cut precisely the same for the boy as for the girl and are worn over the regular underwear, the girls, of course, dispensing with petticoats. Usually the jacket is cut from one end of a blanket, so that the blue or black border is left on the lower part of the garment making a really attractive finish. With these garments are worn high gaiters over woolen stockings and felt shoes.

This is the costume worn in the open-air rooms where children who show tendencies toward heart-weakness, anaemia or tuberculosis are helped to overcome these diseases, but it is just as practical for every boy and girl and is being adopted by boy-scouts, camp-fire girls and other clubs. It gives the boy or girl absolute protection from the cold or storm and leaves the limbs perfectly free to participate in any game.

Decorating the Tea Table

One of the newest ideas for decorating the tea table, and a very pretty one it is, uses several bouquets of the same kind of flowers. Suppose it is an afternoon function at a woman's club, at which light refreshments are to be served. Place in the centre of the table a basket of delicate pink roses. Leaving room for an irregular row of sandwiches or cakes, place a row of small high, glass vases filled with the same kind of roses around the plates of food. These latter vases should hold not more than three or four roses. These small vases should not be placed stiffly, but arranged carelessly, although keeping the idea of a circle or an oval. Connect the vases with one wide, or two-inch wide, lengths of ribbon as nearly the shade of the roses as possible, and at each corner of the table, so placed as not to be an inconvenience either to the pourers or servers, place a lighted candle screened by a silver candle shade fringed with pink. This makes a very beautiful table; but just as artistic would be a design of buttercups, when they may be had for the picking, the vases, prefereably low ones, covered with yellow tissue paper and connected with ropes of the same paper. The latter decoration would mean no expense at all, for ordinary table tumblers might be used to hold the blossoms, with the larger cluster placed in a bowl.

A decoration of this kind is also very effective for either a family or company dinner, the vases being so arranged as not to interfere with the serving of the meal. The variety of flowers and color of the paper may be changed so that the decorative scheme could be used for several different functions.

L. E. F.

* * *

Mock Hare

TAKE three pounds of the shin of beef and cut into pieces about two inches long. Roll in flour and fry for a few minutes in some good dripping. Now put the meat into a crock or jar and cover with cold water; add half a teaspoonful of salt, an onion with three cloves stuck in it, a small turnip, one carrot cut in thin slices, half a teaspoonful of sweet herbs, a sprig of parsley, a bay leaf, twelve peppercorns, a piece of celery, and a tablespoonful of raisins. Cover the jar with a lid or tie greased paper over it to keep in the steam, set in a saucepan of boiling water and cook

for three hours. Mix a tablespoonful of flour with a little water, add a tablespoonful of ketchup and stir in when the meat has been cooking for two hours, after that it will occasionally want stirring up until it is finished. Arrange the pieces of meat on a platter and pour the gravy over them. Serve with red currant jelly and mashed potatoes. If carefully prepared this makes a nice nourishing and economical dinner for a cold day. It can be cooked in the oven, but care must be taken not to have the oven too hot so that the gravy boils away and the nourishment be lost.

Scotch Shortbread

To make this national cake take two pounds of flour, fourteen ounces of butter, six ounces of sugar, two eggs, half an ounce of caraway comfits, or "carbies" as they are called in the land of cakes, half an ounce of baking powder and one tablespoonful of milk if necessary.

Rub the butter and flour together; give the sugar and eggs a little mixing together before adding them to the butter and flour. Add the milk if needed, but the whole must be kept in a pretty dry state and in that condition worked into a firm mass. Knead it well, rubbing it down with the hand upon the board, again and again, until the whole is a smooth compact mass, then break the dough into pieces and mould into oblongs, squares, or diamonds. The old Scottish method was to make square cakes of half a pound, each, flattening them out with the hand and then with the thumb and forefinger pinching around the edges.

Cut out a thistle leaf in citron, lay it on the centre and lightly press in, also, a few caraway seeds. With icing-sugar write such words as "Auld Lang Syne," "Bonnie Scotland," or at this season of the year, "Christmas Greetings." I.A.G.

* * *

ON our first visit to the tropics, we were surprised to learn that bananas had a much finer flavor, if they were eaten when they were just ripe, before they had acquired the oily taste which characterizes much of the fruit found at the northern grocers. In the winter we have found it a convenience to buy an "eight hand" bunch of bananas (about eleven dozen) from a wholesale fruit dealer and to pick them at just the right moment ourselves. In an inland town this not only makes the fruit cheaper than where it is bought by the dozen at retail, but there is a real profit in the opportunity it gives for selecting the bananas and, in cold weather, when they are excellent for baking and pickling and thus eking out the vegetables supply, a family of four persons can easily consume a bunch without any waste. M. V.

* * *

Guava Jelly

PICK over, wash and pare guavas Slice fruit and put over to boil with just enough water to cover. Simmer until fruit is soft and seeds drop from pulp. Strain over night through jelly bag. In the morning measure and add juice of one lime to each quart of juice. Boil rapidly until juice has boiled down about one-fourth, which can be told by the lowered ring on the inside of kettle. Then add sugar, one cup for each cup of juice, and boil until it drops thick from the spoon and is ready to jell. S. B. M.

* * *

Cleaner for Bath-tub Stains

"IN hunting for some cleanser to remove the stains from bath-tubs, lavatory, etc., I found that wood ashes mixed to a paste with kerosene is the most effective. E.G.

* * *

Keeping Paprika in Hot Climates as Hawaii, etc.

ONCE in two or three weeks, remove from the bottle and tins and let bake in the oven; when cool, return to the receptacles again.

Jujubes, the Newest Fruit in America, the Oldest in Asia

WHEN the writer was a little girl she had a wonderful Christmas book telling about Santa Claus Land and how he made candy and started forth with his reindeer. Many a time she spelled out the names of the candies, puzzling especially over "jujube paste."

Jujube paste, if ever made of the real jujubes, has not been so made for a long time; possibly our sea-faring ancestors brought home the paste from India or China long ago, or applied the name to a gelatinous confection.

The jujube is also called Indian fig by some, since it grows in India as well as in China. It has been grown in China for at least four thousand years, while this year of 1913 is the first that the jujube fruits have become known and publicly served in the United States.

This was at the annual banquet of the National Geographic Society. The fruits were grown in California, and so important and pleasing a novelty were they considered that the Toastmaster, Robert E. Peary, of the Navy, said: "Before beginning with the program of the evening I am going to read two announcements to you, the first in regard to a special delicacy which you will have the opportunity this evening to test. I might say that our members and guests always appreciate and welcome the opportunity given us by our friends, the Secretary of Agriculture and his assistants, to test some of the discoveries made in foreign lands by the agricultural explorers of the Department. Two years ago the members of the Society were the first, at a large function, to test the American-grown dasheen, imported from China. Last year American grown dates, imported from Africa and grown in California, were served to us. This year we are given the opportunity of eating some preserved Chinese jujubes. The story of their discovery in China and their cultivation in America is told in the printed matter which is placed at every plate this evening."

These California jujubes were preserved in candied form for this banquet. The jujube is mentioned by a Chinese writer of eight hundred years ago, when forty-three varieties were listed. Our pickle man is beaten to a frazzle by nature, because just this one thing, the jujube, has developed hundreds of variations, differing in shape, size and flavor. One is as large as an egg, and one kind is seedless. Some are nice, eaten fresh; some are dried, or candied, or preserved in syrup. The seedless kind is boiled with rice very much as we cook raisins with it. The jujubes grown this year at the Plant Introduction Garden, at Chico, California, were cooked in syrup and then candied. Many of the varieties, cooked thus, resemble in color, shape, and flavor a nice quality of dates. The branches are heavily hung with them, resembling olives, or some plums with abundant foliage.

Thus we have a new fruit as welcome as choice dates, yet suitable for growing many hundreds of miles north of the regions adapted to growing the date palm trees. The jujube trees in Washington, D. C., withstood a temperature of 17 degrees below zero the past winter.

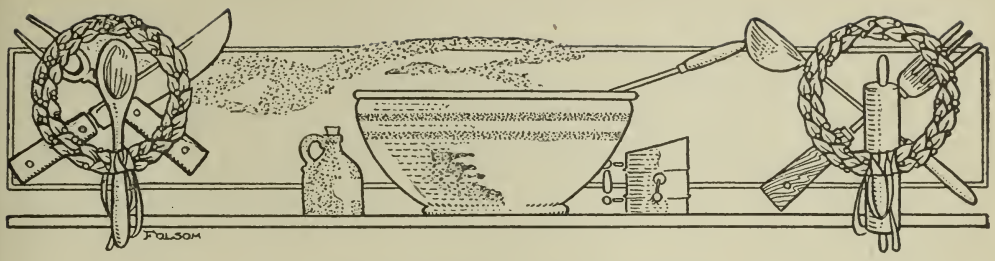
What the banana was in the sixties and seventies, an expensive novelty, at sixty cents per dozen, the avocado, or so-called "pear," is for this decade; and very soon let us hope we may have the jujube in abundance. J. D. C.

Company's Coming

Company's coming, as sure as can be!
Company's coming, and maybe to tea!
Out at the front door and in at the side—
Company's coming, as sure as high tide!

Here are two chairs standing back unto back;
And, if you deem full assurance you lack,
Hear chanticleer on the doorstep crow loud,—
Company's coming, and maybe a crowd!

MRS. CORA A. MATSON DOLSON.



Margaret's Kitchen

By H. J. Blacklidge

INDEED, I am proud of my kitchen. Why shouldn't I be? It is where I do the largest part of my work and I just made up my mind that I was going to have all the little conveniences possible. Come on and let me show you some of the out-of-the-ordinary ones."

Margaret opened the refrigerator. It was snowy white. "See that little dish of powdered charcoal? I have never had a single odor in it since I put that charcoal in there."

"Now look at my kitchen table. No oilcloth or paint there for me. I had four coats of white shellac put on it with just a little bit of sand papering between the coats. See how smooth it is? And whatever you spill on it wipes right off. Hardly anything ever sticks to it. You see all my cupboard shelves are shellacked also."

"Oh, what dandy measuring cups!" exclaimed one of the friends.

"Yes, I never guess in my cooking. And you have to guess with the ordinary cups. You see these are marked with fourths, thirds, and ounces. It is so easy to be accurate with them. Oh, say, do your cakes ever stick?"

"I had two spoiled last week," replied Mrs. Kearney.

"Well, you just try dredging the tins with flour after greasing them. I had trouble until I did that. Now mine never stick."

"See this ball of string hanging here? When a package comes from the store I untie the string and wrap it around this ball right then and there. You see it hangs here close to the table. I always have plenty of string handy. Then I put the paper in that hanger. They come in handy when I am cleaning a fowl, or to wipe off my stove, and for lots of other things. Oh, yes, and the waxed cardboard cracker boxes are the dandiest things for polishing your flatirons. I never use paraffine anymore. Just rub the iron on a piece of a cracker box."

"Speaking of irons reminds me of a little trick that I have found worth while. When I iron collars, I always roll them up just as they are worn and fasten them in that position with a clothespin. They are much nicer when you put them on. You know how often they are out of shape when left flat after ironing. And this way they seem to just slip around your neck and drop into their proper shape of their own accord.

"See this little shelf within easy reach of my stove? There I keep these flavors and seasonings that I use frequently while cooking. Of course those that I use mostly while mixing are in the cabinet over the table."

"I always keep a jar of soft soap handy. It is better than soap or washing powder for dishwashing. Sometimes I make it from washing powder, sometimes from the little scraps of soap left from washing and the bath. Just put them into water and let boil a few minutes or until the soap is melted. A teaspoonful in the dish water cuts the grease fine. There is a perforated soap holder, too, for using up the little scraps of soap.

"What in the world have you got

that chloroform for?" asked a friend.

Margaret laughed. "Why the painter was a careless fellow and spattered paint on my windows and several other places. It was too dry for turpentine to remove, so I got a little chloroform. You ought to have seen the way it let go when the chloroform touched it. It was ready to come off in about ten seconds." The rest looked at her in astonishment. They had never heard of that before.

They were about to return to the living room, when Margaret spoke again. "Oh, I want you to see my step-saver!" She opened the door to the basement. At one side was a shelf. "See that shelf? That is the best thing in the house, almost. Jack thought of that. Every time I find anything that goes to the basement I put it on that shelf. Then, when I have to run down for something, I just take everything on the shelf. That is if I can carry them all. Sometimes it is nearly overloaded."

Where Is Your Phone?

By Flora Huntley

THE correct placing of a telephone in the ordinary home is a matter of more consequence than is evident at first consideration. Privacy is thought to be the chief essential and so the telephone is most often located in a front hall. Frequently this room is not heated nor kept regularly lighted in the average home. The mother stands while using the instrument and the moments she spends in this way, while sometimes a pleasure mentally, are not at all restful to tired back or aching feet.

Other families place the 'phone half way up the stairs, in the effort to partially accommodate people on both floors. This may seem to save steps, but in reality is not convenient for any one. Unless there are boarders or many guests in the family, the question of privacy, strictly speaking, need not enter into consideration, and in such cases an extra instrument can well be afforded.

Some housewives prefer the kitchen, dining room or pass-pantry as the most convenient location, but all seem to consider the telephone as useful chiefly for ordering groceries and meat, or making business appointments, frogetting the fact that in reality they use it as a part of social life. Especially in rural communities it takes the place of the morning call, a letter of condolence or of congratulation, quite as often as it serves the purposes of business.

Put the 'phone near a sunny window in the den or private sitting room, in a corner of the dining room, or where ever you are accustomed to sit down for a few minutes' rest. Have it placed at just the right height for use when sitting. This costs nothing extra and is almost as convenient as a portable desk 'phone. Arrange a small table or desk just below the instrument so that, when you are called to the 'phone, you may have pencil and paper handy for making notes. An inspiring picture or motto above the table, or a vase of flowers, will add to your pleasure, and a book or magazine if directly under your hand will afford many moments for reading while waiting for a "busy-line," or between calls.

Visit your husband's office and observe how convenient everything is: the light from the window, the desk and all its accessories, the telephone and revolving chair. Why should not the average housewife have her little corner for the social and intellectual part of her life, and provide for it definitely, especially when it can be

had with no expense beyond some thoughtful planning?

If you have been standing up in a dark entry to talk to your friends, have the 'phone changed at once, and make these moments, snatched from the work of the kitchen, a pleasure and a relaxation. Make the cultivation of the intellectual and social life as convenient as the washing of dishes, and the mind and the heart will readily respond.

Five and Ten-Cent Meals

By Luna May Bemis

"Can anything be so elegant as to have few wants and to serve them oneself, so as to have something left to give, instead of being always prompt to grab!"—*Emerson*

EVERY small-salaried Jack and Jill of us is anxious to reduce living expenses to a minimum figure, in order to stretch our income over some few luxuries and claim them as our own.

I had been frugal all the year so that I could invest in an August vacation. My trunk was packed and I was transported to a tree-shaded city in New Jersey, a city with some country privileges.

I resolved to try out the experiment of cheap food. Up with the early birds I did my marketing along the main street. I bore home my first day's provisions: One-half dozen mixed rolls and buns, five cents; three corn muffins, five cents; one banana, one peach, and one pear, five cents.

FIRST GROUP OF FIVE-CENT MEALS

Breakfast, one roll, a bun, a corn muffin, and a peach. Lunch, one corn muffin, a roll, a bun, and a pear. Supper, the remaining roll, bun, corn muffin, and the banana.

My stock of housekeeping appointments consisted of a penknife, teaspoon, and a bit of salt. Without ice, milk except for immediate consumption was forbidden; butter was denied, likewise, bread and canned goods, from lack of a large knife and a can-opener.

The next day I tried restaurant fare, result as follows: Breakfast, rolls, butter and a cup of hot milk; lunch, beefstew, bread and butter; supper, one ham and one tomato-and-lettuce sandwich made with graham bread These were all *ten-cent* meals.

In my purchases I aimed at standard values, prices paid by the rank and file, not by the upper tendom. Each article proved of good, though not of superior, value. The third day I returned to five-cent meals in my room, which itemized as follows: One pint of milk (5 cents) for breakfast, drank very slowly; lunch, two rolls, one bun and one-half cake of milk chocolate (five cents); supper, two buns, one roll and the remaining chocolate (five cents).

HOME GROUP OF TEN-CENT MEALS

For my ten-cent meals, self-prepared (the others, you will remember, were restaurant meals), I bought a jar of peanut butter, ten cents; three, each, of rolls, buns, crullers, and cookies, one dozen in all, ten cents; three peaches and three bananas, ten cents. The meals were all composed of the same list, a roll, bun, cookie, cruller, peach and a banana.

Mid singing and sighing, I kept this up for one month. It was a pleasure to serve myself daintily in my own room, but on the other hand, my meals were robbed of the highest charm, social enjoyment. Each alternate day at the

restaurant was not satisfactory, socially, for there was scarcely any one but the waiter to smile at and talk to. I had not relished the undertaking at the outset, but all the difficulties, except the one just mentioned, proved to be like John Bunyan's stone lions, fiercer in the anticipation than in the realization.

With this unpretentious food I was hale and happy. I make no claims that my cheap meals contained food elements in the correct proportions necessary for the repair of a day's waste. The truth is, I think they were not very well balanced, as evidenced by the ten-cent meals in my room; those contained too much starchy substance.

I thrived so well on this diet that I concluded I would try a similar plan when I returned to work. I was less hungry in vacation days, and at my regular employment I feel sure I can prosper famously upon ten-cent meals, alternating between those at a restaurant and those self-prepared in my own room. Sundays and holidays I will confine myself to five-cent meals, unless I am invited out.

"Emerson did not care to live in the woods on twenty-seven cents a week, but he had no objection to a friend's living so, if the friend (Thoreau) found it profitable." Each must live according to his ideal.

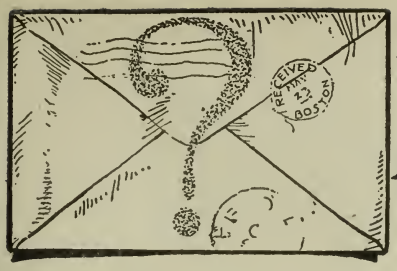
When the Cooky Jar is Full

There's a time of great rejoicing and a season of delight,
When the household wheels run smoothly and the household sky is bright.
When domestic troubles scatter as are feathers blown afar —
And it comes when overflowing is the household cooky jar.

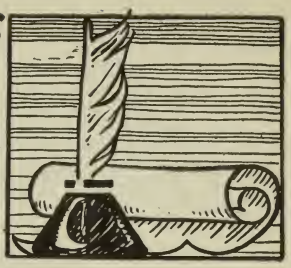
Jollity, content and pleasure by the hearthstone fold their wings,
And the children's happy voices join the kettle as it sings.
Like a summer sky, good-nature by no murky cloud is dimmed,
When with seedy circles, crisp and sweet, the cooky jar is brimmed.

Oh, that glowing satisfaction! You might widely, vainly, seek
O'er the country for its equal. Though it comes but once a week,
While its sweet enchantment lingers, hearts are light as zephyr wool;
And 'tis Saturday that brings it — when the cooky jar is full.

HARRIET WHITNEY SYMONDS.



QUERIES & ANSWERS



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit $1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

QUERY 2081.—"Can you give us any new ideas on how to cook plain common vegetables, as cabbage, Lima beans and string beans?

Cooking Cabbage and Beans

As a rule the simple ways of cooking these vegetables are the most satisfactory. It seems a waste of time to make them into croquettes, soufflés, timbales and the like. Raw cabbage is more wholesome than the cooked, and it may be prepared with all sorts of salad dressings or as the Philadelphia Relish given so often in these pages. For variety the relish may be stiffened with gelatine and turned into molds decorated with strips or figures cut from pimiento. When to be served cooked, do not overcook, leave some of the natural crispness in it. Serve with cream sauce or Hollandaise sauce poured over; or, cut in shreds, dispose in layers in a baking dish with cream sauce and grated cheese between; finish with buttered crumbs and let brown in the oven.

String beans make a delicious cream soup; pour through a sieve to secure the pulp, flavor with the usual vegetables and serve with croutons. As a vegetable, thicken with creamed butter mixed with one or two egg yolks and a teaspoonful of lemon juice (for a pint of beans). For a change add onion juice and chopped parsley. Beans of all sorts may be used in salads and any variety of dried beans may be baked like Boston or New York baked beans, or with tomato sauce.

QUERY 2082.—"Recipe for Mustard Salad Dressing; the dressing is light brown or fawn colored, not yellow."

Mustard Salad Dressing

Put from a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful of mixed mustard, such as is put up ready for table use, in a bowl; add one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, one-fourth a teaspoonful of onion juice — if approved — and three tablespoonsful of olive oil; mix all together thoroughly, then gradually beat in one tablespoonful and a half of vinegar. This will serve two.

QUERY 2083.—"Recipe for Grapefruit Marmalade."

Grapefruit Marmalade

Take six grapefruit and four lemons; cut each fruit in quarters and slice the quarters through pulp and rind as thin as possible, discarding all seeds. Weigh the prepared fruit, and to each pound allow three pints of cold water. Pour the water over the prepared fruit and set aside for twenty-four hours. Let boil gently until the rind is very tender (it will take five or six hours), then set aside until the next day. Weigh the material and to each pound add one pound of sugar. Let cook until the syrup thickens slightly on a cold dish.

Stir occasionally while cooking. Use all the water designated. When finished the pieces of rind should be held in generous proportion of light-colored and not very firm jelly.

QUERY 2084.—"How may a tea kettle be kept free from lime or sediment? How may while enamel ware be kept clean? Should salad be served before or after a meat course?"

Care of Tea Kettle

Wash out the tea kettle once a day and, twice a week, scour with the cleansing agent best adapted to the material of which the tea kettle is made.

Cleaning White Enamel Ware

The cleaning agents advertised in this magazine will not harm enamel ware; try them, then use the one best adapted to your purpose.

Place of Salad at Dinner

A crisp green vegetable salad is served with the roast of meat or poultry. Cucumbers are served with fish; a crisp green vegetable, as celery, endive, lettuce etc., is served with game; sometimes pieces of fruit, as orange, are added to the green vegetable served with game. French dressing is the only dressing appropriate for service at dinner.

QUERY 2085.—"Recipe for Peppers Stuffed with Sweetbreads, Almonds, etc., given some time ago in this magazine."

Peppers Stuffed with Sweetbreads, Etc.

Select eight green peppers that will stand level; remove a piece around the stem with the seeds. Pour boiling water over the peppers, cover and let stand half an hour. Cut a parboiled sweetbread and a peeled tomato in small pieces, add six blanched almonds cut in slices, one cup of hot boiled rice, one teaspoonful of grated onion and salt to season; mix together and use to fill the peppers. Set the peppers into a baking dish; add a cup and a half of boiling water and let cook half an hour. Serve on individual plates, with Hollandaise sauce poured over the pepper.

QUERY 2086.—"What is Viscogen and how is it used?"

Viscogen

Viscogen is a solution of lime in sugar; it is used to thicken thin cream; as viscogen contains nothing but lime, sugar and water, it is harmless. One-fourth a teaspoonful is used to three-fourths a cup of cream. To make viscogen, dissolve five ounces of sugar in ten ounces of water. Slake two ounces of quick lime in six ounces of cold water; strain to remove unslaked particles of lime; combine the two liquids and shake occasionally for two hours. After three or four hours set the mixture aside to settle, then pour off the clear liquid. Store in small bottles. Use a glass stopper. Exposed to the air viscogen darkens quickly and loses its strength.

QUERY 2087.—"We live in the country and raise fine chickens; would like to know how to handle them to have them tender when properly cooked."

Keeping Poultry for Tenderness

Fowl should not be fed for some hours before taken for food. Pick at once without the use of water; tie a string tight around the neck to exclude air, and without drawing hang in the refrigerator or where there is a good circulation of cold air. On no account lay on ice. Thus hung, fowl will keep in a sweet condition six or seven days in summer, and a longer time in winter. This is for fowl to be broiled or roasted. Fowl to be boiled or braised should not be kept quite as long. The fowl should be dressed as soon as they are removed from the cool air, and cooked as soon as possible thereafter.

LOWNEY'S COCOA

Lowney's Cocoa Is Simply Nature At Her Best

Certain South American districts grow a superior grade of cocoa beans.

These beans are roasted and ground for Lowney's Cocoa.

You get no man-made additions to blur Nature's best cocoa flavor.

And what a flavor it is! There is joy in the very aroma that steams from the cup. You can taste the purity in each delicious sip.

That natural flavor has never been bettered by man.

QUERY 2088.—"Best recipe for Graham Gems.

Graham Muffins or Gems

1 cup of Graham flour
1 cup of pastry flour
¼ a cup of sugar
½ a teaspoonful of salt
4 teaspoonsful of baking powder
1 egg
¾ a cup of milk (about)
4 tablespoonsful of melted butter

Pass the dry ingredients together through a sieve, beat the egg, add the milk and the butter and stir into the dry ingredients. A little more milk may be needed. Bake about twenty-five minutes in a hot, well-buttered, iron muffin pan.

QUERY 2089.—"Recipe for Dill Pickles."

Dill Pickles

Fill a quart jar with pickles about the size of a finger; between the pickles put a piece of dill, or more if desired. When the jar is filled add a level tablespoonful of salt. Pour in cold water; put dill on top of pickles, and seal air-tight as for canned fruit. Place the jars in the sun each day until the water gets cloudy; when the water looks clear again, the pickles are ready for use. A few whole peppers may be added; a very little piece of bay-leaf may also be added, if the taste is liked. Just a small piece of fresh red pepper may be added too. These pickles will keep for a year, in a cool, dry place. If a two-quart jar is used, two level tablespoonfuls of salt are required.

QUERY 2090.—"Recipe for Russian Salad Dressing."

Russian Salad Dressing

1 cup of mayonnaise dressing
1 teaspoonful of pimientos, chopped fine
1 teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar.
1 teaspoonful of green peppers, chopped fine
½ a teaspoonful of paprika
¼ a teaspoonful of salt
½ a cup of olive oil
½ a cup of chili sauce

Prepare the mayonnaise in the usual manner, then to a cup of the dressing, gradually beat in an extra half-cup of oil, then the chili sauce, seasonings, vinegar and fine-chopped vegetables.

QUERY 2091.—"Recipe for a cake with a lemon jelly-like filling."

Lemon Cake

¼ a cup of butter
1 cup of sugar
2 eggs, beaten light
½ a cup of milk
1½ cups of flour
½ a teaspoonful of soda
1 slightly rounding tablespoonful of cream of tartar

Filling

Beat one egg without separating the white and yolk; add the grated rind and juice of one lemon, one cup of sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Cook and stir over hot water until the mixture thickens and is smooth. Bake the cake in two layers; put the filling between the layers and sift confectioner's sugar over the top.

QUERY 2092.—"Recipe for Bordeaux Sauce."

Bordeaux Sauce

Put four shallots or half the measure of mild onion, chopped fine, over the fire with a sprig of thyme, half a bay leaf and half a cup of claret; when reduced about half add two cups of brown sauce and one cup of brown veal broth (brown the veal used for the broth) and let simmer very gently on one side of the dish until the whole is of a good consistency; strain and beat in two tablespoonfuls of butter. Add the butter in little bits. If the sauce is to be used with fish, use a brown fish stock in the place of the veal stock or broth.

QUERY 2093.—"Recipe for Rum Cakes."

Rum Cakes (Baba)

Take two cups of flour, four eggs, half a cup of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, one cake of compressed yeast and one-fourth a cup of water. Mix the yeast through the water thoroughly, stir in flour to make a dough, knead into a ball, cut at right angles across the top half way through the ball, and set in a saucepan of lukewarm water. Beat the rest of the flour, the salt, the butter and two of the eggs until smooth; add the other two eggs, one at a time, and beat until smooth; add the light ball of sponge

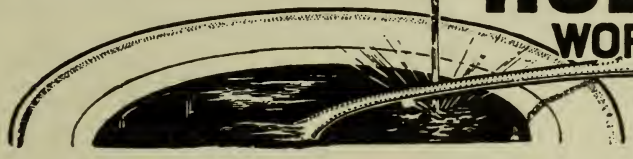
Imported Absolutely!!

Only the best and purest malt vinegar—made in our own breweries, on the banks of the River Stour, Worcestershire, England—is used.

It takes over two years of careful preparation and ageing to produce the full, rich, mellow flavour

A good wine cannot be made in a day—neither can Holbrook's Sauce.

"It is better to use no sauce at all than a sauce that is not Holbrook's."



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and again beat until smooth. Turn into well-buttered timbale molds; when nearly doubled in bulk, bake about twenty minutes. Boil one cup of sugar and half a cup of water four or five minutes; add half a cup of rum. Turn the hot syrup over the hot cakes; roll the cakes in the syrup until the whole is absorbed. These are best when hot, but may be served cold.

QUERY 2094.—"Can French Dressing be made of lemon juice instead of vinegar?"

Lemon Juice in French Dressing

French dressing is often made with lemon juice.

QUERY 2095.—"Recipe for Fish Timbales for a company dinner."

Fish Timbales

Purchase enough halibut to secure one pound of flesh, free from trimmings and bone. About one pound and a half of fish should be purchased. To the trimmings add half an onion, half a teaspoonful of sweet basil (dried) or a branch of the fresh herb, two branches of parsley and five or six slices of carrot, with cold water to cover, and let simmer half an hour for stock. Scrape the pulp of the fish from the fibres; pound this in a bowl, then gradually, a little at a time, beat in half a cup of butter, beaten to a cream; add meanwhile half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and half a teaspoonful of onion juice; then beat in three raw eggs, one at a time. Butter thoroughly timbale molds and sprinkle with chopped parsley or chopped truffles; put the fish mixture into the molds by spoonfuls, shaking it down well, and making the top smooth. Set into a dish on several folds of paper or cloth, surround with boiling water and let cook in the oven until firm in the center. The water should not boil during the cooking. Serve, turned from the molds, with fish Bechamel sauce poured around them.

Fish Bechamel Sauce

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook three tablespoonfuls of flour and a scant teaspoonful of salt; add one cup of the fish stock and half a cup of cream and stir until boiling. Beat in a tablespoonful of butter, in little bits, and then a teaspoonful of lemon juice.

Fish Timbales may also be made by the recipe for chicken timbales, given in the Seasonable Recipes for this month. Only fine fish, like halibut, sword-fish and salmon can be used for timbales. Bass and haddock are not suitable for this purpose.

QUERY 2096.—"Recipe for Golden Parfait."

Golden Parfait

⅔ a cup of sugar
⅓ a cup of water
5 egg-yolks
1½ cups of double cream
½ a cup of French fruit
Rum or sugar syrup

Let the fruit soak in the rum or syrup several hours or overnight. Cook the sugar and water, washing down and covering as in making frosting, to 238° F. Pour the syrup in a fine stream on the yolks, beaten very light, beating constantly meanwhile; return to the fire over hot water and beat until the mixture thickens. Beat occasionally until cold. Have the cream beaten quite fine. Line the mold (quart) with paper, then chill thoroughly; sprinkle some of the fruit into the mold. Fold the egg mixture and cream together and use to fill the mold, sprinkling in fruit here and there. Fill the mold to overflow. Cover with paper, press the cover down over the paper and pack in equal measures of salt and crushed ice. Let stand about three hours — Renew the ice when needed.

QUERY 2097.—"Recipe or Fritter Batter."

Fritter Batter

(For Dipping Fruit, Fish, Etc.)

2 egg yolks
½ a cup of milk
1 cup of flour
¼ a teaspoonful of salt
2 egg whites

Beat the yolks, add the milk and stir very gradually into the flour and salt sifted together. Set aside several hours. When ready to use, beat in the egg-white, beaten dry.

Gives Life
to the
Scrubbing
Brush
Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt
Old Dutch
Cleanser

New Books

Work and Programs for Women's clubs. By Caroline French Benton. Cloth, 12mo. Price, $1.25 net; Boston. Dana Estes & Co.

The time has long since passed when a special field is needed for the extension of women's clubs. Actual demonstration has proven their worth to the individual and to society. Multitudes of women on farms, on remote ranches, in little villages, in great cities, have felt their impetus to a broader and more useful life. They have instructed those of little education. They have given a wider horizon to those hemmed in by circumstances. They have trained the timid to speak, and, of late years, they have prepared the way for women of leisure, and influenced them to take up what is wanting,— larger housekeeping, — the bettering of social and civic conditions.

In this valuable little book, the author not only gives in a clear and concise manner the best means of organizing, and establishing permanently women's clubs of all sorts, but she gives full years' programs suitable for use by clubs of all sizes and in all localities.

This is a very comprehensive and useful guide to all those who wish to know how to conduct clubs.

The New Cooking. By Lenna Frances Cooper. Cloth. Price, $1.50, Battle Creek; The Good Health Pub. Co.

"What you eat to-day is walking around and talking tomorrow," so says Dr. Kellogg, superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium — recognized as one of the world's leading authorities on dietetics and hygiene Food to the body is as fuel to the engine. Good wholesome food hygienically prepared gives life, vigor, energy and efficiency. Therefore modern cookery has become, not merely an art, but a science. And the housewife is now recognized as the guardian of the health of the home, the controller of conditions whereby the physical welfare of its members may be promoted.

This book contains Miss Cooper's favorite recipes, inlcuding practically all the dainty and delectable health dishes in use at the Battle Creek Sanitarium. It is a reliable guide in the kitchen — a scientific teacher — a book to be referred to.

If the question in dietetics be that of "high protein" or "low protein," it teaches quite fully and extensively the preparations of the latter dishes and, at the same time, how to serve a palatable and attractive meal. We find naught but good things in this volume.

Around-the-World Cook Book. By Mary Louise Barroll. Price, $1.50 net, postage 13 cents, New York; The Century Co.

It is the aim of this book to introduce into American households some of the toothsome dishes of other lands; and to suggest to the American housewife that she make use of the best cooking of New England, the South and the West, for the distinctive dishes of these regions should be known and enjoyed throughout the land.

All the recipes have been tested and are therefore reliable. They have been

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Platt's Chlorides,

The Odorless Disinfectant.

Destroys germs and foul odors, does not permeate the food.

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The economical cook, cutting fuel bills to a fraction and preventing waste in food.

The competent cook, that makes everything richer, tenderer, fuller flavored, with double nutritive value.

The Punctual Cook, that gives you meals on time without trouble.

The Caloric

Fireless Cook Stove Roaster and Baker

Saves the hours you now spend hanging over the stove and looking into the oven.

The exclusive, patented steam valve attachment does better baking and roasting than you can do in ordinary ovens, *without watching* or care, after food once goes in.

Cooks breakfast overnight and dinner while you are sewing, shopping or visiting.

Keeps food hot and appetizing even when dinner is delayed two hours.

The Caloric has been *twice* endorsed by The Good Housekeeping Institute, first in 1908, again January, 1913.

It is the *only* Fireless made with a *seamless* aluminum lining, the *only* Fireless with the *steam valve attachment.*

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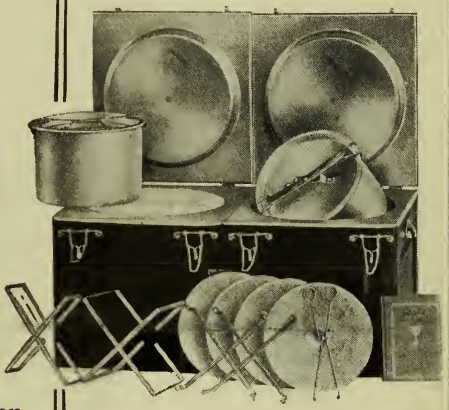


With this Christmas crate we send you a valuable present, something every housekeeper needs and wants, that would cost ***$2.25*** if you ***bought it for yourself.***

It is not a part of Caloric equipment but a special Christmas Extra, yours only this Christmas time.

Write us and we will send you the name of the dealer who can show you this *Free Caloric Gift.* There is *only one* in your city. Nine out of ten dealers will disappoint you. The only way to *insure receiving it* and also of seeing the real, seamless, aluminum-lined Caloric Cook Stove is to visit the right dealer. The only way to learn his name is to write us. Better do it today.

gleaned from many sources in many lands

The Century Company have already published some excellent cook-books. With this volume, the culinary gleanings of a naval officer's wife, they add another to this list.

"One homely thought prevails the world around;
Food well prepared; we meet on common ground."

A Case for the Hospital

A dapper little drummer was compelled by circumstances to pass the night in a village hotel in that part of Illinois popularly called "Egypt." At breakfast he ordered soft-boiled eggs. The waitress deposited two in the shell before him. Looking up, the drummer said, "Please break the eggs in a glass." With a withering look of scorn the buxom waitress replied, "Well, good Lord! if you can't break two soft-boiled eggs in a glass you'd better go to a hospital.

At Your Service

In "Collier's"

Here we are, gentlemen; here's the whole gang of us,
Pretty near through with the job we are on;
Size up our work — it will give you the hang of us —
South to Balboa and north to Colon.
Yes, the canal is our letter of reference;
Look at Culebra and glance at Gatun;
What can we do for you — got any perference,
Wireless to Saturn or bridge to the moon?

Don't send us back to a life that is flat again,
We who have shattered a continent's spine;
Office work — Lord, we couldn't do that again!
Haven't you something that's more in our line?
Got any river they say isn't crossable?
Got any mountains that can't be cut through?
We specialize in the wholly impossible,
Doing things "nobody ever could do."

Take a good look at the whole husky crew of us,
Engineers, doctors, and steam-shovel men;
Taken together you'll find quite a few of us
Soon to be ready for trouble again.
Bronzed by the tropical sun that is blistery,
Chockful of energy, vigor, and tang,
Trained by a task that's the biggest in history,
Who has a job for this Panama gang?

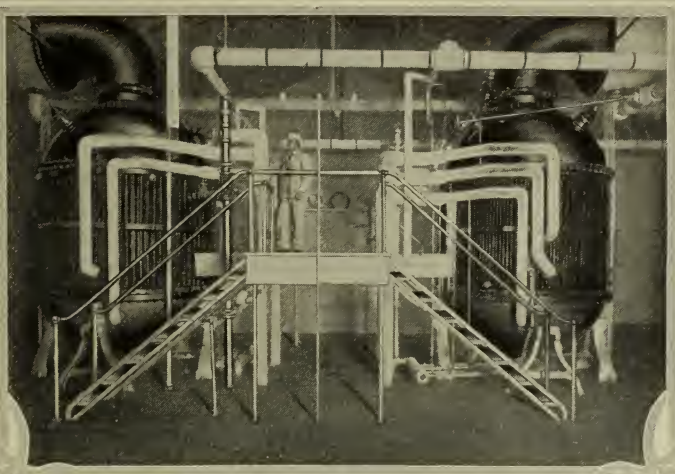
By Berton Braley

Aids in Selection

Professors of anthropology, sociology, and economics from the Golden Gate to Eastport have given descriptions of the ideal bride and husband with words of advice and solemn warning to those contemplating the bond of matrimony, and now M. Elie Dautrin in the Paris Figaro tells young girls how they can know the character of a man. Watch him at table. "If he should bend over his knife and fork and finish his roast in three gulps beware! He is not the man that will be able to submit to tender sympathy and caresses." If he eats without enjoyment, he will never appreciate his squaw's hats or style of dress. Immoderately fond of sweets, he will nag. Does he prefer the cheese and roast? He will be muscular and placid. A bread-eater is fond of the country.

"The best test of a future husband is to watch him at the moment of dessert. See how he handles a peach. Does he take it distractedly or like a man in a hurry? Does he swallow it hastily?

Buy advertised Goods — not accept substitutes



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Milk was invented by Gail Borden in 1856, since which time

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How Father knew who made the cake

Bess and Susanne were rivals for cooking honors. Each had her own methods, her own materials. The prize was the praise of father. On his birthday, they each made a dessert. The puzzle was, who made which? "Well," said father, sitting back with a satisfied smile after a first taste of each, "Bess made the chocolate cake!"
Chorus: "How do you know?"
"Because Bess always uses Burnett's Vanilla!—and I'm going to let out a simple secret—any cook's under a handicap who *doesn't* use

Burnett's VANILLA

Father declared that there was a "delicious something" about Burnett's that he guessed was because it was the pure Mexican bean prepared in a certain painstaking way. "It's a real economy to use the *best* flavoring," he said, "because otherwise you're risking an unpleasant impression and actual waste of materials—and money." Critical cooks everywhere approve Burnett's.

Let us send you our Recipe Book of 115 tempting desserts. Please mention your grocer's name in writing for it.

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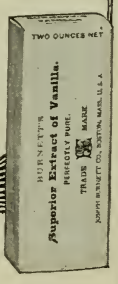


Western Package
Eastern Package

Then say to yourself: 'He is not the husband for me.' But if he takes it slowly and tenderly, like a connoisseur who appreciates what he eats, if he does not swallow it at once, but peels it with the air of an artist, and treats it with devotion, then do not hesitate to marry him as quickly as you can." Is this fantastical? No more so than advice in the matter of eugenics that has come from Cambridge, Worcester, Chicago and Berkeley.

"The trouble with this world, Raggsy," said Walker, the tramp, "is just here. In Central America bananas grow wild, but there ain't no markit for 'em. Up here, where there is a markit for 'em, they don't grow wild. What nacher wants to do to help the workin' man is to have things grow wild where there's a markit for them things."—*Harper's Bazar.*

As one of the great South African liners was steaming into Southampton Harbor, a grimy coal-lighter floated immediately in front of it. An officer on board the vessel, observing this, shouted, "Clear out of the way with that barge!" The lighterman, a native of the Emerald Isle, shouted in reply, "Are ye the captain of that vessel?" "No," answered the officer. "Then spake to your equals," said Pat. "I'm the captain of this.

Didn't Have Time to Grow

A small office boy, who had worked in the same position for two years on a salary of three dollars a week, finally plucked up courage enough to ask for an increase in wages.

"How much more would you like to have?" inquired the employer.

"Well," answered the lad, "I think two dollars more a week would not be too much."

"Well, you seem to me a rather small boy to be earning five dollars a week," remarked his employer.

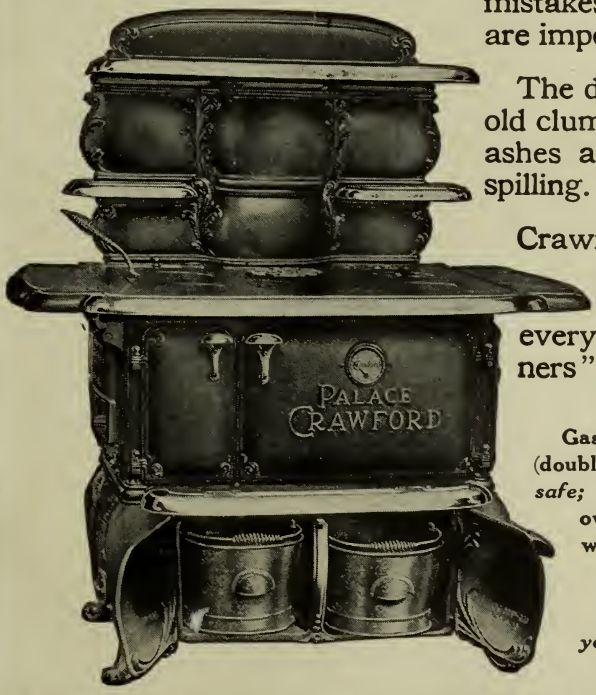
"I suppose I do. I know I'm small

Crawford Ranges

Are the ONLY Ranges with These Improvements:

1. **Single Damper Control**
2. **Two Hods in the Base**
3. **Cup-Joint Oven Flues**

The **Single Damper** controls fire and oven better than two dampers can. Push the knob to *"Kindle," "Bake"* or *"Check."* The damper mistakes common to other ranges are impossible in Crawfords.



The deep **Ash Hod,** instead of the old clumsy ash pan, catches *all* of the ashes and can be emptied without spilling. *Coal Hod* beside it.

Crawford Ovens bake best; the curved **Cup-Joint Oven Flues** heat the oven in every part alike. No "cold corners" no "scorching spots."

Gas Ovens added if desired — elevated (double) or end (single). These ovens are *safe; explosions* are impossible. The end oven has an extra broiler at the top, which makes the work easier.

Ask the CRAWFORD Agent to show you and write us for circulars.

WALKER & PRATT MFG. COMPANY, 31-35 Union St., Boston

The Evening Beverage

Welch's brings back the autumn days and makes the long winter evenings cheerful when you gather about the fireside or the reading table. It holds the perfect October richness and ripeness of the finest Concord grapes. It fits right in with popping corn, cracking nuts, making candy and all the other fun of the old and young folks.

Welch's

"The National Drink"

For the luncheon, dinner or reception in your home, or for the entertaining days of your club Welch's is a zestful and distinguishing feature.

Do more than ask for "Grape Juice"—
Say Welch's and GET IT

Order a case and keep your home supplied. If unable to get Welch's of your dealer we will ship a trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, for $3. Sample bottle, mailed, 10c. Write for our free booklet of recipes.

The Welch Grape Juice Co.,
Westfield, N. Y.

for my age," the boy explained, "but to tell you the truth, since I've been here I haven't had time to grow."

He received the raise. — *St. Nicholas.*

The New Woman

Miss Mary Donnelly, the New York suffragist, while partaking of a lunch at the suffrage lunch rooms one afternoon last week, told this story to one of her associates:

"A short while ago, while walking in the country enjoying the blue sky, the crystal air, which was pure and frosty, I came across a half-dozen young women who were practising putting. They looked very smart in their trim golf suits, their skirts of rough homespun and their scarlet red jackets, against a background of trees in autumnal colors — gold, pink and raw red. How beautiful it was! As I watched them an old farmer and one of his farm hands came along the road in our direction.

"'Boss,' grumbled the farm hand, as they came within hearing distance, 'them girls in the medder is scarin' our cows.'

"The old farmer shook his head and sighed:

"'Ah, Barney,' he said, with profound truth, 'times is changed since I was young. In them days the cows scared the gals.'"

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package

CRESCO FLOUR DIET FOR DYSPEPTICS

And Cases of

KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES AND OBESITY

Makes delicious foods for everybody.

Unlike other goods. Ask grocers. For book or sample, write

FARWELL & RHINES, WATERTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

SONG POEMS WANTED

WE HAVE PAID THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS TO AMATEUR SONG WRITERS. You may be able to write a steady seller and share in future profits. Send us your poems or melodies for only ORIGINAL square deal offer. Acceptance guaranteed if available by LARGEST, MOST SUCCESSFUL MUSIC PUBLISHERS of the kind. We arrange music, publish, advertise, secure copyright in your name and pay you 50 per cent of profits if successful. Past experience not necessary. Hundreds of testimonials from delighted song writers. Don't delay—write today for subscription to our big Song Writer's Magazine—valuable illustrated book on song writing and examination of your work FREE.

DUGDALE COMPANY, 225 Dugdale Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Menus for Christmas Eve

BUFFET SUPPER

I.

Clam Broth, with Whipped Cream
Chicken Croquettes, with Peas
Hot Baked Ham, Tomato Sauce
Celery-and-Apple Salad
Lobster Salad Assorted Sandwiches
Christmas Cakes
Raspberry Syllabub
Coffee
Bonbons

II.

Chicken Broth
Lobster Cutlets, Sauce Tartare
Ramekins of Ham and Chicken
Parker House Rolls
Graham Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Poinsettia Cakes
Chocolate or Cocoa, Whipped Cream

HIGH TEA

I.

Creamed Oysters in Chafing Dish
Cold Roast Chicken, Sliced Thin
Lady Finger Rolls
Celery Hearts Salted Pecan Meats
Small Graham Cracker Cake
Cocoa, with Marshmallows
Bonbons

II.

Tomato Bouillon Cold Baked Ham
Mayonnaise of Celery and White Grapes
Hot Baking Powder Biscuit
Little Christmas Cakes
Pineapple Sherbet
Tea

CHRISTMAS DINNER TABLE, SHOWING MODERN DECORATION IN PAPER

The

Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XVIII DECEMBER, 1913 No. 5

A Small New England Country Home

By Charles Vaughn Boyd

Associated architects, James G. Kelley and Harold S. Graves, Boston, Mass.

WHILE the illustration and discussion of our larger country homes may be profitable in disseminating valuable architectural suggestions, the portrayal of small houses is far more important, particularly if the designs selected for reproduction be the work of architects who have given due consideration to the small house problem. Fortunately, the meritorious small house is now not difficult to find. Indeed, anyone who has faithfully compared the average small house of to-day with its predecessor of, let us say, twenty years ago, must have discerned the marked improvement in American domestic architecture. This gratifying evidence of progress is, of course, but the outward index to a more highly cultivated taste on the house builders' part and to a greater desire for simplicity on the part of the architects. A striking instance of this upward trend of architecture is found in the little home, which Mr. Philip R. Spaulding has recently erected near Weston, Massachusetts.

The situation is ideal, for the house nestles in the midst of a miniature forest, half way up a great rugged hill; and from this vantage point the owners of the house have an ever delightful panoramic view of fertile valley and distant hill.

Attractive as the site undoubtedly is, its unusual character might have been just the stumbling block for an unskilled architect. However, without destroying any of Nature's handiwork in a vain effort to reconstruct the site to suit a given type of house, the architects associated in the work gradually evolved a small house, which in design is so admirably adapted to its situation that it appears almost indigenous — a

ENTRANCE HALL

FRONT VIEW

house, furthermore, whose interior arrangement also eloquently points to the architects' conscientious study.

As one instinctively expects in New England, the Spaulding house is of frame construction; but the conventional painted-clapboard or stained-shingle exterior has here given away to wide cypress siding, stained a deep, warm brown, the exterior trim being painted a soft olive green. The choice of brown and green — two colors that are so closely identified with Nature's palette — has, of course, still further linked the house with its beautiful setting.

Although the contour of the site necessitated one end of the basement being practically above grade, the low, broad lines of the house have been maintained through an interesting disposal of green-painted trellises over the lower exterior wall surfaces. The apparent height of the house has also been decreased by the long, sweeping line of the main roof, which is carried out over the porch, thus making the latter an integral factor in the general design.

Had conventionality been permitted to govern the planning of the house, a hall would no doubt have monopolized a portion of the front elevation, thus curtailing the outlook from the living room. Instead, however, the entrance hall has been placed on that side of the house most remote from the highway — a wide driveway winding up the hillside to the living porch, from which the main door opens directly into the hall. The porch, although it is partially sheltered by one side of the staircase wing, extends beyond the house line sufficiently to derive the benefit of both the wide outlooks and any wandering summer breeze.

The entrance hall is comparatively restricted in area, but its exceptionally convenient arrangement is an adequate compensation. The only staircase to the second floor rises from the entrance hall by easy stages. In a nook, created by a turn in the staircase, there is a telephone stand, which is well lighted by the large triple window on the stair landing — and should not those words *well-lighted* be underlined, when one recalls the dark inaccessible corners usually reserved for telephones, even in large houses? Opposite the main entrance, a door leads to a small vestibule, which serves in a triple capacity — as a rear entry, as a landing for the basement stairs and as a passage to the kitchen. A large coat-closet is another good feature connected with the hall, as it makes the presence of a hall-stand, which is almost inevitably unsightly, unnecessary.

The coloring of the hall is exceptionally pleasing, especially as it blends effectively with the color scheme of the living room adjoining. A gray and ecru foliage paper is used for a wall covering; soft ecru hangings at the windows, wood-brown rugs, and dull,waxed, chestnut woodwork completing a treatment both decorative and restful.

The living room is at the right of the entrance. Theoretically, at least, a living room is an apartment to *live* in. Many so-called living rooms, however, fall far short of what should be their chief qualification, sometimes on account of ill-assorted furniture, not infrqeuently through over-ornamentation, more often, perhaps, because of an inharmonious or disquieting color scheme. The living room of the Spaulding house is, on the contrary, perfectly adapted to its requirements. It is quiet in color, consistantly good in architectural detail, generous in pro-

BACK VIEW

DINING AND LIVING ROOM

portions and particularly well situated, as from its windows the occupants may enjoy uninterrupted views over the surrounding countryside.

Valuable space is often lost in small houses by the subdivision of the available floor area into a really superfluous number of rooms. In the Spaulding house, there is no separate dining-room; one end of the living room, instead, being provided with an antique mahogany dining table. The table chosen for this service is of such a character that, at other than meal hours, it forms an entirely satisfactory reading table. One disadvantage of utilizing a living room for the serving of meals lies in the inavoidable presence of a sideboard which, unlike a table, cannot be put to dual use. Here, however, into one wall has been built a sideboard, which neither absorbs useful floor area nor robs the room of its living room aspect. Thus, instead of two small separate rooms, neither of which would be adequate in size for real comfort, we find one room, which, through its well-proportioned dimensions, creates a sense of spaciousness little to be expected from a glance at the exterior of the house.

The beamed-ceiling effect of the living room was obtained by an unusual yet economical method. Instead of being concealed, the joists of the second floor were left exposed, the intervening spaces being covered with beaver board, painted ivory white. The joists are stained brown, a rich brown, which corresponds with the finish of the stained-and-waxed chestnut trim in the living room.

Brown is indeed the keynote of the living room color scheme. The walls are hung with a self-figured, golden brown paper; and the same beautiful shade of brown predominates in the coloring of the rugs and chair-coverings. The window hangings are of deep ecru.

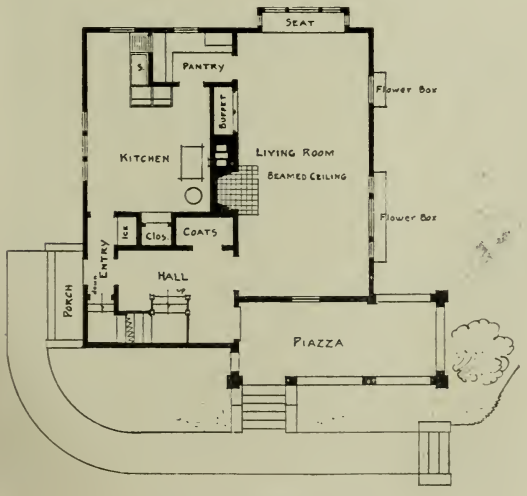
In the furnishing of the room, wicker, fumed oak and mahogany have been permitted to intermingle. The result

is good, however, as, while the brown color scheme has been maintained, the pieces of old mahogany, introduced into the room, have prevented any monotony of effect.

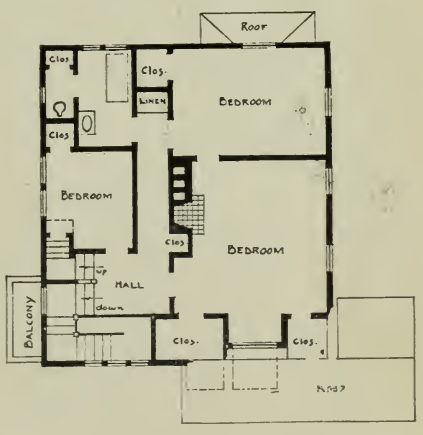
A small serving pantry connects the dining end of the living room with the kitchen. The latter is an especially well-arranged room. Its somewhat unusual shape, which was the outcome of a desire for cross-ventilation, has created near the pantry an alcove, which provides an advantageous position for the sink, with an abundance of light. Above the sink, small sliding doors permit the freshly-washed dishes to be placed in the pantry-shelves; and in this way many steps are saved for the maid. The range is so situated that a single chimney does duty for the entire house; and, near the range, there is a commodious cook's closet. In order that it may be readily replenished, the ice-chest is placed in an alcove conveniently near the rear entry; and in the basement, a well-equipped laundry is situated.

The second floor, which is very compact in plan, contains several features, interesting, because the owner's intention originally was to utilize the third floor exclusively for storage space. As an example, beside the chimney there is a small closet, in which is located a ladder-like stairway leading to a large trunk room. To facilitate the raising and lowering of the trunks, there is in the ceiling of the hall a hatch equipped with block-and-tackle. After the building of the house had commenced, it was decided to have a maid's room in the third floor; consequently a regulation staircase was provided. The original idea of ladder-stairs and block-and-tackle was not abandoned, however; and prospective house builders may in the latter, at least, find a hint worthy of note.

In the owner's bedroom, which is the largest, on the second floor, there is also a good suggestion for utilizing otherwise wasted space; as, under each dormer window, several drawers have been built in — an arrangement which might be advantageously employed in many houses. There is a smaller room, now used as a den, immediately behind the owner's room; the bathroom being directly across the hall. A pleasant guest room and several closets occupy the balance of the second floor. The chestnut trim of the lower floor has



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

been continued in the upper hall, but in the sleeping rooms and the bathroom, the woodwork is enameled ivory white.

One of the most frequent causes of failure in designing small houses is the striving after effects incompatible with true simplicity. Here, instead, there is a marked lack of pretentousness. Undoubtedly, that is the real secret of that indefinable charm — a charm intensified by harmonious coloring and simple composition — which is so apparent both within and without this little country home on a Massachusetts hillside.

The Forgotten

Can you remember
In December
How sweet the roses were in June,
Or, in recalling,
Hear, enthralling,
As of old some long loved tune?

Time takes forever
And gives back never
From vales of silence in the past;
Some moments clearer,
Seldom dearer,
Alone she keeps and makes them last.

Some friendships olden,
Love hour golden —
These she holds, but others die;
And when we wonder,
'Tis to ponder
Why others loved must pass us by.

Such is the measure
Of time's pleasure,
To take, and why we never know;
Vain is our seeking
Or bespeaking —
Too far the Land of Long Ago!

Arthur W. Peach.

CHRISTMAS DINNER TABLE, SHOWING LOBSTER COCKTAIL SERVICE, WITH GRAHAM AND WHITE-BREAD SANDWICHES

Beyond the Soup

By Ladd Plumley

IF Polhemus had been the heroine of the modern heart-throb, he would have thrown himself on the omnipresent sofa and burst into wild sobs. In fiction of an earlier time he would have sworn a mighty oath and ordered his minions to saddle his palfry that he might away to the wars. Polhemus did neither of these things. He said a strong word, grabbed his pipe, and took the elevator to a studio on the top floor.

"What's up?" asked the painter turning from his easel.

"Nothing, according to your Crusoe ideas."

"I can guess. The inevitable has gripped your innards. The fair one has flipped the mitten."

"That's what you call humor," remarked Polhemus, crunching unpleasantly on the stem of his pipe, and throwing himself into a chair.

"Beg pardon, old fellow. I really want to liven you up. You look like the last of the Sadducees. Let's have it!"

"She's right; April is always right. Everybody says it. You yourself have said it a thousand times. Saying it don't make it any easier to understand. That's the dingle-dangle trouble! The fact that I can't understand proves that you're right."

"What does she say — this April girl?"

"She says that I'm impracticable — that it's a mistake — that — well — that we must part."

"So you are — the most impracticable human that ever used manicure scissors for sardine cans. It's likely hereditary. Maybe your grand-ancestor was an alchemist."

"Ever since we've been engaged it has shadowed everything. She's taking a course of cooking, nursing, and the rest; that has made it worse."

"Miss April will never have to cook. And it's fortunate that your impracticability need not worry you. Clipping coupons isn't difficult."

"Well, it's off. I just received the note of final dismissal. It's hopeless; a fellow can't change the length of his nose."

"It isn't hopeless. There's that slosher of rainbows whose daddy dropped him slathers of 'dough. He moved up to Fifty-Ninth Street and swapped delicatessen eats for lobster and sizzle — took a studio like a corner of the Grand Central terminal. Say, all he swabbed were Waldorf salad frescoes. The boodle slipped into a Honduras mine, and when he painted the sweet thing you've seen in every shop window he'd sloped back to forty cent table d'hote. It takes the punch inside to push the goods out."

"I've got the punch, but how can an impracticable fellow prove that he isn't?"

"That tomato squasher learned to paint."

"He had a line; I haven't anything."

"You might hitch your necktie so it wouldn't be a purple cruller sprinkled with mustard — Lord, what taste! And that cruller gives an idea. This April girl — I dote on the name — she's deep in domestic doings. Why shouldn't you take her cue? You couldn't ever make a bed decently — you've got your limitations; but you would learn to cook."

"Why don't you suggest loading fireworks? That would only kill me; my cooking would kill the other fellow."

"You'll have to dig in and get in-

struction."

"What would be the good?"

"If you learned to cook a dinner from soup to coffee, nobody, not even the April girl — What eyes she's got! but even she couldn't call you impracticable."

"But she and you and all the rest say I'm impracticable; therefore there's no use trying to learn to cook, because, if I learned, I wouldn't be impracticable, and that's just what I am."

"That's the trouble with you. If you could chuck the thinking you might get somewhere."

"There's no place where they teach cooking."

"Where do chefs come from? They aren't born holding a skillet and with white caps."

"Even if I could get lessons, how would I have a chance to show off?"

"The first thing is to learn."

"Where is this hash kindergarten?"

"How should I know? I'm a painter — I only eat."

"What do you think of advertising?"

"Shades of Napoleon! That's the first practical bunch I've ever heard you sling. The thought of cooking has improved you. Yes, advertise. There must be a place where the cub cook is whanged into the red-nosed chef."

The punch was April, and any one who has ever looked into the sapphire eyes of that young lady will concede the punch had power. And with the punch, and notwithstanding the impracticability, Polhemus accomplished miracles.

All that winter and far into the spring the student labored. From the anchovy state he took so much delight in what is the most wonderful of arts that, at times, he actually forgot the punch.

Those who have made the journey through a magnificent soup, a peculiar fish, a weird entrée, a watery roast, in a low-ceilinged house in Second Avenue, may remember that all terrors of the trip were mitigated by remembrances of the soup. And it was in the basement of this establishment that Polhemus apprenticed himself to a master-craftsman, who boasted that in his own novitiate he handed skillets to the chef of the cazr of all the Russians.

From the beginning Polhemus recognized that his master was a supreme artist in only one thing — in soups. Give him some scrawny ox-tail, three leaves of withered cabbage, and one ancient carrot, and a box of spices, and he could bedevil a semi-fluid that would make an epicure lift his eye-brows and smack his lips.

"When I have mastered his soups," Polhemus said to himself, "I must find another instructor."

During the first month it cost the student, aside from a heavy retainer for the chef, a good many dollars for materials burned on a brazier as sacrifices to Miss April's eyes. But before the end of six months the Frenchman entrusted his pupil on three occasions with making the soup. It was as if a hundred dollar a minute surgeon should turn over an operation to an understudy.

It was a pity that Miss April could not have made a visit to the kitchen in Second Avenue. There the supposedly impracticable Polhemus, mustache waxed, to copy in all things the technique of the craft, white-capped and white-aproned, discussed with the old chef whether a salad dressing needed three more drops of vinegar, and if it were possible to so season a dubious pigeon as to make it available.

"But it is a serious thing. What shall I say! like the engineering of the canal Panama. Is it that I shall let fall three more drops? And the pigeon? Let us make the trial. As to the soup? I shall decide."

The little room steamed as if from a leaky safety-valve of a boiler. Over all hung odors as thick as the Frenchman's soup. And, hustled by the mas-

ter and his excited assistant, leaped two wrestlers of sauce-pans. In and out rushed waiters, meek deference to the chef and to Polhemus, disdainful of the pot wrestlers, and helping themselves to the ordinary dishes; but always waiting their turn while the chef measured out the soup with as much accuracy as if it were liquid gold and its cubelets of potato and carrot were diamonds and topazes.

Such was the training that Polhemus received, and before the end of his apprenticeship he was an artist in soup and a not ill-qualified master in other parts of the menu.

Said the old Frenchman, late one evening after the last Welsh rarebit had sizzled upstairs on its almost red-hot oval, "M'sieu,' it is that the employment office Madam gave me the information that at a house in the country there is wanted the chef. It is not the permanency, but for the occasion temporary. Fine pay and the experience! If M'sieu' decides yes, he shall do well."

"I don't know about anything of that sort," replied Polhemus. "You remember that I told you it was for personal reasons that I wished to learn scientific cookery. Definitely, I might say I have never, even lately, thought of making it a life work."

"It is that I have the appreciation of that; you may have thought you would degrade my art to — to what you call him? the hobby?"

"No, no," said the pupil, "Never! and, strange enough, lately I've thought that perhaps my original purpose was getting shelved. It is a high ambition to get to the top."

"It is my opinion that if M'sieu' shall take the time he has the ambition not beyond what his talents could surmount."

"Thank you," said Polhemus. "And I have learned already that it might take years to get very far."

"Years, many, many years! For soup, as M'sieu' is not ignorant, I can be taught nothing — nothing. But for entrées — My, my! that is an affair of the lifetime!"

"Where would one go to obtain high-brow instruction — say in entrées?"

"Your high-brow, what is that?"

"The most perfect instruction?"

"Paris, most assuredly."

"And where in Paris?"

"It is that M'sieu' shall go to Paris?"

"Don't ask me. I never know what I'm going to do fifteen minutes before I do it. But if I should go?"

"You shall take my card. See! I write on the card a note of approbation of M'sieu'. It shall wide open the door to the affections of a — What you say? a high-brow magnificent."

Polhemus put the card into his pocket-book. "And you advise me to take this temporary work?"

"Most assuredly. It is the experience that you need. You shall fear nothings! Only do not fail with the soup."

Polhemus believed that he would not fail even with the soup. He had eaten many dinners in country houses and he thought he could astonish palates accustomed to ordinary cooking. It would be a fascinating experiment; and the next day Polhemus mounted the stairs to the office of the Madam.

"For excellent reasons I do not care to have my identity known," said Polhemus.

"I could tell you of more than one French aristocrat who has done the same," replied the Madam. "There is no dishonor in acting as a chef — and the pay is high."

"I shall shave off my mustache and wear one of a different color, and I shall wear a wig and take an assumed name," said Polhemus.

"Certainly — it is understood."

"Then it's settled," said Polhemus.

Two minutes afterward the applicant had difficulty in controlling his astonishment. The position offered was none

other than to cook at a dinner to be given by Miss April's mother.

April's mother needed a cook. The last had gone just before the day set for a dinner. Thus came the opportunity for Polhemus to prove that no one could henceforth call him impracticable and the chance to cook himself into the approval of the sapphire eyes.

It was a providential opportunity and as such Polhemus regarded it. His heart quickened as he thought of it, but if he had expressed what was really in his mind, he would have acknowledged that the quickened heart-beat had more to do with a desire to prove to himself, and incidentally to others, that he was equal to preparing an entire dinner.

On the morning of the day set for the dinner he almost wished himself back in the Second Avenue kitchen.

"The maid will show your room," said April's mother. "The dinner will be at seven-thirty. There will be nine guests and three of the family — twelve in all,— and goodness knows I hope everything will go on all right!"

"It is that you will leave him to me," said Polhemus in a husky voice and imitating the verbiage of his master.

"The maid will show you the menu. If you want to change it in unimportant particulars, you can do so. Mrs. Simmons — you will find her a reliable woman — will come over to help. There's a phone in the hall. If you don't find what you need, order it. The confectioner will bring the cakes and ices at seven."

"Assuredly, it is well arranged," said the chef.

It proved one of the most exciting days that Polhemus enjoyed in his craft. Only once, from a window of the kitchen, did he catch a glimpse of Miss April. She was in tennis rig and strolling toward the courts with a fine-looking young man. Once the sight would have seared the heart of the chef with jealousy, but just then he happened to be pondering over a detail of the dinner.

At seven-thirty the chef had everything in hand. He felt a glow of artistic pride as he sniffed the fragrant soup.

"What a heavenly odor!" exclaimed a voice that once could shake his heart as a hurricane shakes palm trees. From his kettles Polhemus glanced upward. In the door stood a vision that ought to have made him oblivious to any soup.

"I couldn't help sneaking away. I've just finished a course in cookery. It is wonderful! The richness fills the whole rear of the house."

"Assuredly, it is the perfume of a soup most fine."

"What a cold you've got!" exclaimed Miss April. "Your voice is awfully husky. But that soup — Yum, yum! Ta, ta! see you later!" and Miss April vanished.

With the "Ta, ta!" Polhemus jerked himself erect. Who could suppose she would take such liberties with a cook! But he had no difficulty in turning his thoughts to the final seasoning of his dishes.

One of the maids was most attractive. She it was who had shown Polhemus to his room, and when the dinner had begun she complimented the young chef.

"Monsieur, there's a fat man in there who asked Madam where she had found her cook. He said he had never eaten such soup even in Paris— that a cook who could make such soup was worth ten thousand dollars a year."

"That is true," replied Polhemus. "That soup is absolutely perfect."

The maid bustled away, lingering at the door to smile at Polhemus. But the chef was engrossed in his art.

Notwithstanding doubts that he had concerning his entrées, rumors came in with the empty dishes that all the dinner was a wonderful success. This was later in the evening confirmed when April's mother came in person to express her approbation.

"I've never known a dinner like that in a private house," said the delighted hostess. "The soup! It was amazing, superlative!"

"The soup was perfect," replied Polhemus, forgetting his *role* of Frenchman. "But sometime I hope to prepare an entire dinner that will be as perfect as my introductions. A dinner should have a climax — toward the end. My dinners have the climax at the wrong place. I'm going to Paris to devote myself to my art."

"It was all delicious!" exclaimed April's mother. "And my daughter has been taking a course in domestic science. She is coming to tell you how lovely your cooking is."

Five minutes later April again appeared. She motioned to Polhemus, and the chef followed her to a little room that had no other occupants.

"Now, sir, what do you mean by this?" asked Miss April severely. "Of course, I knew you at once."

"I hoped to prove to you that my impracticability could be overcome."

"You've certainly proved that you could cook," remarked Miss April.

"The young fellow I saw you with this afternoon?" asked Polhemus. "He was very attentive."

Miss April turned her face to the wall and became absorbed in tracing a pattern of the paper with her finger.

"Of course," continued Polhemus, "you've got the right to receive such attentions. My object in coming here was to show my skill — and — well. I've concluded that it was nothing else".

"Nothing else," repeated Miss April, still tracing the design of the paper.

"Nothing but that," said Polhemus. "I've had an extraordinary tutor in soup. My fish and all the rest do not come up to the soup. Oh, I know it! you needn't say it! but that is only because I have not had expert teaching— not the most expert, except in soup. I'm going where I will learn to excel in everything. In ten days I shall be in Paris. I can hardly wait. You have taken lessons and can understand."

A sound came from the neighborhood of the tracing finger, half sniff and half sigh.

"You'll never change," she said wearily, turning to face the chef. "You are the most impracticable person that ever lived. The young man that you noticed? I told him I would give him an answer to-morrow,— it will be, 'yes.' "

"It beats me!" Polhemus exclaimed to the artist the next evening. "She ate that soup and yet she called me impracticable!"

"Holy mackerel, of course she did!" snorted the painter. "Go to Paris and keep your nose over pots and kettles! If you should marry, a superlative chef would be ruined. But you never will; you are too impracticable."

The Christmas Birds

At Christmas time the presents fly,
Like birds against a leaden sky;
And some are swallows swift and bold
And some are orioles of gold.
And some are wrens and some are jays,
Or doves in mottled blues and grays,
While some I'm sadly forced to say
Seem very like to birds of prey.

At Christmas time the presents fly
Like birds, twixt low estate and high.
Kindred and friends and neighbors speed
Them on their way, and blest, indeed,
Their mission, when unselfish each
Some phase of Christlike love shall teach.
But gifts that seek return, say I,
Are very like to birds of prey.

Lalia Mitchell.

Mothering Our Girls

By Eleanor Robbins Wilson

RUSKIN, in one of his inimitable preachments anent character building, says, — "You may chisel a boy into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it, if he be of a better kind, as you would a piece of bronze. But you cannot hammer a girl into anything. She grows as a flower does, — she will wither without sun; she will decay in her sheath as the narcissus does, if you do not give her air enough; she may fall, and defile her head in the dust, if you leave her without help at some moments of her life, but you cannot fetter her, she must take her own fair form and way, if she take any, and in mind as in body, must have always —

"'Her houschold motions light and free
And steps of virgin liberty.'"

Whether the good stuff in the average American boy doesn't warrant something better than the hammering treatment, I shall not presume to say, but without exception all the superior girls of my acquaintance have unfailingly been reared by the fetterless method. They have — to a girl — been mothered by women who have understood a mother's most gracious prerogative, — the telling art of focusing the maternal light for the child's development, that in "her own fair form and way" might flower the richness of an unthwarted individuality.

There is no more pathetic spectacle confronting us to-day than the pitiable contingent forced to live half-lives and quarter-lives through the arbitrary rulings of misguided parenthood. The burnt offerings of promising personalities that have been sacrificed on the altar of ignorant leadership!

I have in mind a woman of the sparrow-like type of spinsterhood now dragging out a forlorn and drab existence in a small New England town, who is nothing if not a living testimonial to a tyrannical mother — a person whose whole attitude toward life seemed that of a conquering spirit. Strange as it may appear, this woman was of gentle blood and ranked far above the average citizen in schooling. But the desire to dominate her surroundings was paramount. She prided herself on her strong will and her ability to "conquer" her children.

Thwarted and check-mated in almost all of the moves of youthful desire, the more independent of the two daughters threw up the game and left home, the more conscientious remained and submitted. A few years ago death finally robbed the mother's dictatorial hand of its sceptre, leaving this lonely and dependent daughter to master the awkward problem of adjustment to freedom of action, some hoarded money that she simply cannot get accustomed to handling and a host of bitter reflections on "what might have been." Assuredly not an enviable legacy!

Ruskin was right. "You cannot hammer a girl into anything."

Motherhood is, indeed, a complex problem, but we have yet to discover that which may yield richer returns for the time involved. When the rank and file of womanhood have grasped the indisputable fact that our homes amount to about so much as the mothers in them, and that our nation may never be greater nor stronger than the boys and girls we are molding in these self-same several homes, then, and then only, will the colossal magnitude of our work be realized. Mock-motherhood, with all its unattractive

attributes, will slough off, and the golden service of painstaking child-rearing assume its destined dignity. God speed the day!

Recently, at a grammar school graduation, I watched a group of white-frocked, beautiful girls, while all unbidden these words drifted across my mind,— "She grows as a flower does,— she will wither without the sun," and never more forcefully was brought home the fructifying strength of a mother's love. Not the pale, sickly imitation, composed of untoward indulgences and excessive fondling, but that golden wealth of affection that, while imparting strength, coaxes into growth all latent possibilities. For fused into this real light of mother-love are all the prismatic-like splendors of tact, intelligence, patience, courage, cheer, sympathy and comraderie.

An eminently successful woman of the present day was recently recounting her very apparent indebtedness to her mother. "Mother's greatest gifts to me," she loyally confessed, "were a most tactful surveillance of me and all my affairs, an adroit assistance in helping me to help myself, and sort of a great encompassing expectation that spurred me to do my best." That this clever and useful woman continues to lavish her great creative ability is now a matter of pride to the citizenry of her native country. Here, indeed, is a flower among women, the product of a mother who believed in the education of heart, head, and hands.

It is a matter to rejoice over that the old-fashioned flagrant mistake of bending the career of the young to please parental whim is beginning to disappear. The happier results of vocational training, due to a little discriminating insight, are causing the scales to fall from our eyes. Scarcely a week passes that the writer does not witness its far-reaching effects. For example, Mary, whom her mother desired to become a musician from the mere flimsy excuse that she herself had been denied musical training, has become a successful dietitian and a correspondingly useful member of society. While the dulcet-throated daughter of the village hackman is being led grand-operaward. And so on might be quoted innumerable instances. Thus the ideal co-operation between parent and child is being established. We are beginning to look for the innate spark of genius in the unfolding personalities of the young idea and, by judicious supervision, help them to perfect such gifts.

All modern educators, winning the most permanent and satisfactory results, are they who are demanding proof of exact thinking through exactly executed work of the hands; hence, the yearly increase in our technical and manual training courses and classes of domestic arts. Yet, on all sides, are we met with the critical railing of women who would eliminate the domestic science classes from the public school, arguing that this is a phase of education which belongs to the home. But the challenging fact remains that the average mother is positively neglectful in this respect. One of our direst needs still remains to acquaint our grammar and high school girls with the rudiments of home-making. It forms one of our most drastic measures to abolish ignorant, slipshod and deathdealing methods from the carelessly kept home.

More than one "little mother" of the domestic science classes of our public schools has been the means of enlightening a big mother to the ultimate good of an entire family. May the time soon come when these classes are not only compulsory in the public schools of our towns and cities, but even may the girls of rural localities enjoy the advantages of a traveling Cooking School, patterned somewhat after the famous traveling

Koch Schule of Cassel in Germany.

Far and near let "mother" be reminded of her matchless province till she realizes that the most valuable asset to society was, is, and ever shall be, the homemaking, mother-trained girl. For indelible corroboration of this statement, ask your district nurses, your social service workers, your night court judges, or take a casual peep into the mortality statistics of a census report. In 1911, out of a total of 839,284 deaths in an observed area, 149,332 children died under one year of age, and 209,482 died under five years of age, making an appalling aggregate of 358,814 deaths of little folks under five years of age, out of the sum total of 839,284 deaths for the entire year. We cannot but wonder what percentage of little lives were martyrs to ignorance, or how many untrained and careless women yearly lift blighting hands for the gift of motherhood.

But, on the whole, it is reassuring to the true motherheart to observe the unparalleled study that the present strenuous times devotes to the development of the child. Never before have normal, defective, and delinquent children so thoroughly arrested the attention of some of our sanest thinkers. Never before have we combined so effectively to eliminate destructive tendencies of the young as with the present day potent appeal to the constructive faculties.

The Montessori "Houses of Childhood," spreading from the poorer districts of Rome throughout Italy to France, Germany, England, and our own progressive country, are inculcating a new directive method in our homes. We are, at last, joining hands with the child of to-day, to help build to-morrow's salvation. Mother is slowly but surely learning the new role of reverent observer and guide, without obtruding her personality, and unlearning the fallacy of coercion,— in short, adopting the fetterless method that Ruskin advocated.

More and more are we proving the tonic effect of ideal suggestion and, while our girls are flowering into promising womanhood, let us not fail "to encompass them with great expectations," that the future may proudly record,—

"Look to the blowing rose about us — 'Lo,
Laughing,' she says, 'into the world I blow,
At once the silken tassel of my purse
Tear, and its treasure on the garden throw.' "

The Piper

The wild pipes of the Northern Wind
Are calling, loud and free.
And I must follow, follow and find
Wherever he leadeth me.
Caroling loud, caroling clear,
"Come with me, romp with me,
Taste of my cheer!"

Oh, sweet is the perfume he brings me,
The fragrant breath of the pine,—
And sweet is the song he sings me,
With a sweetness half divine.
Chanting high, crooning low,
"Follow me, follow,
Joy shall you know."

And ever I follow the charmer bold,
Across the meadows brown,
As the children followed the piper of old,
Away from the noisy town.
Following here, following there,
Glad in the track
Of the wind, I fare.

CHRISTINE KERR DAVIS.

Millicent's Christmas Offerings

By Alix Thorn

MILLICENT was unpacking her trunk, a lengthy proceeding, shaking out her crumpled finery patting abused looking hats into shape, and spreading skirts and blouses upon a convenient couch. Sometimes she smiled in reminiscent fashion at a note or stray snap-shot, that slipped out of an overful portfolio, and then she sighed as she spied some gay automobile pennants.

"I feel now, mother," she exclaimed an hour later, "that my beautiful visits are really over, for Joel has just carried my trunk, that much traveled trunk, to the attic, but oh, I've a sort of lost empty feeling, glad as I am to be at home again, with my own best-of-all, family. Why," with a remorseful glance around the cheerful sitting room, "it's so dear, and I love it, I love it, yet every thing, yes, let me say it, seems, to-day, 'flat, stale and unprofitable.' "

A quick rush of tears filled the gray eyes, and Mrs. North patted the slim, young hand that was suddenly held out to her. Her very touch was reassuring to Millicent in her perplexity.

"I understand, my child, I know exactly how you feel," she said, "your little journey into the world, wonderful though it was, is a bit unsettling. You will be your own happy merry self in a few days; why," smiling whimsically, "haven't I been a girl myself! Go out in the garden, follow the butterflies, or give Laddie a good walk; the poor dog has missed you; find the sunshine, anyway," and she hurried away.

A few moments later, Mrs. North heard a whistle, and saw the girl and an ecstatic dog turning down the lane, so she knew that part of her advice, at least, was being followed.

Millicent North had just returned from a series of visits to three of her school girl friends in their city homes, and it was small wonder that her country home should seem quiet and prosaic after her "Feast of soul," as she expressed it.

At Helen Manning's she had motored daily, visiting one fascinating suburb after another, lunching at smart inns, had tea at some quaint tea-house, in the late afternoon, dinner at picturesque shore resorts, and had been taken into a charmed circle composed of lively young people, who willingly received Helen's friend.

At Joan Travers' she had attended charming lunches, had seen the latest plays, flushing with pleasure to be in a mysterious box, so near the more mysterious stage, and thrilled with delight at the musicales, where silvery voices seemed to sing to her alone.

At Mary Channing's she did the shops, lingered long in picture galleries, attended lectures at the beautiful college set on the heights above the busy city, and when, after six weeks of such visiting, she returned home in early June, though the village was brave in bud and flower, her own garden a riot of opening roses, the comfortable old house with its doors and windows flung open to welcome her, a peaceful haven, yet she found to her consternation, that she sadly missed all that she had left, and she longed to do something hard, and thus fill both hands and mind.

It was Mrs. North who enquired one day as together they sat on the vine-covered piazza — "It's early to ask, perhaps, but summer is here, and it is the chosen time to be thinking up Christmas gifts. Now, childie, what are you going to give these dear gen-

erous friends who have done so much for your pleasure?"

Millicent, who had been silent for sometime, sober eyes fixed upon the stretch of green meadow land across the trim cut hedge, shook her head hopelessly. At last she began, as if ashamed of her abstraction: "Oh, I don't know, mother; embroider something, maybe doilies, maybe make workbags. Suppose Helen might be pleased with a cushion for her den — that dear little den," and then she lapsed into quiet again.

"Hasn't Helen enough cushions left over from her couch at school? I seem to remember quantities of them in the sitting room you and she shared at Miss Billings'. Then embroidery takes time and patience. Beside, these girls' mothers were your hostesses, and should be included in your Christmas scheme, it occurs to me."

"I know that is so," and Millicent sat up straighter, her pre-occupation gone.

"Well, dearie," and Mrs. North laid down her mending, "I've been thinking up a plan which I believe is a feasable one, and I hope my daughter will agree with me. It will be good for her in her present mood; it will pleasantly include her mother, and would be the solution of her Christmas problems. Listen! I propose that you and I together shall make jam, conserve and pickle, filling a quantity of jars with country fruits fresh from our own farm, and send these to your town friends for Christmas, daintily wrapped and labeled. Now, does this appeal to you, Millicent?"

"It's a lovely plan, a charming notion," cried the girl, taking a few dancing steps, her eyes sparkling, and her dimple beginning to show in her cheek. "How did you think up such a heavenly idea? Here I am, a year out of school, ignorant enough about such matters; I'd joy to take lessons from you, oh wise mother. When, when can we begin our course in cooking?"

"We can start with currant jelly," was the reply, "and continue when the berries are ripe. Raspberry jam is always available and delicious; then come plums, peaches, and grapes. Why, it will be delightful for me to teach you, sweetheart, though I've always loved such things, even when I must do them alone."

In the long July days, Millicent, enveloped in a voluminous apron, and with rolled-up sleeves displaying her dimpled elbows, might have been discovered haunting the cool old kitchen, and stirring and tasting in most approved fashion, as she and her mother watched the currant juice boiling on the range, and, later, fairly gloating over the store of translucent sweetness, safely stored away in jelly glasses.

"I didn't dream what fun it could be to do up fruit," broke in the young girl, as she enthusiastically pasted some dainty holly labels on the tall slim glasses, with the magic words, "Currant Jelly," inscribed on each one. "I feel sort of an Alice in Wonderland, with all my new happenings."

Greatly to the amusement of her family, Millicent insisted in helping gather the cultivated raspberries from their own vines, and emerged, sunbrowned and weary, with brimming pails of the fragrant berries.

In the next town Millicent and her mother discovered some odd little jars that were just what they wanted to hold the raspberry jam, and late in August, while brown bees boomed above the garden beds, and the brakes along the high road were turning yellow, mother and daughter worked their magic and filled each waiting jar with the luscious jam. "I wish," said Millicent, looking up from her congenial employment, "I do wish, mother, that we could capture some of the summer breezes, the light and sweetness, and bird songs, and seal them up in one jar, a big jar, that could be opened

some particularly dark, gloomy day, when snow flakes were in the air, and a real old giant wind was abroad."

"That would be a welcome jar, a gift of gifts," was Mrs. North's reply, "but to preserve the fruits of summer, with all the sunshine stored up in them, is the very best we can do, at present."

Later, some of the perfect Damson plums from their own orchard were converted into a marvelous conserve, nuts and oranges being added; and more plums were turned into firm jam. Then followed the honeylike, golden, peach marmalade, and pickled peaches, dark and spicy, were put away in rich syrup. Spiced grapes ended the list, and well they might, for the fruit closet shelves fairly groaned under their load of good things.

"Oh, Mater mine," said Millicent one blue October day, standing in the fruit closet, surveying with pardonable pride the imposing array of jars and pots and glasses, with their attractive labels, "Isn't it just gorgeous and satisfying! To think that my most important Christmas gifts are all arranged for, and such unique gifts, too. Then how much I've learned; why, I feel like the wisest of young persons, with all the useful knowledge I have acquired."

"It makes me very happy to realize it," and Mrs. North looked fondly at the transfigured young face, "I own I am very proud of my housewifely daughter."

A certain November afternoon, as warm and balmy as if it belonged to September rather than to November, the expressman carried out, one by one, from the North home, three strong-looking wooden boxes, destined for New York, and on each was nailed a placard, so plain that all the world might read, "Keep in a cool place. Not to be opened until Christmas."

Nor were they opened until Christmas, I am glad to say. At holiday time such heartfelt, overflowing letters did Millicent receive, that she fairly glowed with happiness. Both her friends and their mothers wrote thanks.

"None of our Christmas gifts pleased us, as did yours, dear child," said Mrs. Traverse' thank-you note, "it was such a happy thought, and how all this country treasure truly enriches a city home!"

All the Channing family sent a joint note of thanks, each one a line, beginning with the father and ending with the ten-year-old sister.

"Oh, that splendiferous box," began Helen Manning's letter, "a veritable well of delight. Wonder how you managed to get so much in one plain, ordinary box! Father is for sending me down to your mother to learn *real accomplishments*, as he says. Guess I'll come if you ask me. I yearn to emulate you."

Beaming Millicent read the notes aloud, and then read them again to herself. "Well, it was beautiful," she sighed, "the gathering, and the doing up, the sending away, every, every bit of it. Why, mother, it's an all-the-year-round pleasure. Let us, two learned ones, begin any time to plan what shall fill our fruit closet next year; yes, and plan at the same time the richness that must overflow into the homes of our favored friends."

Dreams

Dreams are the ghosts of hours agone,
Vanishing like to a whispered sigh,
Harmonies, faint, of a half-sung song
Lost like the rose in the sunset sky.

They are the misty sails that fly
In the twilight down to the moon-kissed sea—
Gone like the night wind sobbing by—
Ah, who can bring back my dreams to me?

R. R. GREENWOOD.

In Its Own Country

By Kate Hudson

IT was December twenty-second; tomorrow Miss Ranney's school was to disband for the holidays, and tonight Miss Ranney's young ladies were sitting around the study fireplace — a merry, chattering group — planning the several home trips and comparing enthusiastic notes on prospective holiday joys.

"Why, of course we'll have one!" Sallie was saying; "we *always* do; we just have to for our little twinnies."

"So do we; at my Aunt Lucy's," Mildred chimed in; "a great big tall one, trimmed with big colored glass balls and bells and icicles, just blazing with electric lights."

"Well, we don't!" said Flora, a bit down from the heights of her very nearly sixteen years. "We haven't had one since I was seven years old; they are so sheddy and take up so much room, and it's only the little bits of children that care for them anyway. Christmas Trees are dolefully stupid things for grown folks, aren't they, Fräulein?" turning to the German teacher, who just then was joining the happy circle.

"Stupid? Only for the very smallest! The Christmas Tree! !" exclaimed Fräulein Nicolovius; "But no! No one ever gets too old to love its sturdy evergreen, its pine smell, its soft radiance. And how it brings back one's happy days! Ach, when I think back!"

"Tell us about your happy days, Fräulein," cried the girls; "tell us about your German Christmas Tree, Fräulein Meta."

"My father, you must know, was an Oberförster — what you call a head-forester — and we lived deep in the woods near Pritzwalk, in an old grey house with four gables. And in the hall — the Flur, we call it — there hung many wide antlers of twelve, fourteen and even sixteen prongs! With Advent-tide, with the last Sunday in November, the dear mother began to prepare for Christmas. There were mufflers, mittens, and head-over-ear caps to knit, so father and the three brothers would not feel the cold too much in our Northern woods; and there were frocks to make for the several dolls belonging to Dorette (our nest-chick); and the big much-handed-down doll-house had to be repapered, and furnished with fresh window-curtains; and there were pine-cones, larch tassels and gall balls to gild and silver, and nutshells (neatly glued together) to bronze for tree decorations. Sister Selma and I, great girls of fifteen and sixteen, would help bravely till bedtime and then, in the tiny room we shared, and by the dim light of a small bedroom-lamp, we'd sit up for another hour or two working on the worsted slippers (with a stag's head surrounded by grass-green oakleaves, spread over toe and instep) for father, and the "Alt-Deutsch" coffee-table cloth and napkins, with which we were going to surprise mother.

"Along about the twelfth of December mother would begin her baking, and for the next week or ten days the house would be steeped in the scent of ginger, honey, cardamon, and caraway, and the huge box in the carefully guarded pantry corner would slowly fill to overflowing with cinnamon-stars, and almond-wreaths, with golden honey-cakes and spicy, dark-brown Lebkuchen boys and girls, soldiers, sailors and every known (and unknown) species of animal and bird.

"On Christmas Eve the three younger ones would be sent to bed, and then mother and we two girls would trim the tree, not a very big one, but one

straight-grown and sturdy — for father, himself, always selected it and cut it down — standing firmly planted in the very middle of our "good room." To its fragrant twigs we tied the glittering gold cones and nuts, red apples, bunchlets of raisins and the most artistic specimens of our cake; and wherever we could make one stick we would fasten a white candlekin. The simple presents were laid on the long, white-covered table under the tree. Of course, we were pretty tired when, at last, we went to bed, all soaked in Christmas sights, sounds and smells; and as we'd snuggle down into our soft, warm beds we would hear the faraway bells of Pritzwalk Church ringing in the Christmas Day, and calling the people to the midnight service, which mother often and father always attended.

"On Christmas morning we were always up and ready for the summons by six o'clock; while father in the "gute Stube" was lighting up the tree, mother would marshal us in line according to age — first Dorette, then the boys, then I, then Selma and so on to our dear Grosspapa, the oldest of us all — and at the tinkle of the Christmas bell we would march in and gather round the tree. Mother would sit down at our little old piano and we would stand singing "*O du frohliche, O du selige, freude bringende Weihnachtszeit*!" until the candles had burned quite low; then we'd fall upon our gifts, and by sunrise — the late northern winter-sunrise — Christmas would be well under way

"Breakfast over, we would have brisk runs through the snowy woods; then came the jolly dinner with its big chestnut-stuffed goose; and afterwards the tree was once more lighted, while all of us, even father's "Forst-Eleven" (the young men taking a practical course in forestry under him, of whom father always had two on hand) and we five children — sang Christmas and folks-songs till bedtime, and then Christmas was over."

"And was that all?" queried Flora; "no company? No other children? Just only the family celebrating together?"

"Yes," sighed Fräulein, "Just the family together; but all together."

"I wish you were going with us tomorrow, Fräulein Meta," said Sallie, rubbing her rosy cheek against Fräulein's shoulder, "to see an American tree, our tree."

"Oh,dear," groaned Mildred, "seems's if I just couldn't wait till tomorrow for home and the holidays!"

"Ach ja," laughed Fräulein, with an odd little break in her voice, "when one is only three hours by train away from one's mother! Christmas and home are complementary."

A Cheer Song

If the path's an easy one,
So that footsteps lightly run,
Where's our gain?
Few learn power on the plain!

If the way go up the hill,—
Forward! Climb with right good will,
Growing strong
As we bravely tramp along!

Mountain tops are always won
Through the wind and rain and sun!
Don't get blue!
Life is all worth singing to!

ALDIS DUNBAR.

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THE WINTER SINGER.

O cheery comrade of somber days,
Enlivening winter with summer lays,
  Jovial chickadee!
The dull sky dizzy with swirling snow,
Keen pierces the cold, but your brave notes flow
  Warmly, happily,
  Chickadee!

Forgetting the aches of a world grown gray,
I shut my eyes and dream of the May,
  Hearing you, chickadee!
There's a birdsong for every month of the year
But when others are silent you voice good cheer,
  Genuine poetry,
  Chickadee!

The song sparrow sings the whole year through,
But even he yields, in winter, to you,
  Neighborly chickadee!
Oh, worth the spring's full chorus of praise,
Your lyric that lives in the dead, white days!
  Welcome your winter glee,
  Chickadee!

STOKELY S. FISHER.

OUR LITTLE CHEF

OUR readers may notice that we are trying to restore the figure of the little Chef that used to appear quite conspicuously on the pages of this magazine Oldtime readers may recall the original cover pages of the magazine in green and red, which always carried the profile of the cheerful chef. Somehow, we can not reason why, in changing covers, we dropped out the use of the chef, though it had come to be regarded as a kind of trade mark. Now we propose to give the illustration place again, occasionally at least, and to make use of it, as formerly, somewhat as the trade mark or symbol of our profession.

Never was so much attention given to the conditions of health as at present. Preventive methods are pursued by both physician and surgeon. Preliminary to attendance at public schools, children's eyes are tested, teeth are inspected and throats are examined for signs of disorder and ill health. And these things are taken into consideration in connection with the prospects of the future progress and welfare of the child. Epidemics, we have learned, are sure to follow violations of nature's laws. Contagious diseases must be wiped out. We can ill afford to tolerate a single menace to the healthfulness of individual or community life. In all pure food laws and sanitary regulations protection from threatening ills is sought for. The chief evils we have to contend with are uncleanliness and malnutrition.

THE HOMECRAFT COURSE

IN the homecraft course recently instituted in the Wadleigh High School, New York City, is an interesting attempt to meet practical demands in girls' education. The homecraft course is for girls whose interest is in up-to-date home-making rather

than in advanced literary or scientific study. The work is taken chiefly by students who do not intend to go to college, but who wish to make the best use of their time while in high school; and it is particularly recommended for those who expect to stay in school only two years or less.

The course is both "practical" and "cultural." It answers the everyday needs of girls who mean to be real home-keepers and it affords abundant opportunity for studies that are for enjoyment as well as for work. Domestic science and domestic art, with household arithmetic, study of vocations, "clothing — its care and remodeling," are prominent subjects the first year. Drawing, music, biology, English, and physical training are required subjects, with current history, English history, and modern languages among the electives. Latin and advanced mathemapes are conspicuous by their absence.

In the second year hygiene and sanitation are added to the requirements, and other studies may be chosen from a list which includes millinery, household chemistry, European and American history, history of women's work, arts and crafts, and modern languages.

Household management, a required study, is a feature of the third year of the course. Applied design and applied physics are among the subjects that may be selected by the students. In the fourth year the girls delve a little deeper into the philosophy of homecraft by means of a required course on social efficiency. They may also regale themselves with a number of more advanced studies, such as: Fundamentals of legal procedure; physiology, bacteriology, and sanitation; household design and decoration.

Throughout the course the emphasis is on applied, rather than theoretical knowledge; and the work is so arranged that, regardless of whether a girl completes the four-year course or leaves before she finishes, she has acquired a fund of workable ideas of direct value to her in the immediate problems of her life.

THE HEALTH HABIT

IF a man is sick it is because he has violated the laws of Nature. And such a one, instead of feeling disgraced, often feels sorry for himself and explains his sad plight to any one and every one who will listen.

Man is made to be well and happy and useful. And if a person is happy, the probabilities are he will be well; and in order to keep well he has to be useful.

Health is the most natural thing in the world.

Nature is on our side. Health is the norm, and all Nature tends thitherward.

Physicians nowadays do not talk about curing people. All the wise and good physician can do is to put the patient in line with Nature. Nature heals, and all the healing forces of Nature are perfectly natural.

We know the rules of health. Every one of common intelligence is familiar with them. The trouble is that many men consider themselves exceptions; and postponed punishment does not deter them from violating the laws of Nature.

We must not only know the rules of health and bear them in mind, but we must bring to bear will to see that we live them.

We have the knowledge. but we lack the technique—that is to say, we haven't got the habit.

Health is a habit, and a vast number of people in America are getting it. They make it their business to be well every day and all the time, and the rules whereby they succeed are endorsed by every physician. First, think health, not disease.

Keep your mind on the ideal, and picture the strong, happy, self-reliant person that you would like to be.

Breathe deeply in the open air, holding the breath, then expelling it slowly thru' the nostrils. As a people, we eat about one-third more than we really need, and so our energies are consumed in getting rid of the waste.

The greatest disturber of health is fear. Fear means impaired circulation; impaired circulation means impaired digestion; imperfect digestion affects the entire program of life. To eliminate fear we must breathe more and eat less; work more and loaf less; praise more and scold less; love more and hate less.

Get the Health Habit, and associate with people who have it. It's contagious.—*The Philistine.*

The Pious Author's Litany

From all over-estimate of our literary work, and from all belittling of the work of others:

Good Lord, deliver us!

From all petty jealousies, enmities, and unwillingness to appreciate excellence in the work of others:

Good Lord, deliver us!

From all literary pride, vainglory, and narrow judgment:

Good Lord, deliver us!

From all conspicuous failure to attain our literary ideals, and from all failure to recognize the ideals of others:

Good Lord, deliver us!

From all smug satisfaction with purely mercenary aims, and from all temptation to rest content with a measure of attainment distinctly beneath that of which we know ourselves to be capable:

Good Lord, deliver us!

OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

In Christian Register.

Good Food—Not Gluttony

IT is amusing, though somewhat disheartening, to find how widely the idea still persists that delicacy in cookery means gluttony. Those people who really appreciate perfection in cookery are usually delicate eaters, who manage to get both reasonable enjoyment and excellent nourishment out of a comparatively little food. It is often the man who professes a profound contempt for the art of the kitchen who proves a gluttonous feeder. He generally eats voraciously, not wisely. Yet the contrary opinion is frequently held. For instance, only the other day, I saw in one of the London dailies a note by a journalist who had asked one of our leading caterers whether the English as a race eat too much, the answer being "No, but they prefer a chop, steak, or other substantial fare to the various mysteries so dear to foreigners, who doubtless think that a seven-course dinner provides them with a lot for their money." Of course this is quite incorrect. The foreigner is educated in the art of eating, and knows that by making large use of stewing and sauces the palate is pleased, and the body better nourished, with a smaller consumption of food, because the viands are made more digestible, and therefore satisfying. And therein lies the secret of good cooking. — *Food and Cookery.*

Health is the most precious possession of man. Health is the only capital of the workingman. Without health, the workingman is of no use to his employer. Without health, life to the employe is not worth living. Therefore, the preservation of health is the most important consideration of the worker.

If you would make repair equal to waste, cut out grouch, hate, worry, jealousy and fear, and focus on work play, love, and usefulness. — *Doctor F. M. Planck.*

Kindly renew your subscription by sending a year's subscription to two of your friends who will be pleased with the gift. A Christmas card will be mailed with the December number.

LETTUCE, DATE-AND-PECAN NUT SALAD

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

Sardines à la Tartare

HAVE ready strips of bread, toasted or fried, a little larger on all sides than the sardines to be served. Remove the skin and bones without disturbing the shape of the fish. Spread the bread with a little sauce tartare, set the fish above and coat it neatly with more of the sauce. Garnish the edge with a row of capers, and push a branch of watercress under the bread at each end. Sauce tartare is mayonnaise dressing, to one cup of which two tablespoonfuls, each, of very fine-chopped onion, capers, parsley and pickles have been added.

Swedish Soup

Peel three (not too large) potatoes and one onion and cut them in slices. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, put in the vegetables and stir and cook without letting them take color; when the butter is absorbed, add one pint of boiling water and cook until the vegetables are tender; press through a sieve, add one quart of white stock (chicken or veal) and heat to the boiling point. Pile about a cup of crisp spinach leaves together and cut them in ribbons. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add the spinach and let cook until tender, stirring often. Beat the yolks of two eggs; add half a cup of cream and half a cup of milk and stir into the soup; continue to stir until the egg thickens, but do not let boil. Season as needed and add the spinach.

Cauliflower Soup

Cook a large cauliflower in boiling salted water; drain and press through a fine sieve (do not discard the green leaves but press the whole through the sieve). Put one pint, each, of

water in which the cauliflower was cooked and chicken broth and one cup of milk over the fire; when boiling stir in half a cup of potato flour or cornstarch smoothed in half a cup of milk; stir until boiling, then let simmer very, gently fifteen minutes. Add the purée, a teaspoonful or more of salt and half a cup of cream. Let become very hot, but do not let boil, lest the soup curdle.

Inexpensive Vegetable Soup

Cut one onion, one carrot and one stalk of firm celery into Julienne strips; let cook in boiling water or stock to cover until tender; add three cups of broth from giblets etc. and let boil; stir one-third a cup of flour with milk to a smooth, thin paste, then stir into the vegetables and let simmer fifteen minutes; add a cup and a half of milk, a tablespoonful of butter, in little bits, and salt and pepper as needed. Have ready a dish of small cubes of bread fried in deep fat and drained on soft paper. Serve hot with the soup

Oysters, Poulette Style

Heat one pint of oysters to the boiling point, strain off the broth and keep the oysters hot. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook three tablespoonfuls of flour and one-fourth. a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper; add the cup of the oyster broth and stir until boiling. Beat the yolks of two eggs; add half a cup of cream and stir into the sauce; let cook without boiling; add the oysters, a teaspoonful of lemon juice and more seasoning if needed. Serve on crackers, or on toast, or in patty or Swedish timbale cases.

Broiled Oysters

STUFFED CABBAGE

Pour cold water over the oysters, examine each one separately to remove shell, and roll them in flour or in sifted rolled crackers seasoned with salt and pepper. Beat two eggs; add a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a teaspoonful of prepared mustard and four tablespoonfuls of strained oyster liquor; in this dip the oysters, one by one, and at once roll in sifted cracker crumbs; set in an oyster broiler, heated and thoroughly oiled, and let cook over a moderate fire until the oysters are delicately browned. Dispose on toast; set a bit of maitre d'hôtel butter above each oyster. Garnish with parsley and slices of lemon and serve at once.

Maitre d'Hôtel Butter

Beat one-fourth of a cup butter to a cream; beat in one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, half a teaspoonful of fine-chopped parsley and a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a drop at a time.

SPARERIBS OF FRESH PORK, WITH ONIONS

Creamed Salt Codfish, Poulette

Pick tenderloins of salt cod-fish in thin, small bits to fill a cup; cover with cold water and let stand overnight; set over the fire in same water and let heat slowly till water looks milky (do not let boil), and drain; melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook two tablespoonfuls of flour, then add one cup of milk and stir until boiling; add the fish from which the water has been drained and beat in one egg, beaten very light; stir until the egg thickens, but do not let boil. Serve with hot baked or boiled potatoes.

Salmon Cutlets, Pojarski Style

Chop fine one pound of raw salmon; beat half a cup of butter to a cream and gradually beat and rub this into the fish; beat in, also, one-fourth a cup of double cream, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a teaspoonful of paprika. Let chill a little, then shape into one dozen cutlets. The mixture can be shaped very easily. Beat one egg, add four teaspoonfuls of milk, and mix thoroughly; in this dip the cutlets and at once roll in sifted soft bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat. Serve tomato sauce in a bowl.

Finnan Haddie Croquettes

Finnan haddie all ready cooked can be purchased; or an uncooked fish may be set on the back of the range in cold water to cover; let heat slowly to boiling point, then draw to a cooler part of the range to stand half an

CHINESE OR CABBAGE CELERY.

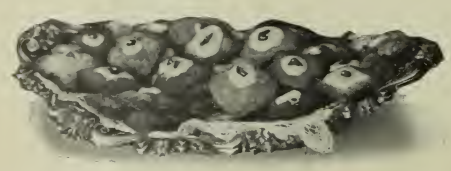
hour without boiling; then remove from the fire and pick in bits. For a generous pint of fish, make a cream

LITTLE PUMPKIN PIES

sauce of three tablespoonfuls of butter, four tablespoonfuls of flour, one cup of milk and one-fourth a cup of cream; add the fish, an egg, beaten light, and let cook over hot water until the egg is set; season as needed; turn on to a buttered plate; when cold shape, egg-and-bread crumb and fry in dee fat. Serve with Chinese celery, cut into shreds and dressed with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper.

Stuffed Cabbage

Select a firm head of cabbage, trim off imperfect outer leaves, cover with boiling water and let cook twenty minutes; drain, cover with cold water, then press out the water and wipe on a towel. Cut out a round place around the stalk to leave an open space. Season inside with salt and pepper Take, for a large cabbage, a pound of sausage; mix with two cups of soft, fine bread crumbs and salt and pepper as needed. Use to fill the cabbage. Tie a string around the cabbage, to hold it in shape; set a slice of salt pork above the sausage. Slice an onion and half a carrot, sprinkle these in



LITTLE POUND CAKES

a casserole, set the cabbage on the vegetables, pour in a cup or more of broth or boiling water and let cook in a slow oven about one hour. Remove the cabbage to a serving dish; strain off the broth, thicken it with two tesapoonfuls of flour, smoothed in cold water, and pour around the cabbage. A dozen or more small or large chestnuts, shelled, blanched and cooked nearly tender, may be mixed through the filling of the cabbage. The time of cooking indicated is for early cabbage; winter cabbage will take at least half an hour longer cooking.

Spareribs of Fresh Pork, with Onions

Wipe the meat with a damp cloth. rub over with salt and flour, and set to cook in a moderate oven. Let cook about twenty minutes to the pound; baste often with the dripping and dredge with flour after each basting. Serve with onions, boiled until beginning to be tender, then set around the pork in the pan to finish cooking. Baste the onions when the meat is basted.

Ham Baked with Cider

Let a choice ham stand covered with cold water over night; drain and set over the fire in a fresh supply of cold water; let heat slowly to the boiling point, then simmer four hours. Remove the ham to a deep baking pan, take off the skin, pour over one pint

of the liquid in which it was cooked and one quart of hot cider; baste each ten minutes and let cook until the bones in the shin may be turned. Serve hot with a dish of spinach, chopped and mixed with a small quantity of cream sauce, about half a cup to a generous pint of spinach. For sauce, skim off the fat from the liquid in the baking pan. Take one cup of this liquid, one cup of rich brown stock and thicken with one-fourth a cup of flour cooked in one-fourth a cup of butter; season with salt and pepper and stir in one-fourth a cup of currant jelly.

The first part of the cooking may be done overnight in a fireless cooker. Apple sauce, apple-and-celery salad or cabbage salad are all appropriate with ham.

Creamed Carrots

Cut carrots, after scraping, into slices or Julienne strips; let boil in boiling water until tender; drain, and for one pint of carrot melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook three tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of paprika and sugar; add one cup and a half of milk and stir until boiling, then add the carrots.

SALAMBO

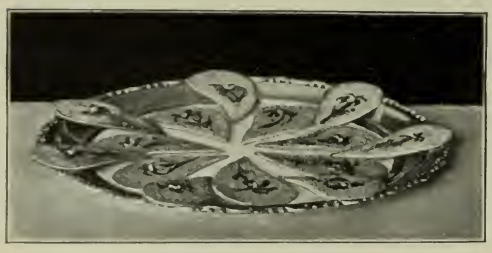
Christmas Salad

Take sections of grapefruit pulp, one-half the measure of tender inner stalks of celery, cut in bits, one-half the measure of small cubes of apple, mixed with a tablespoonful of lemon juice to keep them from discoloring, and about three tablespoonfuls of candied cherries, cooked tender and cut in slices. Season with oil, lemon juice and salt. For a pint of material use two tablespoonfuls of oil, one of lemon juice and a scant half-teaspoonful of salt. Garnish with a small portion of mayonnaise dressing

Lettuce, Date-and-Pecan Nut Salad

RASPBERRY SYLLABUB

Pour boiling water over a pound of dates, stir well, then skim out the dates to an agate plate; set the plate



POINSETTIA CAKES

in the oven to dry the dates, then cut each in four or five lengthwise strips, discarding the seeds. Cut the half-meats in half a pound of shelled pecan nuts in three pieces, each, season separately, or together, with half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar or lemon juice and six tablespoonfuls of oil. Serve in a border of heart leaves of lettuce. Serve at luncheon or supper with Graham or ryemeal bread and butter. Mayonnaise or cream dressing may replace the French dressing. For the cream dressing, beat one cup of double cream, three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika until firm throughout. Season the dates and nuts slightly with salt and pepper before adding the dressing.

Little Pumpkin Pies

Cut a pared pumpkin in inch-cubes, and steam until done; let dry over a hot fire in a colander, then press through a sieve or ricer. To a cup and a half of sifted pumpkin, add half a cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, two eggs, beaten without separating the whites and yolks (one egg and one-third a cup of cracker crumbs may be used), one tablespoonful of ginger, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one cup of rich milk, and turn into small tins lined with pastry. Bake about twenty-five minutes. Serve, turned from the tins, reheated a little and decorated with whipped cream. Sweeten the cream slightly and flavor with a few drops of almond or vanilla extract.

Frozen Pudding, Bombe Style

Boil one pint of water and one cup of sugar ten minutes, after boiling begins; add half a teaspoonful of gelatine softened in two tablespoonfuls of cold water, and when cold one cup of canned raspberry juice (unsweetened), and freeze. Make a boiled custard of three cups of rich milk, six yolks of eggs and one cup of sugar; when cold begin to freeze; when half frozen add one cup of cream, beaten light but not dry, and one cup of fruit, cherries

FRUIT-AND-NUT CHRISTMAS CAKES

GRAHAM CRACKER CAKE

in small pieces, raisins, currants, pieces of candied pineapple, etc., that have been soaked several hours in rich syrup or rum. The raisins and currants will be better if cooked tender first of all. Finish freezing the mixture. Line a melon-mold with the raspberry sherbet; leave enough of the sherbet to spread over the pudding; fill in the center of the mold with the pudding mixture, spread on the rest of the sherbet, cover with paper and with the cover of the mold. Let stand packed in three measures of crushed ice and one of salt an hour or longer.

Salambo

Cut a grapefruit in halves, crosswise. With a thin, sharp knife, cut around the pulp in each little section of the fruit so that the whole of each triangular section of pulp may be freed from the surrounding membrane and lifted out when eaten. Also cut the membrane, separating the sections and the core from the skin and remove all the membrane and the pithy center in one piece. Dispose the halves of fruit in grapefruit glasses, then set a circle or wreath of red bar-le-duc currants around the center of each. Powdered sugar may be sprinkled over the fruit before the preserve is set in place, but will be superfluous for most tastes.

Grape Juice or Raspberry Syllabub

Mix the juice of one lemon, one cup and a half of raspberry or grape juice and three-fourths a cup of sugar; when the sugar is dissolved, add one pint

SMALL GRAHAM CRACKER CAKES

of double cream and beat with a whip-churn. Stir down the first froth that rises, then skim off the froth to a sieve to drain. Turn the unwhipped mixture into glasses and pile the froth above. Serve, thoroughly chilled, with sponge cake or wafers, as a dessert dish.

Little Pound Cakes

Beat one-third a cup of butter to a cream; beat in half a cup of sugar, two egg-yolks, beaten light, half a tablespoonful of brandy or milk, three-fourths a cup of sifted flour, sifted again with half a level teaspoonful of baking powder, and one-fourth a teaspoonful of mace. Lastly, add the whites of two, eggs, beaten dry. Beat the mixture thoroughly. Dispose the mixture in very small tins; bake in a quick oven. Spread a little confectioner's frosting on the center of each and decorate the frosting with a bit or slice of candied cherry.

Poinsettia Wafers

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of granulated sugar and the grated rind and juice of half a lemon, the beaten yolks of two eggs and the white of one, beaten dry, and, lastly, flour to make a dough. Take the dough on the board (magic cover is best), a little at a time, knead slightly, roll into a sheet, and cut into shapes as desired. A cutlet cutter was used for the wafers shown in the illustration. Set the shapes in a buttered pan, brush over with the white of an egg, beaten slightly, decorate with strips of angelica or citron and candied or maraschino cherries to represent a poinsettia. Dredge with granulated sugar. Bake to a delicate straw-color.

Fruit-and-Nut Christmas Cakes

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; beat in one cup of sugar, half a cup, each, of chopped raisins and chopped nuts, two eggs, beaten light without separating the whites and yolks, half a cup of milk, one cup and a half of flour sifted again with two and one-half level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in small tins. Decorate with boiled frosting, small, red candies chopped pistachio nuts (green) and a red candle in a holder.

Graham Cracker Cake (Miss Reece)

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream, gradually beat in one cup of granulated sugar, then the beaten yolks of three eggs, one cup and a half of sweet milk, one pound of Graham Crackers, rolled fine and sifted, then mixed with two slightly rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and, lastly, the whites of three

Continued on Page 396

AFTER DINNER COFFEE, LIBRARY SERVICE

Balanced Menus for One Week in December

Any causes which increase the burden of securing adequate nourishment strike a blow at Nature's vital powers,—JORDAN.

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Corned Beef Hash
Fried Mush
Baking Powder Biscuit
Coffee Honey Cocoa

Dinner

Swedish Soup
Ham Baked with Cider
Hot Apple Sauce Chinese Celery
Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style
Little Pumpkin Pies, Whipped Cream
Coffee

Supper

Boiled Rice, Butter, Sugar
Baking Powder Biscuit, Reheated
Canned Fruit
Fruit-and-Nut Cakes
Tea

MONDAY

Breakfast

Fried Salt Pork (dipped in boiling water, then in flour, cooked slowly till crisp)
Small Potatoes, Baked
Coffee Cornmeal Muffins Cocoa

Dinner

Simple Vegetable Soup
Cold Baked Ham, Sliced Thin
Mustard
Mashed Potatoes
Hot Spinach Brown Betty
Coffee

Supper

Cheese Pudding, with Pimientos
Cold Spinach, Sauce Tartare
Cornmeal Muffins, Toasted
Orange Marmalade Tea

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Salt Mackerel Cooked in Milk
White Hashed Potatoes
Dry Toast Baked Apples
Coffee Doughnuts Cocoa

Dinner

Hamburg or Swiss Steak
French Fried Potatoes
Squash
Baked Tapioca Pudding, Vanilla Sauce
Coffee

Supper

Ham Ramekins
Parker House Rolls Stewed Crabapples
New York Gingerbread
Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Sausage Cooked in Oven
Fried Bananas
Parker House Rolls, Reheated
Buckwheat Cakes, Maple Syrup
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Simple Vegetable Soup
Roast Spareribs of Pork
Hot Apple Sauce Mashed Potatoes
Boiled Onions, Buttered
Cranberry-and-Raisin Pie (Mock Cherry)
Coffee

Supper

Hot Ham Sandwiches
Apple Sauce
Small Graham-Cracker Cakes Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Sliced Pineapple (canned)
Frizzled Dried Beef
Hashed Brown Potatoes
Boston Brown Bread (Reheated in Oven)
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Mock Bisque Soup
Cold Spareribs of Pork
Baked Sweet Potatoes Celery
Floating Island
Coffee

Supper

Broiled Oysters, Maitre d'Hotel Butter
Quick Yeast Rolls Celery
Canned Fruit Ginger Snaps
Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Creamed Salt Codfish, Poulette
Small Baked Potatoes Dry Toast
Coffee Orange Doughnuts Cocoa

Dinner

Finnan Haddie Croquettes
Sliced Potatoes Cooked in Milk
Brussels Sprouts
Delmonico Pudding, with Canned Peaches
Coffee

Supper

Scalloped Tomatoes
Baking Powder Biscuit (whole wheat flour)
Sweet Apples, Baked Neufchatel Cheese
Toasted Crackers Tea

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Cold Corned Beef, Sliced Thin
Lyonnaise Potatoes
Fried Mush, Molasses
Dry Toast
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Shoulder of Lamb, Boiled
Caper Sauce
Boiled Potatoes
Boiled Turnips
Prunes Stuffed with Nuts
Cream Coffee

Supper

Sardines
Dried Lima Bean Salad
Hot Boston Brown Bread
Cookies
Tea

Menus for Christmas Dinners

INSTITUTION

I.

Mock Bisque Soup
Spareribs of Pork
Apple Sauce
Onions in Cream
Squash
Mashed Potatoes
Celery
Mince Pie Cheese
Vanilla Ice Cream
Coffee
Nuts Raisins

II.

Swiss Soup
Hot Baked Ham, Cider Sauce
Apple Sauce, Cole Slaw
Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style
Scalloped Tomatoes
English Plum Pudding, Hard and Liquid Sauces
Coffee
Nuts Raisins

CHRISTMAS DINNER, OUT OF THE ORDINARY

Canopy of Tomato Jelly with Caviare
Crescent Olives Salted Cashew Nuts
Mushroom Consommé
Deviled Crusts
Broiled Smelts, Maitre d'Hotel Butter
Cucumber Salad
(with minute pearl onions and parsley)
Chicken Giblet Vol-au-Vent
Currant Jelly
French Peas
Young Goslings, Roasted
Chinese Celery, Prune, Apple-and-Nut Salad
Potatoes Scalloped, with Red and Green Peppers
Onions Stuffed with Creamed Brussels Sprouts
Mince Pie, with Apple Meringué
Frozen Pudding, Bombé Style
Mandarin Oranges Lady Apples
Bonbons Coffee

A GOOD ORDINARY CHRISTMAS DINNER

Cream of Celery or Oyster Soup
Roast Goose, Bread Dressing
Hot Apple Sauce
Mashed Potatoes Buttered Onions
Celery Hearts
Mince Turnovers
English Plum Pudding, Hard and Liquid Sauces
Table Raisins Assorted Nuts
Christmas Candy
Coffee

AN EPICUREAN CHRISTMAS DINNER

Oyster Cocktail
Chicken Consommé with Asparagus Tips
Lobster Newburgh en Cocotte
Roasted Capon Black Currant or Guava Jelly
Chestnut Croquettes
French Fried Sweet Potatoes
Buttered Brussels Sprouts,
Chinese Celery Cheese Toasted Crackers
Coffee
Nuts Raisins Bonbons

Remodeling the Conventional Christmas Dinner

By Jessamine Chapman Williams

AMERICAN customs are becoming more distinctive and characteristic. We like our own ways of doing things. We have fixed ideas regarding our *holiday celebrations*, which are typically American. The American Christmas celebration is becoming a distinctive one, and while we are beginning to prefer the same conventional Christmas dinner and Christmas dishes, year after year, little surprises and variations in the menu gives an added delight to the Christmas festivities. The same food may be served, perhaps, but in a new dress. The following Christmas Menu is the one usually served in thousands of homes, but this may be changed by slight variations without offending the time-honored customs and conditions now so thoroughly established.

The Usual or Conventional Menu

Oysters on the half shell.
Consommé Salted Wafers
Celery Olives
Roast Turkey — Plain Dressing
Mashed Potatoes
Squash Creamed Onions
Cranberry Jelly
Boiled Ham Cabbage Salad
Plum Pudding Mince and Pumpkin Pies
Vanila Ice Cream
Assorted Fruits and Candies
Coffee

A Variation of the Above Menu

Oyster Canapés
Consommé served with Whipped Cream in tall chocolate cups.
Boiled Turkey, Celery Sauce Chestnut Purée
Cranberry Frappé Baked Stuffed Onions
Baked Ham with Fried Apple Rings
Cabbage and Cocoanut Salad in Green Peppers
Plum Pudding Sandwiches
Pumpkin Pie Tarts, with Whipped Cream
Mince Pie Ramekins
Frozen Egg-nog Assorted Fruit and Candies
Coffee

Oyster Canapés

Instead of the usual raw oyster appetizer, try this. Grind oysters in the meat-grinder and season them as for oyster cocktail with Tabasco sauce, Worcestershire catsup, celery salt or chopped celery, and lemon juice. Spread thickly on oblong pieces of buttered toast, dot with bits of butter, moisten all with the strained oyster liquor, which has been heated carefully to the boiling point. Heat through in a very hot oven. Garnish by placing across each end of the toast chopped olives, and place a slice of lemon covered with chopped parsley on each plate. Serve very hot.

To Vary the Consommé

Serve a clear Consommé very hot in tall chocolate cups or iced tea glasses; garnish with whipped cream and set a straw in each cup to be used instead of bouillon spoons. This will add zest to the otherwise conventional soup.

To Boil the Turkey

The turkey may be stuffed or not, as wished, wrapped in cheese cloth and plunged into boiling water, using as little water as possible. Cover tightly and cook very slowly until tender. It may be garnished as attractively as when roasted, with strings of cranberries, celery leaves, and paper frills. To boil the turkey and bake the ham will be reversing the process from the usual roasted turkey and boiled ham, and this change will be enjoyed.

Serve the Turkey with Celery Sauce

Make a white sauce of the consistency of gravy. Add stewed celery, cut fine, and season well. The giblets, chopped fine, may be added if wished. The water in which the turkey is cooked may be used with cream for this sauce.

Cranberry Frappé

This is sure to appeal to all — a cool, tart, refreshing accompaniment to the turkey — and a pleasant change from the usual jelly or sauce. Cook the cranberries as for a sauce, strain, add sugar syrup and freeze to a mush. Serve in tall Champagne glasses a sprig of holly in each. Serve this with the turkey.

Chestnut Pureé

Substitute for the common mashed potato, a chestnut purée which looks like potato and is a delicious accompaniment to turkey. Boil the chestnuts as usual; mash them or put through a ricer; add a liberal supply of hot cream and butter, season with salt and pepper and beat until very light. A beaten white of egg may be added if wished.

Garnish the Baked Ham

With rows of almonds and raisins, set alternately in the fat surface.

Apple Rings

Are fried in deep fat and sprinkled with sugar while draining on paper. Place the rings over lapping, around the platter of ham.

Baked Stuffed Onions

Creamed onions are the usual accompaniment to roast turkey, but with boiled turkey, to bake them is best. Remove the centers of the onions after parboiling and fill with a mixture of chopped nuts and bread crumbs moistened with melted butter. Add the removed centers of the onions. Place in a casserole or covered dish, surround with milk or meat stock and bake until tender. Remove the cover, sprinkle buttered bread crumbs over the onions and brown quickly. The milk should be almost completely absorbed in the cooking. Baste occasionally during the process.

Cabbage-and-Cocoanut Salad

Cabbage seems to be the customary salad for ham or pork. To vary the common cabbage salad, the addition of cocoanut is a new and pleasant change. Shave the cabbage very fine and add one-fourth as much shredded cocoanut as cabbage; moisten well with a cooked cream dressing and fill green peppers with the mixture; garnish with cream dressing and a bit of green pepper or pimientoes cut in some fancy shape. Place the peppers in lettuce nests and serve with green pepper sandwiches, if the salad is made a separate course in the serving.

Plum Pudding Sandwiches

This is a method of serving individual portions of pudding. Cut the pudding like slices of bread. Spread each piece with a hard sauce one-half inch thick, cover with another piece of pudding, and pour brandy over each sandwich, ready to light. Lay a sprig of holly on each plate and bring the individual plates, aflame, to the table. Pass a brandy liquid sauce with the pudding.

Pumpkin Pie Tarts

Make the pies in deep patty pans and garnish each with whipped cream put through the pastry bag.

Mince Pie Ramekins

These are made with only one crust as the English pies, individual ramekins being filled with the hot mince meat, and pie crust placed on top. Place a piece of Edam cheese on the ramekin saucer when served.

Frozen Egg-Nog

The Christmas egg-nog is made as usual, but frozen and served as an appetizing accompaniment to the other desserts. An attractive method of serving is to fill egg shells, which have been opened carefully at the small end, with the frozen egg-nog and set the shells in egg cups.

An Old English Christmas Dinner

Roasted Little Pig Boiled Buttered Parsnips with Sausage Meat
Apple Compote Brussels Sprouts
Boiled Raisin Pudding
Pheasant Pie Currant Jelly
Plum Pudding, Brandy and Hard Sauce
English Mince Pie (deep, one crust)
Stilton or Cheddar Cheese and Crackers
Hot Punch (like the old Wassail Bowl)

No doubt the old ceremony of serving up the boar's head on Christmas (it is still observed in the hall of Queen's College, Oxford) has degenerated into serving something of the same nature, but really good to eat. The tiny pig may be roasted whole and served on a huge silver platter, decorated with rosemary, with a lemon or apple in its mouth, much the same as the old time boar's head.

The apple Compote may be used together with the sausage, shaped in balls as a garnish also for the pig.

The boiled raisin pudding is a customary accompaniment to fresh pork.

The vegetables are the usual ones served with this dinner and are cooked with sauces or other seasoning than butter, salt or pepper.

The Pheasant Pie (often times it is a pigeon, or quail or fowl) is a relic of the oldtime custom of serving a peacock pie at the solemn banquets of chivalry, when Knight Errants pledged themselves "by cock and pie" to undertake some wild and dangerous feat. The head of the bird is made to stand up above the crust on one side, its beak gilded, and the tail at the other in all its beautiful plumage.

The Plum Pudding is decorated with holly and is brought in flaming bright with burning brandy. It is served with hard and liquid sauces.

The Mince Pie is made with one crust, in a deep pudding dish or pan, and is served hot. English Cheeses and crackers may be served with the pie or later with the hot punch.

The Hot Punch is a relic also of the "Wassail Bowl" so renowned in the Christmas festivities. It is composed of ale or wine, highly spiced with nutmeg and ginger, sweetened; and roasted apples and toast are added. The butler serves this from a hugh punch bowl in the dining-room after the table has been cleared.

A Typical German Christmas Dinner

Roast Goose with Sausages
Chestnut Stuffing Giblet Gravy
Spiced Apple Compote
Boiled Red Cabbage and Apple
Carrots, German Style
Belgian Hare, Sour Cream Sauce
Kohl-rabi Salad, Parisian Dressing
All sorts of German Christmas Cakes
Almonds Candies
Crackers and Cheese
Cafe Noir

The Roast Goose is garnished with German sausages, water cress and bright red cranberries. Sausage meat is usually used with chestnuts as well for the stuffing. Chestnuts are added to the gravy

Spiced Apple Compote

Select red apples, cook in boiling water until soft, turning often. Remove skins. To the water add one-half cup of sugar, grated rind of a lemon, one inch stick cinnamon, the juice of one orange. Simmer until thick, then pour over the apples.

Boiled Red Cabbage and Apple

Slice red cabbage. Put one quart in a stew pan with two tablespoonfuls of butter or fat salt pork, cut in small pieces, salt, chopped onion, a few gratings of nutmeg, a few grains of cayenne and cook until the cabbage is nearly tender; then add one pint of apples, peeled and sliced very thin. The apple should entirely disappear in the cooking. More meat, bacon or pork can be used and will add flavor. This should be well seasoned.

Carrots—German Style

Clean and cut carrots in one-half inch cubes. Cover with boiling salted water and cook until tender. Drain, reserving water. Make a drawn butter sauce using carrot water to which has been added a little sugar and nutmeg. Pour the sauce, of which there should be one-half as much as vegetable, over the carrots and cook together for five minutes. Serve at once.

Belgian Hare—Sour Cream Sauce

Prepare a hare, split down the back and lard it. Brown slices of onion in bacon fat; add one cup of stock or water and bake, basting often. Allow forty-five minutes or one hour for baking. Add one cup of thick cream and the juice of a lemon, or one cup of sour cream and cook fifteen minutes longer, basting often. Pour the sauce around the hare and serve. The sauce may be strained and thickened if preferred.

Kohl-Rabi Salad—Parisian Dressing

Cook Kohl-rabi until tender in boiling salted water to cover. Drain, cool, and serve cold as a salad, over which is poured a French dressing, which has added to it chopped parsley red and green peppers, grated onion and celery salt.

The German Christmas Cakes are infinite in number. Many are made with a basis of almond paste. These can be ordered in cities from German bakeries. It would not be a typical German menu without the famous Christmas Cakes.

The Salad is usually served before the main course. If a soup is served, it is usually a vegetable and meat soup, well seasoned.

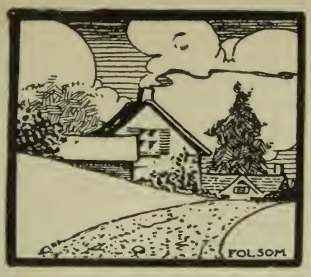
SHE

The book of verses underneath the bough,
I might write for you, but I fear, just now,
The loaf of bread is quite beyond my ken —
I can't cook — but, please like me anyhow.

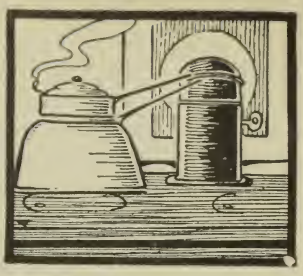
HE

The book of verses underneath the bough,
I might provide you, but, I fear, just now,
The loaf of bread is quite beyond my purse —
I'm broke — but won't you like me anyhow?

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.



HOME IDEAS & ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

If You Give Money

MONEY is oftentimes the most acceptable present one may give at Christmas time, especially where the tastes of the recipient are unknown. But it should be given in some novel, attractive manner, to relieve it of its cold, impersonal touch and to render it as Christmasy in effect as other gifts. Here are some unusual methods that have proven successful. It seems useless to say that the money should be crisp and new.

A long narrow box, such as peppermint chocolates sometimes come in, was filled by one woman with half dollars and labeled " Mint Wafers," then wrapped and tied in true Christmas fashion. Another box labeled the same was so in two senses of the words. Some new dimes were thoroughly sterilized and then pressed into the centers of some home-made mint wafers before they hardened.

The little glass jars that are filled with tiny sticks of candy gave another woman an idea. She rolled new one dollar bills into neat cylinders and wound narrow red ribbon around them to simulate sticks of candy. These were put into the glass jar and made a very gay appearance.

Still another woman procured dimes to the amount of five dollars and, stacking them neatly, wrapped the cylinder in holly paper and tied it with ribbon. One might substitute a dollar bill for the holly paper.

A small boy in his first trousers received a little purse filled to bursting with pennies. "Reddy money" was the inscription it bore. A girl noted for her bookish tastes was once presented with a most odd and convenient little book. It's title was "Notes of American Travel," and it consisted of ten one dollar bills bound together with Bristol board covered with holly paper and the title written with gold paint.

A most dainty raffia basket, shaped like a market basket, was filled with new coins of all denominations and on the card attached to the handle was written "Fresh from the money market." This gift was a contribution of some children to their housewifely mother.

A temporary invalid was surprised with a holly-covered powder box bearing a white label with this prescription: "Soothing Powders. To be taken in a financial panic. Kris Krinkle, Doctor." The box was filled with bills, each wrapped like a powder in white paper. One need not be an invalid, however, to appreciate this sort of gift.

One boy wanted a motor cycle lamp, so his sister gave him the money for it in his stocking. A number of small gifts, such as rings, pins or cuff-buttons, from the other relatives, were wrapped in dollar bills instead of the usual tissue paper, and several more bills were stuffed carelessly in the stocking, while the last one, a five dollar note, was

daintily wrapped in tissue paper and red ribbon along with her card, upon which she had written "$1+1+1+1+1+1+1+5=one motorcycle lamp."

A clever way is to use a series of envelopes, graduated to fit into each other, each bearing a verse or line, all pointing toward the gift of money, which should be enclosed in the last envelope.

Quite the quaintest conceit I ever saw was a tiny doll dressed in bank notes. The skirt was a five dollar bill plaited and fastened to the waist by red ribbon. A cape of another bill, plaited in the same manner, adorned the shoulders, and another bill was wound around the head for a bonnet.

It remained for a girl with an artistic bend to transform her gold into a thing of beauty With a bit of glue she fastened a five dollar gold piece to the center of her calling card and around it arranged some petals from an artificial daisy. It was sent in a box lined with green cotton and was, indeed, a daisy with a heart of gold.

A veritable Lady Bounty sent her son's family a large cake in which were baked a great number of coins ranging in value from a dime to a five dollar gold piece. The family were unaware of the "richness" of their cake until they began to cut it, and not until the last piece had been devoured were they able to realize its total wealth. Needless to say, the cake had no chance to grow stale! M. B. B.

* * *

Cold Weather Duties

WITH the first cool days of early fall, the housekeeper commences to formulate plans to make her family comfortable for the coming of winter, and her duties become more exacting, because so much depends upon the atmosphere of the house. In summer the normal person lives so much out of doors, windows and doors are constantly open; there is no care as to the heating of the house; social duties are of an informal character, and one takes life more easily. The gradual approach of winter brings such a change, from a house constantly open to the fresh breezes and direct sunlight to one almost constantly closed, that a little advice, on how to keep the rooms sweet, well-ventilated, and properly heated, will not come amiss.

Healthful animal or vegetable life cannot be sustained without fresh air in plenty. With the first chilly days we are apt to forget this and so keep the house too carefully closed against the air. Living in rooms that have not a proper supply of pure air lowers the vitality and makes one feel the cold much more. It is an error to think a house can be kept warmer without fresh air than with it.

Air the sleeping rooms the first thing in the morning. Have at least one window in the upper hall in which a ventilator can be placed; or if that be inconvenient, have a strip of board about four or five inches wide set under the lower sash. This will give fresh air without a draught, and is a good way to ventilate sleeping rooms, when one fears an open window. Always keep some rooms warm, while the others are being aired, then give them a thorough flooding with fresh air, when the first rooms are comfortable. The kitchen with its odors should be opened to the sunshine at every opportunity. It is a good plan to have a kitchen window opened always a few inches at the top. Then from the opened door there comes a draught that carries the impure air out of the window.

Fall cleaning need not be as energetic as that of spring. The walls need to be wiped down, as they are likely to harbor dust, the result of opening doors. Screens should be taken down, cleaned thoroughly, and wiped well with oil, to prevent rusting while in storage.

Although electric lights and gas are

in general use, they have not altogether displaced the kerosene lamp as yet, and in fact there are many housewives who prefer the old style lamp. But unless a lamp is kept in clean condition, it will furnish a poor flickering light, and give off unpleasant odors. Therefore lamp cleaning becomes a part of each winter day's routine, and the best time for the task is in the morning, since filling lamps by artificial light has been the cause of many a serious accident.

See that the fruit cellar is properly cleaned and in fit sanitary condition, for housing the winter's supply. An even temperature should be maintained. As much fruit is lost through a foul cellar as by imperfect sealing.

The care of the plumbing is an important duty. The housekeeper should see, at least once a day, to the thorough flushing of all pipes. The best time for this is after the morning's work is done. After the mid-day work is done, and again at night, the pipe in the kitchen sink should be thoroughly flushed with hot water, if possible. Once a week put half a pint of washing soda in an old sauce pan and add six quarts of hot water, place on the fire until the soda is dissolved, then pour the water in the pipes, reserving two quarts of it for the kitchen sink. M. C. K.

* * *

A Progressive Gift for an Invalid

WHEN half a continent stretches between one and an aged, shut-in friend, it is difficult indeed to think of a suitable gift. A California woman has solved the problem in this fashion: She writes to her aged mother:

"The enclosed ten dollars is for a continuous 'treat.' Every time Sister goes down town she must bring home some frivolous thing — something you do not need, and therefore would not buy. It may be a box of mints or chocolates, a bag of nuts, or, perhaps, a lot of California fruit which you can play came direct from our orchards."

"Other people who can go down town enjoy treating themselves and their friends, but you can do your ordering, and then treat the people who come to see you.

"But hurry up and spend this, for another ten is coming soon."

Now every invalid knows how much such little things count, the coming in of a surprise package, the candy-box hid under the pillow to be opened occasionally in the long wakeful hours of the night, the pleasant sharing with a caller, or something to give a little child. And to always have a treat on hand — ah, that is being rich when one is shut in.

Surely a progressive gift like this is better than a big one with a big thrill, soon over! L. M. C.

* * *

Some Swiss Dishes

White Soup

2 quarts of white stock 1 head of celery
1 medium parsnip 1 cup of mushrooms
1 cup of thin cream or 1 cup of milk with 1 egg yolk, well beaten
Dash of curry powder or speck of garlic

Cook parsnip, celery and mushrooms in stock until soft enough to rub through wire sieve; put pulp back into stock, add cream, or milk and egg mixture; carefully reheat to boiling point. Flavor with salt, speck of white pepper and dash of curry or about a large pea-size of garlic, crushed to pulp. Serve with tiny diamonds of bread, dried over night in oven, so they are quite white but very crisp.

Red Cabbage Hot

Slice or chop one small good head of red cabbage fine and throw into boiling water with speck of soda, cook fast for 30 minutes. Drain not quite dry, add generously of butter, some salt and two tablespoonfuls of mild vinegar (here they use sour wine).

Serve very hot with cold meat or any dry meat, like veal.

Swiss Dessert

Make one quart of gelatine and milk blanc mange, and flavor with almond slightly; put in ring mold to set. When quite firm, turn into round chop dish, fill center with canned red cherries and serve juice in small glass pitcher. Whipped cream would add to looks and richness. A. G. H.

* * *

MANY people have difficulty in cooking a small roast of beef perfectly, but I am sure, if they will carry out the following directions, they will succeed in having a perfectly cooked roast. Have your beef boned and rolled and be sure to tie it very securely. Allowing an hour for a four-pound roast, divide the time of cooking. Put your roast in a good hot oven and let remain half an hour, then remove from the oven and let it stand on the side table half an hour, returning it to the oven half an hour before serving time. I have done this since I discovered it three years ago and my only theory is that the cold air forces the heat towards the center and, consequently, every part of the meat is done equally well. Even when I roast my beef in a paper bag I follow out the same rule. H. I. S.

* * *

A Dessert and Salad

From one can of sliced pineapple, to serve four people on alternate days. (My cans contain eight slices.)

Pineapple Salad

Place one slice of pineapple on a heart-leaf of lettuce, garnish with strips of canned pimiento, placed in star fashion. Pour over all a highly seasoned French dressing.

Pineapple Dessert

Arrange slices of pineapple on small plates for individual service. Cut up about seven marshmallows in small strips — place on the pineapple as before. Let marinate for two hours in a few tablespoonfuls of pineapple juice from the can. In serving, place a small spoonful of beaten cream in center of each serving.

Two pineapple desserts from one pint can of chopped pineapple.

Pineapple Sherbet

One-half pint can pineapple, juice of two lemons, 2 cups of sugar, 3 cups milk, 1 cup cream.

The pineapple must be fine-chopped, and then mix all in order given. Freeze, let stand two hours. This will serve eight people liberally.

A Good Pineapple Dessert

One-half can chopped pineapple, one-half lb. cut-up marshmallows.

Mix together with silver fork. Let stand two hours. Mask with whipped cream, dotted with a few chopped cherries. G. P. W.

Two Songs

A song of anguished heartache
Went winging with the night,
Straight to the gates of sorrow
It took its aimless flight;
And hearts grown gray with grieving,
Eager to unlearn pain,
It stabbed again with sadness
Till teardrops fell like rain.

A little song of gladness
Went dancing with the day—
Love of a lad and lassie
Adown a flowered way,—
But light with silver foot-fall
And sweet as Springtime rain
It roused in each heart perfume—
A dream of lover's lane.

ELEANOR ROBBINS WILSON.

Every cow in every herd is regularly examined by our trained veterinarians, and must be absolutely healthy in every respect before the milk is used in the manufacture of

Gail Borden EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

THE ORIGINAL

All herds are well pastured, housed in scientifically sanitary barns, and properly fed—all of which insures pure, rich milk, from which Eagle Brand is made.

Send for

"Where Cleanliness Reigns Supreme,"
"My Biography," a book for babies,
"Borden's Recipes."

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"Leaders of Quality"

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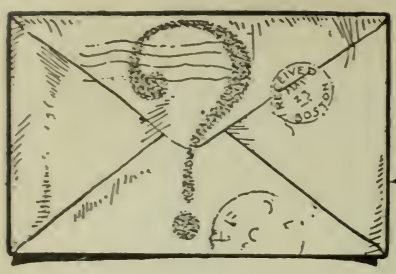
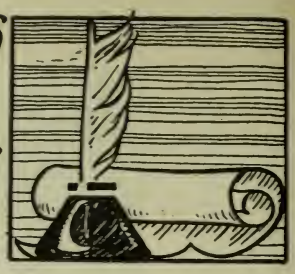


QUERIES & ANSWERS



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit $1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Dill Pickles

BOIL and skim three gallons of water, and two pounds of coarse salt. Select cucumbers from six to eight inches long. Wash and wipe them carefully, then put a layer of them in a big stone jar; one that will hold at least four gallons. Then put in a layer of grape leaves and a bunch of dill seed on the stalk. Go on in this way till the jar is full, topping it with plenty of cabbage leaves. On the very top put a large stone. Fill up with the brine, and let it stand. Quiet fermentation takes place. In about two or three weeks your cucumbers are done, and ought to be transparent, like amber, with a sub-acid flavor, which the grape leaves and stems give the cucumbers. F. D. P.

QUERY 2098. — "Recipe for New York Gingerbread."

New York Gingerbread

½ a cup of butter
1 cup of sugar
2 eggs
¼ a cup of mollasses
½ a cup of milk
2 cups of flour
3 tablespoonfuls yellow ginger
¼ a teaspoonful of soda

Mix as a cake is mixed, sifting the soda and ginger with the flour. Yellow ginger is designated; this is a mixture of ginger and tumeric; the tumeric gives the yellow color which is a characteristic of this fine-grained, cake-like gingerbread.

QUERY 2099. — "Recipe for Orange Crullers given a few years ago in this magazine."

Orange Crullers

2 eggs, beaten light
½ a cup of granulated sugar
¼ a cup of rich milk
2 cups of sifted flour
½ a teaspoonful of salt (scant)
1 teaspoonful of tartar, slightly rounded
¾ a level teaspoonful of soda
Grated rind of 1 orange

Add the sugar to the eggs, then the milk and flour sifted with the salt, soda, and cream of tartar, and, lastly, the grated rind. Mix to a dough.

On a floured board roll the dough, part at a time, into a sheet one-fourth an inch thick. With a cutter, about an inch and one-fourth in diameter, cut the dough into rounds. Put about one-fourth a teaspoonful of orange marmalade on a piece of dough and cover the marmalade with a second round; press the edges together close; fry in deep fat. The small end of a fluted, French patty cutter is a suitable utensil with which to cut out the crullers. Roll in powdered sugar after frying, if desired.

QUERY 2100. — "Recipe for Italian Spaghetti and Noodles."

Italian Spaghetti

Cook the spaghetti in rapidly-boiling salted water until done; drain, rinse in cold water and return to a hot saucepan; shake the pan over the fire to dry the spaghetti; add, for half a pound

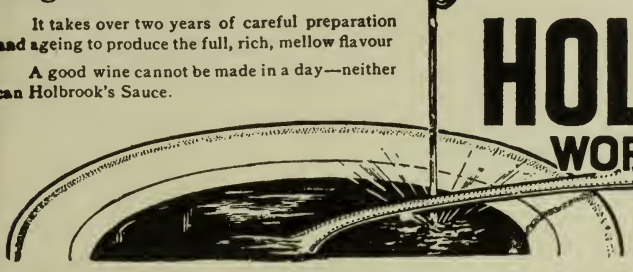
Imported Absolutely!!

Only the best and purest malt vinegar—made in our own breweries, on the banks of the River Stour, Worcestershire, England—is used.

It takes over two years of careful preparation and ageing to produce the full, rich, mellow flavour

A good wine cannot be made in a day—neither can Holbrook's Sauce.

"It is better to use no sauce at all than a sauce that is not Holbrook's."

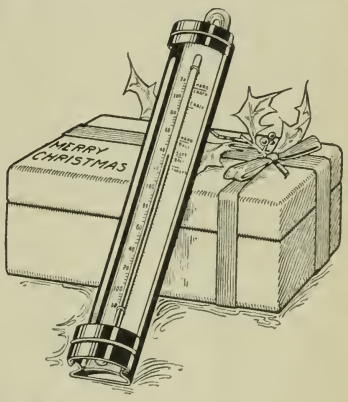


HOLBROOK'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

When making your Christmas candy

—you are particularly anxious to make it good; you want it **just right.**

Do this on the first try; don't tire yourself out fussing with it—use a thermometer and know the exact moment to take it off the fire.



Your dealer can supply you with a

"WILDER"

Home Candy Makers' Thermometer

which is **guaranteed accurate;** or upon receipt of $1.25 one will be mailed you postpaid.

Not only would you find this thermometer indispensable, but **your friend** *would appreciate one as a gift.*

Charles Wilder Co.
TROY, N. Y.

of spaghetti, half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, a scant quarter of a pound of grated cheese and one-fourth a cup of butter; shake the pan to melt the cheese and butter and distribute them evenly over the spaghetti.

Spaghetti, Italian Style (No. 2)

Cook the spaghetti as before and let stand to keep hot. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook one-fourth a cup of flour and half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper; add one cup, each, of tomato puree and rich brown stock (broth flavored with onion, carrot and celery) and stir until the sauce boils; pour the sauce over the macaroni and add two or three ounces of grated cheese; lift the spaghetti, with a spoon and fork to mix the ingredients thoroughly; let stand over hot water until very hot, then serve. The spaghetti may be broken in pieces about two inches in length before cooking, or, the whole lengths may be slowly coiled around in the boiling water and kept whole for serving. Americans usually break the spaghetti in pieces before cooking.

Noodles

To three eggs, slightly beaten, add a few grains of salt and enough flour to make a stiff dough; knead fifteen or twenty minutes; roll into a sheet as thin as paper (a piece of duck or a "magic cover" is the best surface upon which to roll the paste.) Let stand, covered with a cloth, about half an hour, to dry the surface. Roll the paste loosely like a jelly roll, then cut into very narrow threads or into ribbons one-fourth an inch wide. Separate the threads or ribbons and let stand an hour or more to dry. Cook about fifteen minutes in rapidly boiling salted water.

QUERY 2101. — "Recipe for Salt-Rising Bread."

Salt-Rising Bread

Into a pint of lukewarm water stir flour to make a drop batter. Let stand in a vessel of lukewarm water in a warm place, keeping the temperature as nearly 70° F. as possible. When light and foamy, in eight or ten hours, add a quart of lukewarm water, two teaspoonfuls of salt, and flour to make a batter rather stiffer than before. Keep at the temperature of about 70° F., and, when again light, turn into pans and, when nearly doubled in bulk, bake in an oven of ordinary temperature for bread. One-fourth a cup of corn meal may be stirred into the water with the flour when making the drop "batter." Two tablespoonfuls of sugar may be added with the salt when mixing the dough.

QUERY 2102. — "Recipe for Pot Roast cooked with Currants."

Pot Roast, with Currants

Purchase at least four pounds of beef in a solid piece from the vein of round. Have ready some hot salt pork fat or fat from the top of a kettle of soup in a frying pan; in this cook and turn the meat until it is seared and browned on all sides. Set the meat into a saucepan or iron kettle (the latter is the most suitable utensil), pour in a cup of boiling water, sprinkle over the top of the meat about two-thirds a cup of dried raisins, cover the kettle close, and let cook where the water will simply simmer very gently; add water as needed, just enough to keep the meat from burning. The cover should fit close to keep in the moisture. Cook until the meat is very tender. Remove the meat to a serving dish; stir into the liquid two level tablespoonfuls of flour and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, smoothed in about one-fourth a cup of cold water; stir until boiling, let simmer ten minutes, then pour over the meat or serve in a dish apart. Serve at the same time plain boiled potatoes, turnips or squash and cabbage.

Inside the Kettle and Out

MANY USES AND FULL DIRECTIONS ON LARGE SIFTER-CAN —— 10¢

QUERY 2103. — "Recipe for Cornmeal Muffins."

Cornmeal Muffins

3 tablespoonfuls of butter
½ a cup of sugar
2 eggs
¾ a cup of milk
1½ cups of flour
¾ a cup of cornmeal
3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder
½ a teaspoonful of salt

Beat the butter to a cream and beat in the sugar. Beat the eggs and add the milk. Sift together the dry ingredients; add to the butter and sugar with the liquids and mix thoroughly. Bake in a hot, well-buttered muffin pan about twenty-five minutes.

QUERY 210.4 — "Recipe for Salmon Timbales." "How are rosemary and kale used in cooking."

Salmon Timbales (Cooked Fish)

2 cups of cold cooked salmon, chopped fine
2 tablespoonfuls of butter
2 tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs
½ a cup of white stock or milk
1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley
½ a teaspoonful of salt
¼ a teaspoonful of paprika
2 eggs

Melt the butter, add the crumbs and stir until well blended; add the liquid, parsley and seasonings and stir until boiling; add the fish and the eggs, beaten without separating; turn into buttered molds; let cook on several folds of paper in a dish surrounded with boiling water. Serve, turned from the molds, with a sauce made of one-fourth a cup, each, of butter and flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful of pepper and two cups of white stock or milk, or half of each.

Salmon Timbales (Raw Fish)

½ a pound of raw salmon
2 egg yolks (raw)
1 tablespoonful of butter
1 tablespoonful of flour
½ a cup of chicken or fish broth
1 cup of double cream
2 egg-whites, beaten dry
½ a teaspoonful of salt
½ a teaspoonful of pepper

The salmon is weighed after the removal of all unedible portions. As purchased rather less than a pound is needed. Scrape the pulp from the fibres and pound to a smooth consistency; add the yolks and pound again. Before pounding the fish make a sauce of the butter, flour, salt and pepper as needed and the broth, and let this cool. Add to the fish and egg mixture and pound again; then fold in the whites of eggs, beaten dry, and the cream, beaten firm, also the salt and pepper. Thoroughly grease the inside of timbale molds with softened butter, then sprinkle with capers or chopped parsley and set aside to chill, when the decoration will be held in place. Fill the molds with the fish preparation, tapping them on the table, meanwhile, that the mixture may settle firm in the molds. Cook in the oven, on folds of paper and surrounded by boiling water until firm in the center. Serve with Hollandaise, drawn butter or fish Bechamel sauce. Capers may be added to the drawn butter sauce.

Use of Rosemary and Kale in Cooking

Rosemary is an aromatic herb used for marinating fish and some special meats. Kale is most commonly cooked as "greens," boiled and eaten as cabbage, with corned beef, etc.

Pompous Author (to veteran editor): "What would you advise a man to do whose ideas are in advance of the times?" Veteran Editor: "I would advise him to sit quietly down and wait for the times to catch up."

An Odorless Disinfectant

Means that your home is kept pure and sweet without a disagreeable hospital smell. Platt's Chlorides is absolutely without odor yet does the work quickly and thoroughly.

TWO SIZES--25 AND 50 CENTS

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Heisey's

Glassware

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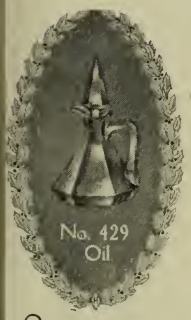
Newark, Ohio



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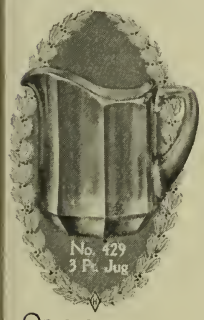

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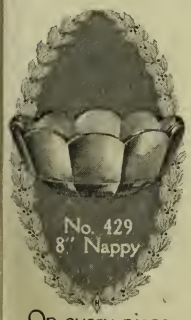

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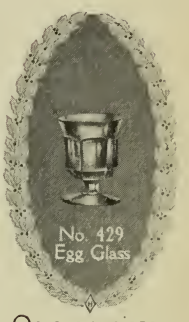

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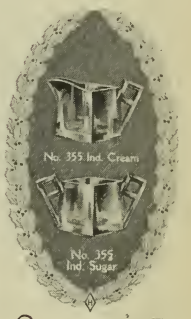

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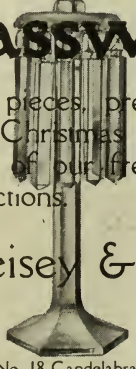

No 18 Candelabra

New Books

Dorothy Brooke Across the Sea. By FRANCES CAMPBELL SPARHAWK. Cloth, Ill. Price, $1.50; New York; Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

This is the fifth and final volume of the Dorothy Brooke books. It is probably, also, the best of the series. In it Dorothy goes abroad with her friend, Pell-Mell, and sees men and things. The scenes and events of the trip are beautifully described, and the modest bearing of the charming heroine loses naught of its fascination.

The experience of a young woman is always interesting; that of Dorothy Brooke is of a most sweet and lovable young woman. The story ends with her happy marriage. In this series of story books, now well known, Miss Sparhawk has portrayed in her heroine a character that is clean, wholesome and above reproach. No suspicion of taint can be found in these volumes. They are eminently fitted to find a place in the clean and healthy atmosphere of homes where young girls and boys are growing to maturity. They are an inspiration to noble living.

Recipes and Menus for Fifty, as used in the School of Domestic Science of the Boston Young Woman's Christian Association. By FRANCES LOWE SMITH. Cloth, Price, $1.50 postpaid; Boston; Whitcomb and Barrows.

The author says: "The object in publishing this collection of recipes and menus is twofold — to put them in a convenient and accessible form for our own graduates, who find them invaluable in their various fields of work, and for others who need tried and definite recipes for use in small institutions.

This is not a complete cook-book, although it furnishes material for a sufficiently varied menu. The recipes are those used by students in the preparation of meals in the school-home kitchen, as distinct from the laboratory; and have been collected and adapted, during a period of eleven years, from various sources — from personal experiments, from the school laboratory recipes, from student-matrons, and from numerous cook-books.

The recipes are given just as used in the kitchen of the School of Domestic Science, but a word of explanation is necessary. Our students are women living an indoor, semi-sedentary life, and are comparatively light-eaters. The conditions also are such that it is possible to plan more closely as to quantities than is usually practicable elsewhere. For these reasons, the quantities given will sometimes be insuffi-

Good cooking is largely a matter of proper seasoning

THE importance of knowing what seasoning to use and how to use it so that it will blend properly with the food being cooked cannot be overestimated.

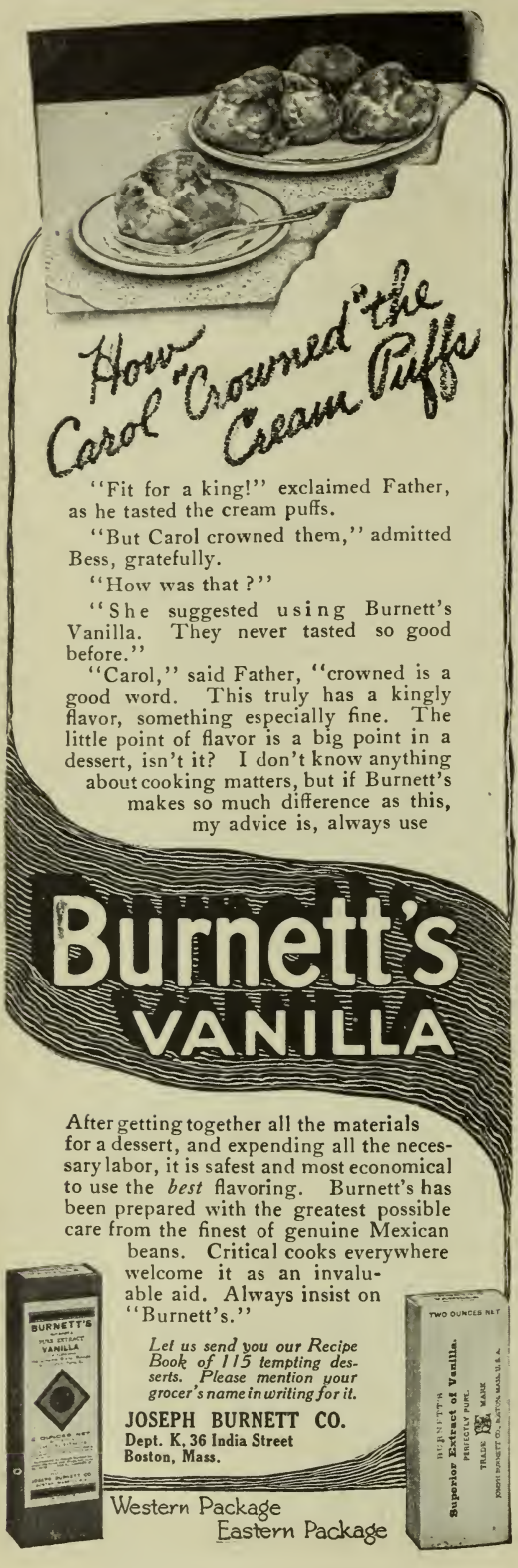
Knowing how to use just the right amount of the right kind of seasoning is essential to good cookery.

Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer has prepared a new book of recipes which will help any woman to a better knowledge of seasoning and will perhaps introduce some new and unique dishes to her culinary repertoire.

This book of Mrs. Rorer's will be sent free to anybody on request.

Just send your name and address on a post card to Department H-7, McIlhenny Company, Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

McILHENNY'S TABASCO SAUCE



cient for families of the same size; and again will be just right for smaller numbers as, for instance, summer camps, boys' schools, or college halls."

A book of this character is often called for by those who are engaged in catering where large numbers are to be fed. How this is done in one successfully conducted institution will undoubtedly be of assistance to many another who is likewise engaged. It has the authority of successful experience.

The Grocer's Encyclopaedia. By ARTEMAS WARD. Cloth, Ill. Price, $10.00; New York; 50 Union Square.

This is a compendium of useful information concerning foods of all kinds; how they are raised, prepared and marketed; how to care for them in store and home; how best to use and enjoy them; and much other information for grocers, general store-keepers and markets. The Encyclopaedia attempts to give some information on every known article of food and drink. There are eighty full-page plates in color, and four hundred and forty-nine illustrations. All these are excellent. The colored plates are the finest we have ever seen. In every respect it is a great and superb work.

Seasonable Recipes

Concluded from page 376

eggs, beaten dry. Bake in three layer cake pans about twenty-five minutes. Put the layers together with Mocha frosting. Spread Mocha frosting lightly over the top and sides, then decorate the top and sides with the rest of the frosting. Use a pastry bag and very small five-pointed tube, in piping the frosting. The cake may be baked in a dripping pan and cut into individual cakes.

Mocha Frosting

Beat half a pound of butter to a cream; gradually beat in two cups and a half of sifted confectioner's sugar and a scant quarter a cup of very strong black coffee.

The "SINGLE DAMPER" in

Crawford Ranges

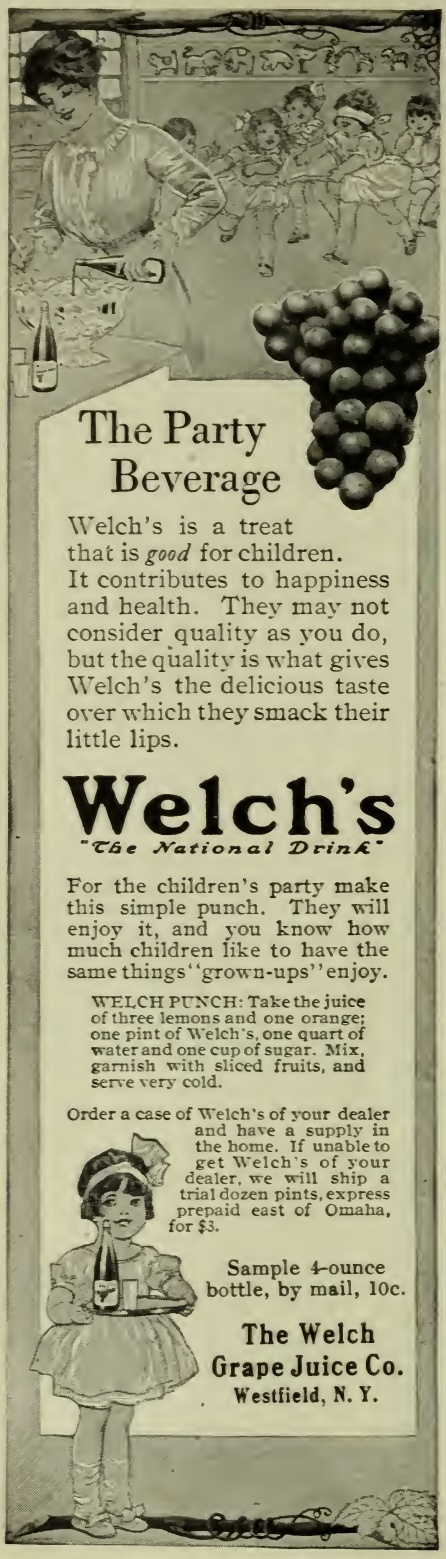
is the **greatest improvement** ever made in stoves. By one motion it regulates the fire and oven—push the knob to "Kindle", "Bake", or "Check"—*the range does the rest.* Better than two or more dampers. Have you seen it? This **Single Damper** is patented—no other range has it.

The deep **Ash Hod**—instead of the old clumsy ash pan—with coal hod beside it (patented) is easy to remove—dosen't spill ashes.

Gas ovens if desired; end [single] or elevated [double].

Crawford Ranges are Sold By Progressive Dealers Everywhere.

Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co., Makers, Boston



The Cross Squirrel

Once there was a squirrel that did not like his home, and he used to scold and find fault with everything. His papa squirrel had long, gray whiskers, and so was wise — besides which he could shake his whiskers quickly.

"My dear, as you do not like your home, there are three sensible things you could do:—

"Leave it, or change it, or suit yourself to it. Any one of these would help you in your trouble."

But the squirrel said,—

"Oh, I do not want to do any of those: I would rather sit on a branch of a tree and scold."

"Well," said the papa squirrel, "if you must do that, whenever you want to scold, just go out on a branch and scold away at some one you do not know."

The little squirrel blushed so much that he became a red squirrel, and you will notice to this day red squirrels do just that thing.—*Selected.*

Knew her Rights

"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the boy in buttons who was conducting her. "I ain't goin' to pay my money for a pigsty with a measly little foldin' bed in it. If you think that just because I'm from the country ——"

Profoundly disgusted, the boy cut her short. "Get in, mum, get in," he ordered. "This ain't yer room. This is the elevator."

"Ye have a fine bunch of boys, Mike," said one Irishman to another. "Indeed I have, and I've never had need to raise hand against 'em excipt in self-difince!"

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We will compose music to your verses, publish, advertise, copyright in your name and pay you 50 per cent of profits if successful. We pay hundreds of dollars a year to amateur writers. Send us your poems or melodies to-day. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Examination and advice FREE.
DUGDALE CO., 225 Dugdale Building, Washington, D. C.

Mother says: "You will find Carnation Milk a wonderful help in good cooking and good kitchen management."

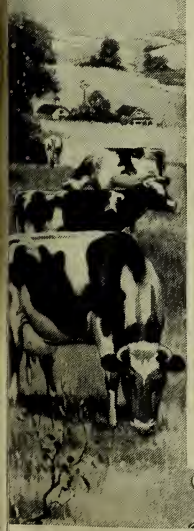
"I know that Carnation Milk is perfectly pure. It is free from germs and is clean and sweet. It has all the food value, too, that it has when milked from the finest cows. For household use it has many advantages over bottled milk.

Carnation Milk

From Contented Cows

is economical—you do not waste it through not having uses for it, as you will waste other milk of which you would get a certain quantity every day. Use it, as I do, in your cooking and on the table. You'll find that it gives a splendid flavor to everything—whether you cream vegetables, make bread, pastry, custards or puddings, or use it in any other way in your cooking."

The dairies which produce milk for us are inspected by careful, experienced men who also instruct the dairy owners how to handle and keep the milk in a sanitary condition from the time it is milked until we receive it. In our condenseries copper and glass-lined tanks hold the milk during the different stages of our process. These are cleaned as carefully every day as your own milk-pitcher. In evaporating the milk we use heat higher than the pasteurizing degree. After hermetically sealing it in the cans it is thoroughly sterilized.



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General Offices: Seattle, U. S. A.

Minute Gelatine

The most popular dessert gelatine in the world. It makes beautiful desserts that satisfy one's pride; it makes delicious desserts that are always the delight of every guest. Comes ready measured—four envelopes, each making one pint. Dissolves instantly. Be sure to send your grocer's name and yours on a postal for

SAMPLE FREE, enough to make one pint; also Minuteman Cook Book.

The familiar picture of the Minuteman is on every package of genuine Minute Gelatine.

MINUTE TAPIOCA CO., 613 W. Main St., Orange, Mass.

The Dessert is the most glorious part of a good meal.

Plum Pudding is acknowledged to be the most delicious and satisfying of all winter desserts—but the Plum Pudding must be good and it must be pure to be throughly enjoyed. For over 71 years

ATMORE'S

PHILADELPHIA

Plum Pudding

has been recognized as not only the most delicious but the purest.

It saves time and worry in the household, and is as pure and free from adulterations as though you made it yourself. No trouble is required to prepare it.

Simply place the can in water and boil for two hours. For sale by the leading grocers everywhere.

ATMORE & SON

110 Tasker Street **Philadelphia**

In Brillat-Savarin's great work, "The Physiology of Taste," are axioms as profound — at least, as entertaining — as ever Plato or Epictetus set down. For example:

"Digestion, of all bodily functions, has most influence on the morals of the individual."

"A good dinner is but little dearer than a bad one."

"The most momentous decisions of personal and of material life are made at table."

"The fate of nations depends on how they are fed."

"The man of sense and culture alone understands eating."

"The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of the human race than the discovery of a planet." — *Exchange.*

Deep breathing aids digestion, encourages liver and bowel action, develops the lungs, and purifies the blood. The only directions needed are: Hold the chest high and breathe as deep as you can ten or twenty times every hour, or oftener. The best "breath" gymnastics are swimming, hill-climbing, and rapid walking or running. Always breathe through the nose. In walking, always hold the chest high and carry it well to the front. Swing the arms moderately, and walk fast enough to hasten the breathing a little. Nine miles a day at the rate of three miles an hour is the proper distance for the average adult. Most housekeepers and laborers do more.

An English rector preached a severe sermon on the eternal fate of the wicked. Meeting an old woman noted for her gossiping disposition, he said to her: "I hope my sermon has borne fruit in your mind. You heard what I said about that place where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth?" "Well, as to that," answered the dame, "if I 'as anything to say, it be this: Let them gnash their teeth as 'as 'em,— I ain't!"— *Youth's Companion.*

From the Deep, Blue Pacific

AVALON (Brand) TUNA

California's Fish De Luxe

A special treat from the clear waters of the Pacific Ocean.

AVALON Brand TUNA is a deep sea fish, and it is common knowledge that deep sea fish are the best in flavor. The deep sea TUNA, found off the coast of Southern California and packed under the AVALON BRAND, has the most delightful flavor of them all.

Open up a can of AVALON Brand TUNA—take out the fresh, sweet, pure white tuna meat—take it just as it comes from the sanitary package, and make it into a salad—serve this salad to your family and guests and see if they can tell it from tender breast of chicken. **They simply can't.**

For Savory Dinner Dishes

—It beats meat in many ways.
—It is less expensive and easier to serve.
—You can prepare it in a hundred different ways, either as fish or meat.
—Order a trial can from your grocer.

Tuna Receipt Booklet
Silver Premium List **FREE**

The labels from AVALON Brand TUNA tins may be exchanged for Rogers' guaranteed Silver Premiums.

Write for our complete list of these valuable premiums and our FREE Receipt Booklet.

The Van-Thomas Company
353 EAST SECOND ST.
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For holiday dinners —here's a fine first course

—delicious clam soup from Pioneer Minced Sea Clams. Only in the sparkling white sand of the North Pacific shores are tender, juicy Razor clams like these found. They're packed when fat and tender. Each clam is individually cleansed. You get the fresh sea flavor—preserved by our process, originated in 1894.

PIONEER MINCED SEA CLAMS

Sold by grocers who cater to the most particular trade. If you can't find them

Order a Can by Parcel Post

Makes 1 1-2 quarts delicious soup, 1 quart chowder. Send 25 cents for full sized can, mentioning grocer's name. At least write for

Free Book of Recipes

for making soups, chowder, salads, fritters, and other delectable dishes with Pioneer Minced Sea Clams. Give dealer's name.

Sea Beach Packing Works
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BY PARCEL POST PREPAID $2.00

SIX CUT GLASS SHERBERTS

You can serve Fruit Salads, Desserts or Preserved Fruits in these dainty cut glass dishes. No luncheon or dinner complete without them. They are absolutely guaranteed cut glass. Money back if not pleased. Order direct from this advertisement.

We are not even going to the expense of printed matter. All unnecessary expense is saved for you in buying direct from our factory. Order now for Christmas.

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ORIENTAL CUT GLASS CO.

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SEND us two NEW yearly Subscriptions at $1.00 each and we will renew your own subscription one year free, as premium.

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE CO.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

All of the trouble that the housekeeper has with Canned Foods is caused by imperfect tin cans or difficulty in opening the can.

Occasionally the solder used in making the can does not run evenly, causing a very slight hole which allows the air to gradually leak into the can, resulting in an accumulation of gas and spoilage of the contents. Such cans always show the presence of gas by puffing or swelling at the top or bottom.

Before opening a tin of Canned Foods of any kind, whether they be packed at home or not, you should examine the top and bottom, and if they are convex or puffed it is a sure indication that the contents is spoiled and should be discarded.

If the can is perfect you can be sure that the contents are in perfect condition. In opening remove the label so that you can see the seam on the side of the can; lay the can on its side and insert the can-opener right next to this seam and very close to the top. Now hold the can firmly on the table in an upright position and work the can-opener away from the seam until you have cut entirely around the can. You will then be able to turn back the entire top, and if the can is held firmly there is no danger of cutting the hands and the fruit will not be mutilated when it is poured from the tin.

Robert: "Mamma, my stomach says it is dinner time." Mamma: "You'd better go and see what time it is." Robert (after an inspection of the clock): "Well, mamma, my stomach's three minutes fast."—*Life*.

Your attention is called to the advertisement of the Sawyer Crystal Blue Co. on the cover of this magazine. This firm is making a very attractive offer of evaporated cranberries by parcel post. Drop a postal to them at 88 Broad Street, Boston and have them send you the particulars of their offer.—Adv.

Formal Dinner and Luncheon in January

Dinner

Crabflake Cocktail

Game Consommé

Olives Celery Salted Nuts

Oysters, Lansdale Style

Small Fillets of Venison, Chestnut Purée

Brussels Sprouts

Celery, with Marrow and Madeira Sauce

Individual Chicken Pies, Puff-Paste Crust

Romaine-and-Grapefruit Salad

Macaroon Ice Cream with Strawberries

Marrons Bonbons

Coffee

Luncheon

Grapefruit-and-White Grape Cocktail

(grapes skinned and seeded)

Fillets of Fish, white, with Asparagus and Mushrooms

Hot House Cucumbers, French Dressing, with pearl onions

Clover Leaf Biscuit

Chicken à la King

Salad Germaine

Sultana Roll, Claret Sauce

Assorted Cakes

Coffee

TABLE LAID FOR LUNCHEON

The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XVIII JANUARY, 1914 No. 6

THE DINING-ROOM

Story of an Interior

Mantie L. Hunter

THE road had proved long and steep and our climb had been a hard one, but we had, at last, reached a point where we could afford to build a new house. Then began a contest — a sort of internecine war—that was short and sharp, and marked by the renaming of one combatant.

Our house was one of the oldest in the town, and stood on one side of a large, tree-shaded lawn. There was ample room at the side of the old house to build the new one. We had our plans drawn and estimates made, and then we dallied and delayed until our architect lost not only his patience but his temper. Finally,

Jack voiced the trouble with all of us but Grace.

"Hang it! Mater," — he had been a hundred in Latin the day before — "I'd rather ten times over live in the old house and have the big yard to loaf in."

John and I looked at each other in silent approval. It was not so much the "big yard" with us as leaving the house which had partaken so largely of our joy, and that had infolded us with protecting tenderness, when sorrow threatened to overwhelm us.

And then Grace set up a protest that by its very vigor saddled her with a new name.

"I think," I ventured timidly, "that this house might be made pretty livable with a few changes and some new furniture."

"New furniture!" snorted Jack contemptuously. "when you have an attic full of grandmother's old stuff. What you want is an upholsterer and a refinisher."

At that I saw a great light and so did John. His face fairly beamed while he rubbed his hands together in a sort of approving ecstacy, which proved his good nature, as it was my mother's "stuff."

"We can't — I'll never — I — Oh! it's bad enough to live in an old house — but to have to sit on old furniture — I think it would be too dreadful! I want a new house and — new — fur — furniture." Grace ended with a frank sob and a blind search for a handkerchief.

"She wants things new and shiny," said Jack with scorn. "Varnish! She ought to be named Varnish, that's what she had."

And he called her Varnish, after that, whenever she tried to obstruct the remodeling of the old house, which was so often that the name finally stuck so fast that the poor child could not shake it off. Time has softened it to Varnie, and Varnie

THE LIVING ROOM
(THE FOOT-HOOK CAN BE SEEN IN THE UPPER LEFT OF BOOKCASE)

THE PARLOR

she will be to the end of her chapter.

We began by converting the kitchen into a dining-room, and making a new kitchen by throwing a big pantry and an old-fashioned " sink-room " together. To the old dining-room we added a bay and some built-in bookcases and we had a library or living room over twenty feet long by sixteen wide. Our former living room became the " parlor." The old kitchen was sixteen feet square, with a big chimney of some kind on one side. We did not know exactly what it was, for it had been bricked up and boarded across. We thought there might be a fireplace, because there was a sunken brick hearth upon which our range stood poised upon blocks of varying thickness.

We tore off the boards and took out the bricks, and, lo! the old fireplace, within which so many generations had cooked their meals, and the brick oven, where so many savory loaves had browned, stood revealed. The fireplace was in perfect repair even to the eye for holding the crane but the hearth was giving way and the oven was falling down. We replaced the bricks in the hearth with a stone, and in the process found a " foot-hook " used for drawing out the crane. It was made from a naturally crooked root, with one end whittled to represent a foot. It is the only thing of the kind I have ever come across.

We took out the oven and fashioned a china closet where it had been. We left the wood mantel and the paneling over it, but above the panels we extended a plate shelf. We also left the horizontal paneled wainscoting and the " cross-doors." The wall we covered with a deep canary-colored paper and had the wood work and moulding painted a leather color.

The living room was finished in oak, with bookcases to match. On the walls we used a plain brown paper with a golden tone, topped with

an oak moulding. The parlor woodwork was enameled in white, and a soft, pale green paper was placed on the walls with white moulding above. The bedroom, which opened off the library, had a grayish brown paper that toned well with the high, old-fashioned, black-walnut furniture. All the ceilings were papered with the same cream-colored paper. Space for double folding doors was cut between the parlor and the living room.

Adjoining what had formerly been the kitchen was a roomy porch, where the maid had done the washing in summer, and where the cat had shivered in winter, when she was in disgrace for too much investigation. This we lighted, and converted into a summer living room, where in daytime we could look over the shadow-swept lawn, and at night could read, or doze, or play a game of whist.

Then we made a raid on the attic. After we had begun the unearthing, Jack became wildly enthusiastic, while Grace plainly sulked. And really, it was rather a sorry sight. The furniture was dingy and dilapidated, and the old Staffordshire ware covered with the dust of decades. And the baskets, which had held the mending and the food of by-gone generations, were disreputable looking affairs. But it is remarkable what energy, and soap, and a good cabinet maker, can accomplish with the genuine contents of an old attic.

The hand-carved mahogany chairs and davenport we had refinished and upholstered in green and gold and old-rose haircloth, for which a fifty-year-old flowery carpet furnished a good setting. Jack made a raid on the store-room of a great aunt and came home triumphant with some opal-glass curtain knobs, and a pair of glass dolphin candlesticks that are so old that the holders are of pewter. These gave the antique finish that was needed to complete the parlor.

Grandfather's walnut chest, which he had made himself, was refinished,

A BEDROOM

and placed underneath grandmother's gilt-framed looking-glass with the painted picture, which hung in the bedroom. The bed was covered with an old, hand-woven coverlid, as was the couch in the living-room. The one on the bed is the unusual grape-vine pattern, with the most interesting border I have ever seen. It has in it the motto, " E Pluribus Unum," the flag, the eagle holding the arrows, and the state house. The other is the sunburst pattern with a beautiful rose and bird border.

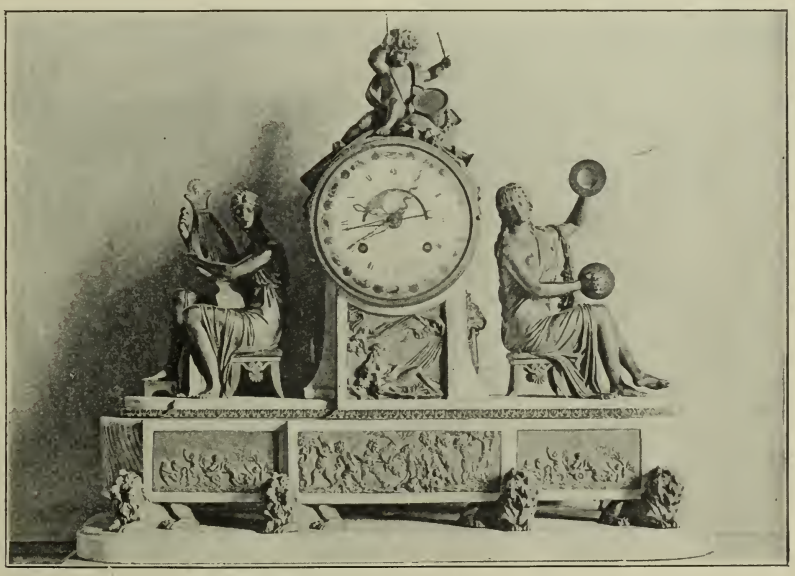
The result of our work was satisfactory to John and me, and eminently so to Jack. Before the final touches were put on I sent the children to an aunt for a month's visit. I wanted them to see the finished product, but not the making of it.

When Jack caught his first view, his hat went up in the air and he caught me and swung me in a dizzy whirl. " It's great! It's glorious!" he shouted.

Grace — Varnie by this time — did not seem especially depressed, but of course, logically, she could not approve.

" Look at your hat on the floor!" she exclaimed. " If we had a new house, we would have a hall where you could hang it."

" Hang a hall!" he retorted, " What's a hall compared to a big treey lawn — and this," — he spread wide his arms comprehensively. " Varnish!" he added, contemptuously.

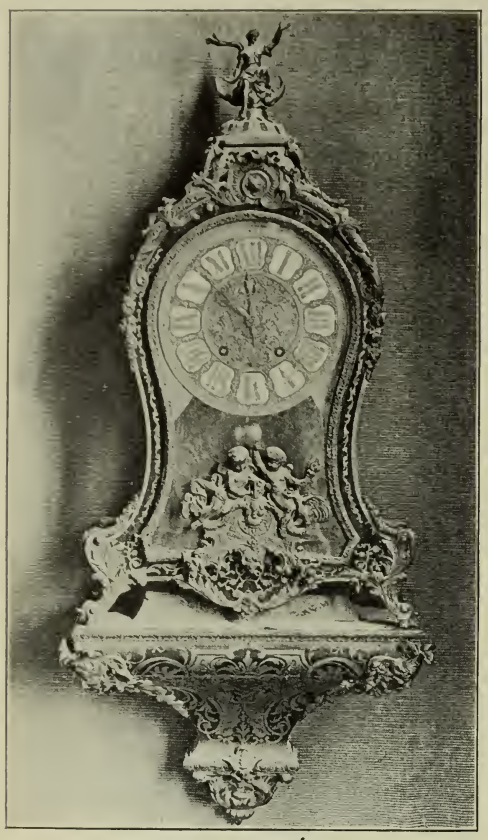


EPOQUE LOUIS XVI.

The Ornamental Clocks of France

By Frances Sheafer Waxman

THERE was a time, not so very long ago, when every American household of any pretentions, whatever, possessed an onyx or marble French clock. This ornament was proudly ensconced on



EPOQUE REGENCE

the mantle shelf, together with such bric-a-brac as was deemed worthy to share its conspicuous position. Not infrequently, when the clocks were of gilded bronze, they were covered with the bell glass, once used to preserve wax flowers from the dust. Whatever has become of all those wax groups of fruit and flowers? Being useless decorations they have disappeared, probably to the remotest, dustiest corners of the family attic. The clocks though, having a genuine raison d'être, and being moreover excellent time-keepers, remain to mark the passing of a fashion in decoration that sometimes sets us wondering if the Mission style is, after all, an improvement on those that have gone before.

The French clock, as it has been copied and distributed throughout the world, is certainly out of key with most of the surroundings in which it finds itself, for the clock in France was from the first regarded as much as an ornament as a utility, and it was designed to fit the sumptuous interiors of the days when France led the world in her luxurious living appointments. The marvelous workmen of the Louis periods did not neglect the clock, in their selection of a field for the display of their talents. They may have been indifferent mechanicians, but they were designers without peer, and no doubt many a reproduction of their work has found its way to this country, to be relegated, at last, to some totally unsympathetic environment, very far away in taste and intention from the scenes and the inspiration which first called it into existence.

EPOQUE LOUIS XV.

The earliest French clocks were of two quite opposed sizes: the great city clocks which told the time from the tower of the town hall, and the tiny ornamental bibelots which occupied a place of honor on the tables of princely apartments. Many of the famous town clocks are still doing duty in their original settings. The beautiful clock at Bruges has inspired many a poet to sing of its musical chimes, and the historic time-piece has clung to its old-fashioned habits, for it has even to-day to be wound four times every twenty-four hours. The indoor, portable clocks were considered an important invention, when they first appeared, and every one, who could afford hastened to order one so that he "might know the time wherever he might be." They were made of real precious metals, and embellished with much hand-made ornament. Silver and gold inlays were common, as was, later, the beautiful marquetry for which the eighteenth century wood-workers were renowned.

Truth to tell, these elaborate clocks kept rather inaccurate count of the passage of time. They had a great many functions to perform besides telling the hours. They had appliances that marked the tides, the courses of the planets, the rising of the sun and moon, the eclipses, and a lot of other more or less useful information. Often they had very intricate, mechanical, toy attachments, and were equipped with a variety of little figures which went through quite complicated gyrations every time the clock struck. There would be graceful ladies, with a troup of trained monkeys, who had to perform in order that the onlooker might know it was twelve o'clock. Cocks crew, victories crowned kings, armed knights drilled, birds sang, every time the hour passed. It was a conspicuous way of telling them off, at any rate.

Even in the reign of Louis XIV clocks were looked upon as of sufficient novelty to be given as kingly gifts, and many an ambassadorial visitor to the Court went away with, not one, but, perhaps, a dozen small clocks of exquisite make. Things were done on a magnificent scale at the Court of France during the Sun King's reign.

It was at a somewhat later date that clocks took up their position on the chimney shelf, a place they have since unquestioningly held. In France they formed, with two vases and two pendant candlesticks, a group known as a "chimney-trimming." Since, at that time, all chimneys had their mirrors, the clock-makers were obliged to take account of the fact that the reverse of their time pieces was also visible, and hence had to be treated "in the round," much as a statue would be.

Wall clocks had a vogue in France and, at one time, the tall standing clock of our Colonial days was made there in a somewhat glorified form. The case was naturally given every attention as a medium to exploit the wood-worker's and the metalist's art. Many of the best examples of these clocks have been preserved in the French museums and may be seen and studied still by the interested traveler. Nothing like them is made now-a-days, except as copies of these good old models. We have not time to spend years, as did the people of other days, in arriving at mere perfection of form. On the other hand, we can and do make more accurate and reliable time-keepers than could the most gifted of the artisans of long ago. In our day science has made greater strides than art.

Two City Girls Pioneering in Arizona

By Julia Davis Chandler

THE day of the canvas-covered ox-wagon is past. We helped these girls pack to go by the express train of to-day from a big Eastern city. Smart in spring toggery they looked, alert and bright, just they two, bag and baggage, to join a young married sister whose husband had located a claim in a newly settled valley of Arizona. She was lonely; there was the first baby in the family to be seen; would not her two sisters come out there and take up a quarter section close by, while the land was to be had?

And so, leaving a big Pennsylvania home, "up-state" and city office position that one held, and a fine nursing practice the elder had established, the two set forth, not scuttling all their ships, for they frankly said: "If we do not like it, if we do not succeed, we shall return."

First came a picture postal, a queer scene, purchased while aboard the "tourist sleeper," that one may take at Washington, or Chicago, and not change thereafter; on it they said all was going well and salt pretzels and peppermints had averted car-sickness. Then came the following account of their experiences during the first six weeks.

"Dear Folkses at home:"

"For this letter is written to the whole family, as we do when we write home. We have been out here now almost six weeks, but it really doesn't seem possible, as they have been the busiest, and I think the most interesting ones of my life. I thought there would be nothing much to do here and perhaps there won't be after we have seen it all. We stayed with Estelle a week; both she and the baby are well and the baby is dear, and not yet can we decide whether she is to be named Martha or Elizabeth. At the end of a week we moved on to our own claim and have been living here ever since; we think it one of the most perfect places to live in we have ever seen, although I don't know whether we will ever be able to make a living or not, on account of the dry weather, but the old settlers seem to be able.

We have had some very thrilling experiences already. First we were taken all over the valley to look at the vacant land, but we couldn't see anything we liked, until Mr. M—— brought us up here and we fell in love with it at once. Where Estelle lives the country is absolutely flat, with not a bush nor a tree in sight, but we are about four hundred feet higher than she is and six miles south, just at the foot of the mountains. Our land is a mile and a half long, with part of it a quarter of a mile wide and part a half-mile wide. The country up here is rolling and about one-quarter of it is covered with trees which we like very much. However, this ground has not been surveyed by the Government yet, so we were not able to file on it and hold it. The homestead law is that you can file on your claim and then you have six months to build your house and get ready to live on it. Well, as this was not surveyed, the only way to hold it is to live on it, or "squat", as the term is here.

Late on Saturday evening, after we had decided to take this land, we heard that two families had come in that afternoon, and were going to move on the next morning; so if we wanted it we had to move that night, to get there first.

In half an hour we had all our belongings, with bedclothes, trunks, cooking utensils, grub and two tents ready to

start. We came up over the prairie in the night arriving here about eleven p.m., and slept right out under the stars. Rosa and I came with our brother and his father; of course Estelle and baby could not take the trip. It surely was great.

Then, the next morning our neighbors came to help us put up the two tents, hauled wood for us, and fixed us up ready to live. The grass was very long and just as dry as straw, so, for fear we should have a fire the men decided they would burn the grass off around our tents, but the fire got away from them. It burned one of our tents, got in our wood pile, and almost burned everything we had, but we saved one tent and our other things. That fire went over the prarie the fastest of anything you ever saw. I guess it burned about eight miles before the people in the valley got it conquered. It was a bad introduction and we surely were frightened, that is, however, all the bad luck so far.

Our tent gone, we have had to live in a little tent, 8 x 10, where we can just stand up in the middle; still we surely have been enjoying it. We cook above a hole in the ground, with a piece of tin over the top, but you never tasted anything in Philadelphia as good as what we cook on that stove. We have the stove, woodpile, water barrel and Rosa's trunk on one claim, while just over the line we have the tent and my trunk, so as to hold down both claims.

Our housekeeping is not strenuous, as you may know, but how we do run around and enjoy ourselves! Our claims join the State Forest Reserve, on the West, so we will never have any neighbors there; the mountains start there and we do have a time exploring. We often start just as soon as we have had our breakfast, take a lunch along, and get back about five or six, ready for our supper, I can assure you! We can lie down wherever we please, as the ground is perfectly dry. It has rained just once since we have been here and is not likely to rain again until June, because this is the dry season. Of course, nothing will grow now, but the farmers get their ground ready and then plant things about June, so that things are in the ground when the wet weather does come. When the rains begin, it rains every day for a month or two and things hum then. You see they must raise things that will mature quickly after that, before the frosts come.

We are getting our ground ploughed. It is very hard as it has been beaten by the rains of centuries. We are also getting posts hauled for wire fence, and will get a horse as soon as we have a place to keep it. We have the lumber ordered for a house, too, and it should come now any day, and then it will be more like living, for when we have our two cots set up in the tent, there is only about three feet in which to move, but then we have the whole of the outside world to stretch in!

This was once Mexican territory, and Mexico gave a strip of land through here twenty-five miles long and three miles wide to two men for a loan, and these men still own this grant. Of course, that is not open for homesteading, and we are right on the southern edge of that grant, and it lies between Estelle and us. It also happens that in the six miles from her place to ours we do not pass a single house. Twice we have walked up here at night, in the moonlight, and such moonlight you never saw as we have here. We never encounter anything worse than wild horses and wild cattle. Part of the way we have no road, but must go only by the stars and mountains, to get home. Once we got lost back in the mountains and got separated and had a pretty bad scare. I got home first, nearly an hour before Rosa, and I was nearly frantic. Since that we stay together, for I suppose there is fifty miles back there of nothing but

mountains and not a house.

I haven't told you anything about the people, but they are decidedly important. Nearly half the claims in this valley are taken by unmarried men. Bachelors on the south and east of us and our four nearest neighbors are men living alone. Three brothers have two claims joining ours and are our nearest neighbors; one is about twenty-five, and one thirty, and one forty, a widower. The one who lives alone is away now and we are caring for his live stock, which I like very much — some chickens, two horses, a cat, two kittens and a dog. One dog stays over here sometimes. I like the kittens best, and one is to be mine as soon as it is old enough to leave the mother. I have just been over seeing to the little turkeys that are hatching, about a quarter mile away this place is from us. We are going to a settler's picnic tomorrow. I am going with the boys over the hill and Rosa will come back with us for she went down to Estelle's and has staid since Monday so for three nights I have been alone, while the nearest house I can see is five miles away. I have not been a bit afraid and have had time to write letters. I went with Mr. M—— to haul posts yesterday and walked all the way home, eight miles, and was not a bit tired. Rosa can walk even better than I can and she has gladly lost ten pounds! And think how she always took the car at home! Love for you all. Snap shots will follow, so that you can see almost with our eyes."

Tea at the "Blue Ship"

By Adele Farmer

GOING to the 'Blue Ship' today?" "Yes?" This from Floss as we sat on the deck of the "Norman" coming into Boothbay Harbor, one August afternoon the past summer. In our many shopping expeditions to "the harbor" it was a foregone conclusion that we girls would end up at this facinating place.

Our errands finished, we strolled up the main street of the town, until over our heads swung a gray sign, "The Blue Ship Gift Shop." We turned our backs to the harbor, mounted the high steps, flanked on either side by immense nasturtiums, and gave a cry of delight as we stepped through the door. No matter how many times during the summer you dropped in for tea, the scene was different—new hanging baskets, a complete change of flowers, or still another odd decoration on each table. We took possession of one of the six square gray tables, and, after giving our order to a pretty brown-eyed girl with a yellow ribbon around her hair, just gazed around us. There was one large room and a kitchen, separated by a door and gray portiére. The walls of the tea room were covered with gray burlap stenciled with a border of blue ships under full sail. On one side, the unbroken wall space was a joy to the eye—beautiful little picutres in perfectly harmonizing frames, odd wall vases wicker and pottery, with a spray of red berries, a bunch of Queen Anne's lace, a waxy cluster of bayberry or a few blades of swamp grass. The other side wall had three long shelves, painted gray, filled with the most enticing array of pottery, carved wooden bowls and plates, sea-shell china, brass, copper and Japanese serving trays, Japanese prints, silver ware etc. One front window was used as a display window, while the other was an ideal spot for a table. The counter took up

part of the back wall with its pile of gray paper, box of blue-ship seals and bundles of natural raffia, to do up the dainty purchases. A thick Chinese bowl filled with a clump of camp green moss was used to moisten the seals. The floor was stained gray, and several large Crex rugs stenciled across each end with a border of blue ships were used. The windows were curtained with snowy white scrim with smaller blue ships sailing across the bottom. In the center of the room a large column with a seat built around it, piled with gray and blue cushions, made a cozy spot. This particular day, each table was honored with a tiny odd jardiniére in which grew a perfect baby fir balsom or spruce tree, a large natural color reed, hanging basket, with long oddly shaped handles up which some brightly colored nasturtiums twisted, was a thing to remember. A great brass bowl running over with gorgeous goldenrod fairly made one corner blaze. A little gray bowl filled with a few sprays of cranberries just turning red made you want to paint it so you could see it always.

Now to come back from our delightful survey of the room to the menu and our tea. The menu was a heavy gray folder with a blue ship at the top and "The Blue Ship, Boothbay Harbor Maine" at the bottom of the front leaf. Inside the usual tea room menu was printed in blue with a "special" for every day to be added. Our charming waitress brought our "special", delicious clam chowder served in carved wooden bowls, on a gray tray with a blue ship on it and a cunning little yellow chicken salt and pepper Then some of us had a "Blue Ship Special" sandwich — three layers of chopped egg, pickle, nuts and a lettuce leaf that was good to the taste. To finish off, we had toast, tea and gooseberry jam, or a tall glass of milk and gingerbread with whipped cream. Everything was served on blue dragon china, which was lovely with the general surroundings. We lingered over our tea cups, until it was absolutely necessary to tear ourselves away and go on the next pleasure trip home to our island bungalow on the "Norman."

A Happy New Year

I woke in the morning and thought I was friendless,
So far from my kindred Fate forced me to stay,
I said, " I am joyless and wretched and lonely,
Too tearful to sing and too hopeless to pray.
At home they will miss me, perchance at the table,
And some one may murmur 'I wish he were here,'
And then to each other they'll call out their greetings
Good Morning, Good Morning, A Happy New Year."

I stood at the noon-tide and thought I was beggared
Of all that makes living a game good to play,
No face of a loved one to smile me a welcome,
But strangers and aliens each step of the way.
I went to my work like a slave in the galleys,
I wiped from my eye, half shamefacedly, a tear.
So far were they from me, the comrades, the dear ones,
Who always had bade me A Happy New Year.

I sat as the shadows of even were falling
And dreamed of a cottage so far, far away,
And then in an instant the present grew brighter,
And all were forgotten, the griefs of the day.
I called to the moon beams; I smiled at the shadows,
I whistled a greeting in valley and mere,
Recalling a maiden, a dear little maiden,
Who'll breathe, though I come not, A Happy New Year.

L. M. Thornton.

As to those Five and Ten-Cent Meals

By Gertrude Clark Hanson

I WAS interested, as doubtless many other readers were, in the five and ten-cent meals described in the November issue. In this wasteful and luxurious age of ours it is refreshing to read such a record of "plain living and high thinking." However, I have not been able to rid myself of the opinion that the experiment, as carried out, was not a success from the standpoint of nutrition, and that if persisted in for any length of time it might be a serious menace to health.

I am by no means an expert in dietetics, but for twelve years I have made a study of providing my family with the best possible meals at the lowest possible cost. In doing this I have availed myself of the help offered by the best household magazines. It was my interest in this question that led me to ponder so seriously over the article referred to.

Of course, the writer was greatly handicapped by circumstances — lack of ice, inability to cook in her room, proper appliances, etc.— but even so it seems to me that she did not plan her meals as well as she might have done. For instance, I cannot see the advantage in dividing her money arbitrarily as she does — five-cent meals one day and ten the next — nor in taking all meals at the restaurant one day and all in her room the next. The restaurant meals were well-chosen, but the next day is a dreary succession of bakery goods. There are some very serious defects here — monotony of the three meals per day, lack of variety in the meal itself, etc. I understand that the sample meal, namely a roll, a bun, a cookie, a cruller, a peach and a banana, were typical of the home meals and that they out-numbered the restaurant-meals considerably. She seems to realize that these meals lack the necessary food elements, but does not propose a remedy. Yet this fault, if persisted in, will lead to certain trouble.

Taking her plan of five cents a meal for one day and ten the next, we find that she spends a total of one dollar and forty cents the first week and one dollar and sixty-five the next week. It would be better to take one meal at the restaurant *every* day and two five-cent meals in the room. This would insure one warm meal a day, beside affording a variety not otherwise possible. Since she is evidently fond of milk and does not object to a little sameness, why not make the breakfast each day consist of a pint of milk? This, with the top cream, would be nourishing and would dispose of the breakfast problem. This refers only to the vacation, as it might not be advisable the year round.

For luncheon, I would suggest that she go to the restaurant, being careful to select as great a variety, from day to day, as is possible with the amount expended. This meal should contain a vegetable whenever possible, to make up for the lack in the other meals. The entire cost will be seventy cents for the week.

The second week, according to her plan, has a surplus of fifteen cents; this might be partly expended the first week for the peanut butter, which could be stretched out to give variety through the two weeks and to help supply the fats that are lacking in this diet. For supper she must depend largely on bakery products as they afford the necessary bulk. Two dozen rolls, etc., will cost twenty cents, leaving fifteen cents for fruit; as tomatoes are at their best and cheapest in August,

she might use a part of her fruit allowance for tomatoes, with profit to herself.

The same plan, with slight variations, will hold good during the working year, the straight thirty cents a day giving more lee-way. Here one might spend five cents for breakfast, fifteen for luncheon (restaurant) and ten for supper; or the amount set aside for supper and breakfast could be divided as circumstances demanded. There are in most of our cities restaurants in connection with the Young Women's Christian Associations; they are in no sense charitable institutions and any girl can patronize them without loss of self-respect, as she pays a fair price for what she gets. The food is almost certain to be clean and wholesome. Many of these restaurants are on the three-cent basis — three cents for each item, bread, vegetable, meat, dessert, etc. One can readily see the possibilities here. And even on the five-cent basis fifteeen cnts will get a wholesome luncheon, with occasional dessert, which everybody craves. This need for sweet things explains the milk chocolate in the menu given.

It is very doubtful whether, even with the hot meal at noon, the cold breakfast and supper are wise as a steady proposition. A bottle of milk is cold comfort when it precedes a long, cold trip to work, and at the end of a hard day, it is not cheering to sit down to baker's rolls and fruit. All landladies object, very naturally, to the use of their hard-earned gas for cooking purposes and to the odor of burned grease in the upper halls; but I believe one could be found who would readily permit the judicious use of a spirit lamp. To the girl who is on a narrow margin this may seem an impossible extravagance, but it will prove an economy in the long run. The cost of operation will be slight, as it need not be used for cooking, but only in re-heating food. There will be fewer fifteen-cent restaurant meals when once the possibilities of a can-opener and a lamp are realized. In cool weather the pint of milk may be divided and a half kept for supper or even for the next morning, while the other half, after heating, did duty on a shredded wheat biscuit. The latter at fifteen cents a dozen will go far in furnishing warm nourishing breakfasts. So, also, will graham crackers at ten cents a box.

For supper there are the canned soups, which come in great variety and excellent quality at ten cents per can, and need only diluting and heating. A can is supposed to serve six plates, but I figure that a hungry girl will make only two or three meals of it with rolls and fruit. The left-over portion should, of course, be emptied at once into a bowl and kept in a cool place; this rule holds good with all canned foods. Then there is the ever popular can of baked beans at ten cents and the prepared spaghetti that contains most of the elements of a complete meal. In many places a fine quality of butter can be bought in quarter-pound cartons; it can be judiciously used for creamed, dried beef or salmon or on the rolls, occasionally. A girl who is at all handy will be able to fix up a tiny window-box that will keep food fresh in all but summer weather. When the days grow warm and there is not so much need of hot food, she will be able to buy in tiny quantities at the delicatessen stores foods which will be within her reach and yet nourishing. And as one goes on experimenting she will find great possibilities for improving her diet.

When a girl can find another who shares her ideals, the question of expense as well as company is greatly simplified. To me this seems the more normal way to live. But if she chooses to work out her problems alone, she can do so satisfactorily. It does not seem wise to make Sunday a day of extra saving; it ought to be a day looked

forward to for some special treat.

I have gone into this subject at length, because it seems to be such a vital one. One of the best assets a self-supporting girl can have is an abounding physical life, and this can be maintained only by sufficient food, properly chosen. I am sure that any dietitian will agree with me that the program laid down in the November issue will, if carried out for any length of time, result in disaster.

Linens for the Fair Bride

By Janet Young Norton

THERE is perhaps no possession dearer to the heart of the bride of to-day than her well-filled linen chest. Never were the linens for household use as beautiful in texture or as varied in patterns as they are at the present time. The choice of patterns in our grandmother's day was rather limited as to variety, and every bride, after selecting the best, always added a "rain drop" cloth with a Grecian key border as the "company cloth" to her purchases. The bride of to-day also adds the favorite old pattern to her chest, but the design now boasts several sized dots and a number of attractive borders.

The vogue of the round table brought round cloths into use, but they proved a difficult problem as to laundering and did not become popular. Now square tables are coming into their own again, on account of their more convenient size for decorating, and the square cloths are more beautiful than ever.

The leader is the cloth of plain heavy damask with the satin border stripe, for it shows the centrepiece off to advantage when one is used, where the more complicated patterns take from its beauty.

Among the small patterned cloths there is the old rain spot, and wafer-sized spots run between the stripes to form the border, the Flax flower and Shamrock, Iris flower and foliage and a number of other attractive patterns. The broad diagonal stripes that stretch from corner to corner of the square table and the straight stripes that run its length are all popular and show the Grecian key and other borders.

The Vatican scroll, Woodbine scroll, Game birds, Aquatic birds and water lillies are the good patterns in the larger designs.

Next in consideration are the hand-embroidered on fine damask, these cloths have the scalloped edges with the design covering the center of the table top. Some also have lace medallions, insertions and edges; the more elaborate they are the more expensive they become, and they are not as durable as the regular patterned cloths. The Cluny lace still holds first place with the Filet laces a close second, and in all cases the serviettes come to match.

The Madeira embroidery is more beautiful than ever and is most popular for centerpieces and doylies, also for luncheon cloths and tray cloths. No wedding chest is complete without some of the pretty luncheon squares and linen sets. There are some in the natural linen, hemstitched and embroidered in natural colors, some in white art linen, embroidered in the Dresden blues copying the dish patterns and borders.

Rather a new idea is to buy the blue

and white Japanese toweling and faggot stitch the narrow stripes together with blue cotton, finishing the ends that hang over in deep points with feather-stitched hems, and the serviettes to match are also feather-stitched. These are very pretty to use with the blue Japanese china and are very easily made. They also make fresh looking breakfast tray cloths.

Of course, centerpieces are in vogue still, but there are so many floral decorations, table bows and fancy center china decorations that are new that they are not as often seen as formerly. The reason for this may also be attributed to the lace medallion cloths which, of course extra centerpieces cannot be used with, as they are sufficient in themselves. The monograms are used a great deal in all sizes according to personal taste, but the formal cloths show them at the corners or at the ends in the large sizes, some in the flat work and some in the filled work.

Quite as elaborate as the table linens are the bed linens and the one time plain deep hemmed sheet looks quite modest and old-fashioned beside the hemstitched hems and the lace insertioned hems, the elaborately embroidered top sheets in Louis 16th baskets, bow knots and roses, and the ribbon-run borders of the most dressy ones. Then the spreads are a joy to behold, the dimities, the hand-drawn canvas spreads, the hand embroidered muslin spreads, the cluny and filet lace affairs to be tied with huge satin bows at the brass bedposts, with the bolster rolls to match are a few that are offered the bride for approval. Some people who are making their pillow cases are using the Bohemian idea of making the closed end with a four inch insertion of lace on either side to show the colored case beneath, and the hem end then is hemstitched and initialed. Towels are in all sizes and weaves and are coming in for their share of embroidering, and lace ends, even the common sense bath towels cannot escape the modern needle woman's energetic enthusiasm.

In the kitchen towels the fad is more pronounced than ever to have towels in different patterns and colors to use for different purposes, which a small memorandum book sets forth for a continual reminder to the maids who care for them. Hence the big blue solid checks are dubbed "Scullery," the small blue blocks are "kitchen dish wipers," the fine line blue blocks are "glass and silver" towels, while the red fine lines are "general dish towels." Then there are coarse and fine dish cloths with loops on to hang them by, the cut glass cloths and towels that must never come in contact with the slightest grease are quite formidable in variety. The kitchen roller of other days is added to the collection, but in many of the kitchens now the paper towel rolls are thought more sanitary. Then there is the array of refrigerator linen bags, fish rollers, celery rollers, binders for boiling vegetables or certain meats in, spice bags, cheese bags and cheese cloth squares for handling cooked foods and to bale platters, when the meats weep their juices too freely, before serving.

All these linen accessories have to be thought of for the bride's new kitchen, though they are not strictly speaking occupants of the linen chest. Blanket bags of coarse white linen are made boxed so that they hold one pair of double blankets after they have been cleaned or laundered to pack away for the summer, each having the lettered information on them as to which bed the contents belong.

In a pocket in the lid of the latest linen chest there is an embroidered linen envelope which holds a linen bound book containing important information for the caring of fine linens, proper folding of them, recipes for

taking out spots of all kinds, proper darning and mending instructions, right way to launder them, and the correct way to make up laundry and closet lists. This is quite valuable especially for the young housekeeper, as dire consternation seizes her when an accident happens in the way of the overturned Claret glass or the spilling of small fruits that are sure to leave a stain. Just a few "first aid" remedies are copied here for the benefit of those who may not be able to procure the little book, and they are the most reliable ones known.

"Ink spots are removed from linen by dipping the part into hot water then spreading it smoothly on the back of the spoon or on the hand, and pouring a few drops of Oxalic acid or salts of Sorrel over the spot, thoroughly rinsing and rubbing in cold water until removed. This must be done before it is put into the regular wash."

"Grease spots are removed by rubbing over with yellow soap and rinsing in hot water."

"Fruit and wine spots may be removed by dipping in a solution of Sal Ammonia or spirits of wine and rinsing in cool water. Coffee and tea stains are easily removed with boiling water, while iron rust will usually remove readily with the application of salts of lemon."

These recipes will also remove all stains from the silence cloths, which are not washed as often as the table linen, and the spots standing grow black and ugly if not looked after promptly.

It is also advisable, if laundered linen for special occasions is not used often, to wrap it in a deeply blued cloth, to keep it from turning yellow. The centerpiece rolls and the tablecloth rolls are better than folding, if one has the room to keep them in that way.

Watch Your Step!

By Grace Barton Allen Cook

A CELEBRATED mustard manufacturer once said, that it was not the mustard that was eaten which paid a profit, but that which was left on the plate. He particularized a great general truth. It is the waste that costs, in other things as in mustard. Waste of money costs the deprivation of what is really needed; waste of time costs the sacrifice of necessary duty, or rest, or recreation; waste of energy costs strength, spirits and vitality. There is probably nowhere that the latter waste goes on so unceasingly and insidiously as in housekeeping, especially in homes where the income is so modest that most or all of the work is done by the housemother, whose vital powers are continually "on tap," and being drawn upon in the service of the other members of the family. What with the duties legitimately hers, and those imposed upon her by the thoughtlessness of persons about her, she comes as near solving the problem of perpetual motion as any human being is ever likely to do. "Mind your step," tired little lady! Don't take so many unnecessarily, or you will cease taking any at all, long before you ought.

You will say, perhaps, that all this going to and fro is part of the day's work, and therefore unavoidable; but is all of it absolutely essential? Will not some of it prove, on examination, to be "waste motion," consequent on

defective equipment, or poor adjustment, or lack of consecutive planning? Few women live in a house which they have designed themselves, in accordance with their special needs; and it is a question of adaptation, which may be more or less successful, according to the thought given to overcoming faults of existing arrangements.

Of all such existing arrangements, long halls and large kitchens are most useless consumers of energy, multiplying steps and holding apart the foci of operations instead of keeping them concentrated. Concentration — that is the secret of efficiency. Plan any piece of work so that you need take but three steps where formerly you took a dozen, and just so much energy is saved toward performing the next task.

This is a day of labor-saving devices, and women who cannot afford to fit up their homes with such are apt to think that, if they could, the domestic problem would be solved. But not all labor-saving inventions are worthy the name, and of those that are, many increase labor in one direction while they save it in another, and are useful only where there is a large family, or servants are kept. Even in the case of those which are practical for small families, the possession of too many is apt to clog progress rather than help it, where the mistress of the house is also the maid-of-all-work. Every such contrivance, in order to be efficient, must be kept clean and in order, and in an easily accessible place; and the care and bestowing of such things is no light item in the week's labor of one pair of hands. Let the housekeeper consider which of her household tasks bear most heavily upon her, and if she can afford any machine which will shorten and lighten those particular duties, it will be a wise investment. But any one person who should attempt to take care of and operate a special labor-saving device for every item of household labor, would probably die of overwork within a month.

Consider, first, the equipment you already have, and see if you cannot arrange it to better advantage. "Watch your step!" Have a table near the stove, so that you need not walk the length of the kitchen to set down your cookery; and a piece of zinc, nailed over the table top by your own hands, will free your mind of any hesitation because of the heat or blackness of the saucepan — merely wiping with a wet cloth will clean the zinc, which cannot burn and does not need scouring. Have another table, or a shelf, just inside the kitchen door which leads to the dining-room, so that in clearing the table after a meal there will be only a short distance to carry the soiled tableware. Don't think that your entire dinner-set must be together in the dining-room china closet. Keep the meat platters and vegetable dishes within easy reach in the kitchen cupboard, instead of where you must take a long trip after them when preparing dinner. Remember that, where so much has to be done, every avoidable instance of walking and standing, stooping, straining and reaching, is so much dead loss of energy — so much uselessly subtracted from your bodily capital.

If you have no kitchen cabinet, have a common deal table, with drawers, for cooking, and have the drawers divided, by strips of wood nailed in lengthwise, into compartments to hold knives, forks, spoons, egg-beater, nutmeg grater and other such kitchen hardware, which may thus be kept under your hand without confusion. Put up a narrow shelf behind the stove, not too high, and keep there the matches, sugar, salt and flour dredger, and holders for handling hot things, so they will be always at the spot where they are needed. Even if you don't believe in a long-handled

mop for washing the floor, have one for wiping up accidental splashes — it will save your back. Hang up the dish towels within reach of the sink instead of on the other side of the room.

Don't do any kind of work in a hard way just because your mother and grandmother did it so. Recollect, when you hear about the wonderful amount of work they did, that you do a great many things they were not expected to do, and are living up to quite a different standard from that prevailing fifty years ago. Probably your grandmother would have thought it little short of a sin not to stand up while ironing; but you will find that, by resting upon a tall office stool while thus occupied, your feet will be saved a great deal of discomfort. Keep a light stool of ordinary height under the kitchen sink, to sit on while you wash dishes. If there is a table or shelf at each end of the sink, you can easily wash and wipe dishes while seated. One or the other of these stools will be the right height to sit on when cooking those things which require to be "stirred constantly" while they are on the stove.

Trifles make an appreciable difference in the ease of carrying on the day's work. There is no economy of money, and a great waste of time and nervous irritation, when the fittings of the house are allowed to remain out of repair. Before buying new conveniences, see that those you have are in good working order. Replace that broken spring on the screen door, so that it will close itself instead of having to be pulled shut every time you pass through. Other people are not so careful — they leave it open, and then you are the one who has to fight the battle with flies. Have a carpenter loosen that window which you can never open without a prolonged struggle. If there is a door which ought to stay open and won't, put a little hasp on the baseboard behind it and a screweye on the door itself near the bottom and hook it back, so you will not be obliged to run and open it every time the wind blows. Do not wear old shoes with uneven heels while you are working; not beacuse of their appearance, although that is unsightly, but because the crooked heels allow the foot to slip sidewise in the shoe so that the weight of the body is not properly supported, and the fatigue of standing and walking is doubled.

Watch your steps going up and down the stairs. Save some of them by having another broom, brush, dust-pan and carpet-sweeper, and keeping them on the second floor. This will not cost double, because where there are too sets, each gets but half the wear, and so lasts twice as long. Establish up there a box holding a tack hammer, a few nails, a gimlet and a ball of twine; it will save many a trip to the kitchen. Needles, thread, thimble and scissors on each floor are another costless convenience, while a scrap basket for every room economizes innumerable steps.

Things which belong upstairs are continually being left downstairs, and vice versa. Have a stand or shelf at the foot of the staircase for the avowed purpose of serving as a station for the things that should go up, and place them there as you come across them during your work, with the general understanding that whoever makes the journey shall carry something. A similar station at the top of the stairs should receive articles to be taken down. It also saves much special stair-climbing to keep a small supply of clean collars and kandkerchiefs on the lower floor, to be drawn upon in emergencies; and by all means have a clock, no matter how cheap, in every room, so that you can see what time it is without rising from your chair.

A disorderly family is the most

reckless squanderer of the house-mother's energy. For each person to pick up after himself is not much; but for one person, already carrying the burden of regular work, to pick up after all the rest, is an unrighteous tax which should never be exacted or paid. Watch your step. Teach the children that they must not throw down their books and toys and clothes for you to gather up and put away. The lesson will benefit them as much as it will you. The time is surely coming when they will not have you to bring order out of their chaos; and if they have not learned to take care of their possessions, wherever they go they will be an inconvenience to themselves and an irritation to other people.

If the head of the family has been reared by an injudicious mother and has grown to manhood in the habit of being waited upon in this way, it is probably useless to attempt to change what has grown into a comfortable second nature. It is always worth while to make the effort in the first place, but never worth while to keep it up after experience has proved that it is of no effect. There was once a woman who tried for forty years to break her husband of the habit of leaving his muddy boots in the dining-room. At the beginning of the forty-first year the boots were still there for her to pick up and put away. She might have known at the end of twelve months that reformation was hopeless, and so saved thirty-nine years of controversy. Give up the struggle, not because this fixed habit of selfish disorder is just or right, or one to which it is your duty to yield, but because you will have to endure it anyway, and it is expedient to do so amiably. The only recourse in such a case is to establish some system for yourself which shall make the rectifying of the disorder as easy as possible. If you cannot keep shoes and rubbers out of the living-room, have a box there covered with cretonne or carpet, with a hinged lid, to hide them in. Give up a small drawer in the sideboard or table for stray collars, handkerchiefs and gloves. Put up a high shelf in the hall for the hats, and always put them in that one place when you collect them from the chairs and couch, so that you will not be obliged to run all over the house to help find them. One of the hardest lessons a wife and mother has to learn is, not to kick against the pricks when she finds that they cannot be kicked out of existence, but are permanent fixtures. Accept them — but pad them as much as you can.

Watch your step. Spare yourself, not by sacrificing your housekeeping ideals, but by simplifying them and making it easy to do your work well. It is not laziness to achieve the greatest result with the least expenditure of energy; it is what political economists call conservation of natural resources. Your time and strength and service are a large part of the wealth of the family, and should be administered as carefully as any of its other funds. Do not think, because they cost no money, they have no intrinsic value, and are to be lavished without thought of possible bankruptcy. Be a little good to yourself, and you will have a longer time to be good to those you love.

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THE VIGIL-KEEPERS

Across the city heights
The winds have murmured peace;
In windows friendly lights
From glowing cease.

Yet I turn not to rest
In deep, calm arms of sleep;
Till night fades in the west,
Long vigil must I keep.

He sleeps so quietly,
The great night broods around,
A fear steals over me —
A loneliness profound.

But shining, here and there,
Like golden, drowsy flow'rs,
Soft lights show that hearts share
With me the midnight hours.

I know that faithful near
And far beyond my sight,
Hearts keep o'er some one dear
Love watches of the night.

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Christmas giving for 1913 is now past; New Year Congratulations are being spoken and new resolutions, made for 1914. Among the latter we hope you have resolved to continue your subscription to the Cooking-School Magazine. The prospects of presenting to our readers, in the present year, new and interesting features are promising, indeed. Some of our plans may prove a pleasing surprise to all. Nothing is too good for the woman who would look well to the ways of her household.

CHEERFUL HOMES

PLAIN housekeeping, with standard goods in everything, is the maxim by which this publication is guided. On our advertising pages we present the best brands of flour, the best groceries and the best household utensils and appliances to be found in the market. All these items are first-class and especially adapted to the needs of housekeepers. In selecting and purchasing from these goods no one can make a mistake or go wrong. And where health and comfort are concerned it pays to buy the best of everything.

While other periodicals, with scarcely an exception, have added at least one half to the price of subscription, for one dollar we are trying constantly to improve the character and quality of our ocntents. And as a dollar publication we are now aware of no successful competitor.

A woman, who was asked recently why she liked the Cooking-School Magazine, replied: "Because it helps me make the most of everything." How to make a business or an occupation successful or paying is a condition every one must face. However, to be well informed and equipped in our special line is very important. Our main ambition is to help the housekeeper in making the most of everything. To aid even a little in the realization of healthful,

cheerful homes is, we think, an object worth striving for.

OPINIONS CHANGE

OPINIONS change! The fact has never been so clearly shown as during the recent discussions about the probabilities of war and the possibilities of disarmament. Five years ago Englishmen believed that the foreigner—that is, the German—wanted English trade, wealth and colonies, and would take them unless England defended them by her arms; now all educated men realize that nations do not go to war for these things, and that trade and wealth cannot be "taken." Some time ago, we were told that man was a fighting animal and wanted an outlet for his passions; to-day, among the great mass of population in France and Germany, one finds either indifference or nausea with regard to an international conflict and a clearly indicated determination not to be dragged into it. A few years ago it was thought that German newspapers indicated the temper of the people when they advocated a larger navy; now we know that Admiral Tirpitz had the Krupps buy a newspaper or two, and that the German public was not concerned in the matter. Twenty years ago Englishmen boasted of the Crimean War; now no one attempts to defend it. Ten years ago Englishmen boasted of their victories in South Africa; now they own they were scarcely justifiable. A few years ago we believed England was satisfied to expend millions for dreadnoughts; this year we find the Chancellor of the Exchequer saying that "he is genuinely alarmed about the expenditure on armaments"; that "it can only end in terrible disaster," and that "few people realize how near England has been to that disaster during the last twelve months." Eighteen months ago Sir Edward Grey said: "It is an axiom that whenever a war breaks out in the Balkans, it will be impossible to prevent one or more of the Great Powers being drawn into the war;" a couple of months after the war broke out, Mr. Bonar Law affirmed that the danger of a European war was gone, and the *London Times* remarked, "Who would have dared twelve months ago to foretell that a great and prolonged struggle could be fought out in the Balkans without causing such a war?" The times change and men change with them. In this way progress is made.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE, EAST AND WEST

IT would seem that the people of our western borders are more interested in domestic science than are they, for instance, of so-called cultivated New England. The courses of instruction in western schools and colleges are thought to be more practical in character. How to earn a living seems to be the item of foremost concern. Hence preparation for some real life work inspires the work done in our western institutions. Industrial training of all kinds is becoming most popular. In many a school of the west a fully equipped department for teaching domestic science has been provided for. This equipment includes a class-room and laboratory, a kitchen, laundry, dining-room, reception room, bedroom and bath—all furnished with the best of modern appliances and accessories. Thus the proper apparatus and means are at hand to impart practical instruction in scientific housekeeping.

This rapid increase of industrial training is one of the most remarkable sign of the times; for not only in western institutions activity and development along this line are indicated, but also, in the courses of study in household arts now given at Pratt Institute, Teachers College and Simmons College, growing interest in the subject is equally marked.

All this means a good deal. Housekeeping has become a business, a call-

ing, in the pursuit of which intelligence and training are called for. Education, in the future, will be less theoretical and more practical. It will consist in cultivating the natural activities of the human being in ways that lead to natural, wholesome and noble living.

AS OTHERS SEE US

"EAT hearty, drink hearty, work hearty" sums up in brief the food philosophy of Dr Woods Hutchinson, as expounded in an article in *Nash's Magazine*. It is a jolly Rabelaisian maxim of very seasonable application. Dr. Woods Hutchinson is the implacable enemy of faddism in all the affairs of life especially of the faddism that concerns itself with what we eat and drink. He is of that school of philosophers who hold with us that the prolonged existence of any generally pronounced preference is fairly good evidence that the thing preferred is the right thing, while he points out that the underlying principle of all so-called food reform is to find out what people like to eat and then tell them that they must not take it on peril of their lives.

White bread, he dares to say, is good food; people always have preferred it and always will prefer it, while as to meat, after all the claims of all the other proteins have been thrashed out and considered and all the alleged calamities and diseases said to follow in the train of meat-eating have gone up in smoke, we are drawn to the conclusion that as a practical, constant, everyday, all the year round source of protein for adults there is nothing like meat.

Here then are his conclusions upon the diet theory. "The new diet theory is based upon the idea of progress, of continuous improvement, of never resting satisfied with things as they are. It is not in the least concerned with the question of upon how small proportions of either protein, or sugar or fat, or upon how small quantities of actual food the body may be maintained in a state of balance and moderate health. Its problem, on the contrary, is testing how large amounts of varied nutritious foods the body can consume and turn to good account, in increase of working power and of resistance against disease. No diet is too liberal or too expensive which will, so to speak, yield good returns on the investment, pay commercial interest on the food cost, however great. It looks upon the human machine, whether our own or that of our fellows, or our employees, as the modern scientific farmer looks upon his soil, as a field for investment, upon which is to be spent as much capital and labour as will yield a profitable return."—*Exchange.*

At Home

Bessie and Bertie were at a loss for a game to play.

"Oh, let's play being 'at home' and have 'a day,' " suggested Bessie.

" 'A day?' " queried Bertie. "What does that mean?"

"Why, don't you know?" said Bessie, wisely. "All the fashionable people have 'days.' God's day is Sunday, and mother's is Tuesday."

TRANSFORMATION

The winter world is drear, love,
The snow-kissed winds are chill;
There's no bird on the bough, love,
And no flower on the hill.

The skies are bleak and grey, love,
The river's heart is dead;
The forest ways are dim, love,
For the sun-lit hours have sped.

Ah, but the fire's within, love,
Though the roadway frozen lies;
Upon your cheek the roses bloom,
And violets in your eyes.

Your laughter is the birdsong, love,
That greets the breaking day;
When you and I go hand in hand,
December's changed to May.

R. R. GREENWOOD

TABLE LAID FOR LUNCHEON, SERVED "FROM THE SIDE"

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

Purée of Carrots

SCRAPE two large carrots, wash and dry, then cut in slices or shreds the outer red part of the carrots and discard the centers. Put into a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of butter, a pint of boiling water, a teaspoonful of sugar and a dash of paprika; cover and let simmer very gently about an hour; add three cups (well pressed down) of white bread, soaked in cold water and pressed dry in a cloth, and two quarts of chicken or veal broth, let simmer an hour, then press through a sieve; return to the fire to become hot without boiling; add more broth if needed, also salt and pepper, and beat in two tablespoonfuls of butter in little bits. Serve with croutons.

Chicken Samboyon (Soup)

Remove the fat from strong chicken broth, and put a quart of the broth in a double-boiler with a teaspoonful of salt and from one-fourth to one-half a teaspoonful of pepper. Beat the yolks of eight eggs; dilute with a little cold broth, mix and add a little hot broth; mix again, then stir into the hot liquid; continue to stir until the mixture thickens. Serve at once in bouillon cups, with toasted crackers. This may be made with less yolks. It is most frequently served when a large quantity

of nourishment is needed in a concentrated form It may serve as the main dish at luncheon, but would not be suitable at dinner before a meat course.

OYSTERS, LANSDALE

Oysters, Lansdale (The Caterer)

Select a large firm mushroom, peel and trim, leaving the stalk intact. Cook in clarified butter with the stem up. Put fresh-opened oysters into the same butter and let sauté until the edges curl on one side; turn and sauté a moment on the other side. While the mushroom and oysters are cooking, broil a thick slice of tomato, set the tomato on an egg shirring dish, sprinkle it with salt and pepper and drop on several bits of butter. Set the mushroom, stalk upwards, on the tomato and dispose the oysters on the mushroom around the stem. Season to taste. Cover with a glass bell. The shirrer and bell should both be well heated. Serve at once.

Finnan Haddie, Dinner Style

Put the thick half of a finnan haddie over the fire in cold water and let heat slowly to the boiling point; draw to a cooler part of the range and let stand half an hour; the water should not boil during this time. Remove the fish from the water and take out the bone. Set the fish in a narrow earthen dish suitable for the oven and the table. While the fish is over the fire, make ready six or eight potatoes of the same size; steam or boil these, sprinkle with salt and let dry off, then set them in the dish around the fish, as a border; pour in a cup of cream, fleck the potatoes with paprika and dot the fish with a few bits of butter. Place the dish in a moderate oven. Serve in five or six minutes.

Boiled Fresh Fish, with Oysters

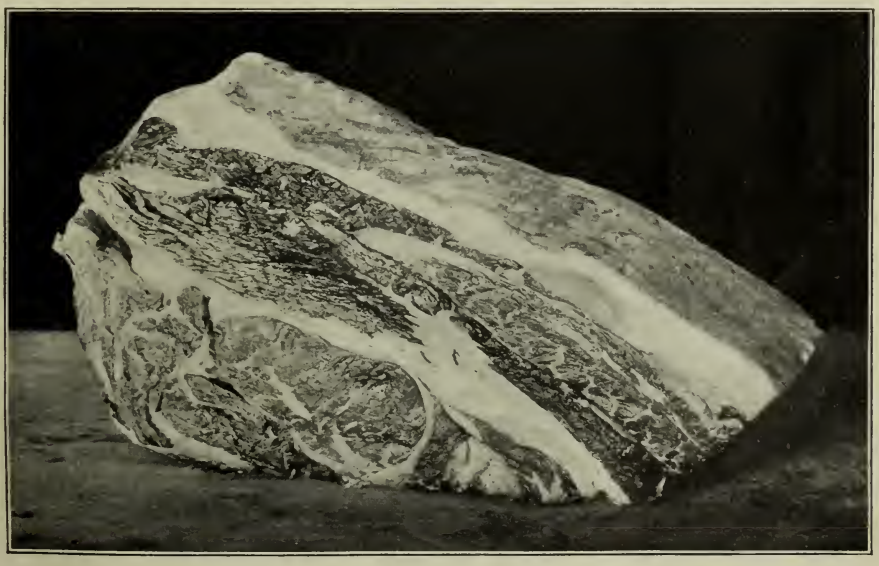
Have a fresh fish carefully cleaned. Do not retain head or tail. Set on a fish sheet or a piece of buttered tin in a receptacle of sufficient length to have the fish lie flat; pour in a pint, each, of lukewarm broth (white) and water, a teaspoonful of salt and the juice of half a lemon; cover and let heat to the boiling point; let boil three minutes, then draw to a cooler part

BOILED FISH, WITH POTATO BALLS

of the range to simmer until the fish separates easily from the bones. The time will depend on the thickness of

OYSTER OMELET

the fish. When done slide the fish, nicely drained, from the tin to a serving dish, remove the skin from the upper side, brush over the flesh with a little beef extract and sprinkle with fine-chopped parsley or sifted yolks of hard-cooked eggs. Or, use both parsley and yolk of egg, alternately, putting them on in bands across the fish. Have the bands about three-fourths an inch wide. Have ready from a half pint to a pint of fresh oysters, heated to the boiling point and drained; set the oysters in groups around the fish. Make a sauce of one-fourth a cup, each, of butter and flour, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, and the oyster broth with enough of the liquid in which the fish was cooked to make one pint in all. When the sauce boils, remove to a cooler place and beat in three teaspoonfuls of butter, creamed and



BEEF FROM THE "CHUCK" FOR POT ROAST

mixed with two egg-yolks. Pour over the oysters around the fish. Serve with plain boiled potatoes.

(no oysters) or part sauce and part water and a generous one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper;

CHICKEN PILAU, TURKISH STYLE (See Page 460)

Oyster Omelet

Pour one-third a cup of cold water over half a pint of oysters, and examine them, one by one, to remove bits of shell if present; strain the water through cheese cloth, heat to the boiling point, add the oysters and heat the whole to the boiling point. Drain off the liquid and keep the oysters hot. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook two tablespoonfuls and a half of flour, and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika; stir until boiling, then add the oyster liquor with cream to make one cup in all; add the oysters and set over hot water. Beat the yolks of four eggs until light, also beat the whites dry. To the yolks add four tablespoonfuls of the sauce mix and turn over the whites; fold the two mixtures together. Have ready a tablespoonful of butter melted in a hot omelet pan; turn the pan to butter it evenly, then pour in the egg-mixture; let stand a moment to set the egg on the bottom, then move to the oven — which should not be very hot. When a knife cut down into the omelet comes out without uncooked egg upon it, score the omelet at right angles to the handle of the pan; set a few oysters with sauce on one half, fold the other half over and turn on to a hot dish; pour the rest of the oysters and the sauce around the omelet and serve at once.

Deerfoot Sausage, Burbank (The Caterer)

VENISON, WITH SPROUTS AND CHESTNUT PURÉE

Select rather large potatoes of uniform size; pare and with an apple corer cut an opening through them, lengthwise of the potato. With a fork, prick as many small Deerfoot sausage as there are potatoes; pour boiling water over them, let simmer six of eight minutes, then drain and dispose them in the potatoes, one in each. Let the potatoes bake until done. Serve at once, with strips of broiled bacon and fried onions as a luncheon dish.

Pot Roast of Beef

Four or five pounds of beef, in a thick piece, from the chuck, the vein or the round should be selected for this dish. Many prefer meat from the vein or round as it is solid flesh, but a piece from the chuck, as fat alternates with lean meat, will be quite as satisfactory. Roll the meat on three sides in flour. Have ready some hot fat in a frying pan; this may be fat from suet marrow, or salt pork or the top of a saucepan of soup. Brown the meat in the fat on one side, then turn and brown the other sides, one after another. An onion cut in rings may be cooked in the fat until yellowed and removed before the meat is set to brown. When the meat is well browned, set it into an iron or some other heavy saucepan; add about one cup of boiling water and let cook about six hours at a gentle simmer; add boiling water as needed and turn the meat occasionally. When the meat is tender, remove to a serving dish and thicken the liquid with two tablespoonfuls of flour smoothed in a little cold water. Season the sauce with salt and pepper. Serve, at the same time potatoes and any of the winter vegetables.

CERMAINE SALAD

Venison, with Sprouts and Chestnut Purée

Have ready some rounds of venison about an inch thick, cut from the fillet under the rump and broiled as any steak; also pipe some chestnut purée on a serving dish, set the venison above and the sprouts at the ends of the dish. Pour Madeira sauce with slices of venison or beef marrow over the meat, or serve celery with Madeira sauce and marrow at the same time.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS, WITH TOAST POINTS

Purée of Chestnuts

Cut a half-inch slit in one side of the chestnut shells; let cook in boiling water two minutes, drain and dry. To each pint of nuts add a teaspoonful of butter or oil and stir and shake in the oven three or four minutes; then inserting the point of a knife in the slit made in the shell before cooking, remove shell and skin together. Keep the nuts covered while shelling is in process — to accelerate the work. Stew the shelled and blanched nuts very gently in consommé until tender. Press the nuts through a ricer or sieve, add cream, salt, pepper and butter, beat thoroughly, over the fire, then pipe, as above, on a hot plate.

SARDINE SANDWICHES, WITH CANAPÉS

Whole cooked chestnuts are often served with sprouts in place of the purée.

Brussels Sprouts

Free the sprouts of imperfect leaves, cover with cold water and let stand several hours to become crisp. Drain and set to cook in boiling water, slightly salted. Cook until tender; often they will cook in fifteen minutes, but sometimes considerably more time is required. Drain, add a generous piece of butter, a dash of salt and paprika and shake over the fire until the butter is evenly mixed through the sprouts. Turn on to a hot dish, sprinkle with fine-chopped parsley and add a few toast-points. Dip the pointed edges of the toast in beaten white of egg and then in fine-chopped parsley. Any sprouts left over will make a good salad.

Celery, with Beef Marrow

Allow one head of celery for each person to be served; pare the root neatly (that celery is best the roots of which have not been pierced with nails); trim off the rough green stalks; wash in several waters to remove all earth; cut all the heads to the same length; cover with boiling water, and let boil five minutes, then drain and let dry on a cloth a few minutes; set the heads into a dish where they will lie flat, add salt, a piece of green or red pepper, a tablespoonful of butter and white broth to cover; let simmer about one hour or until tender. For six heads cut four ounces of marrow from a beef bone (hind shin) in half-inch slices, let soak in cold water, drain, cover with boiling water and let simmer one minute, drain and it is ready. Pour Madeira sauce over the celery and set the marrow above.

Madeira Sauce

Brown four tablespoonfuls of clarified butter or olive oil, add five table-

CREAM CHEESE SANDWICHES, WITH CANAPÉS

spoonfuls of flour and cook till frothy; then add one cup of rich, highly-flavored brown stock and half a cup of tomato puree and stir until boiling; add one tablespoonful of Worcestershire or other appropriate sauce, a dash of paprika and two or three tablespoonfuls of wine; let boil two minutes.

Sardine or Anchovy Sandwiches

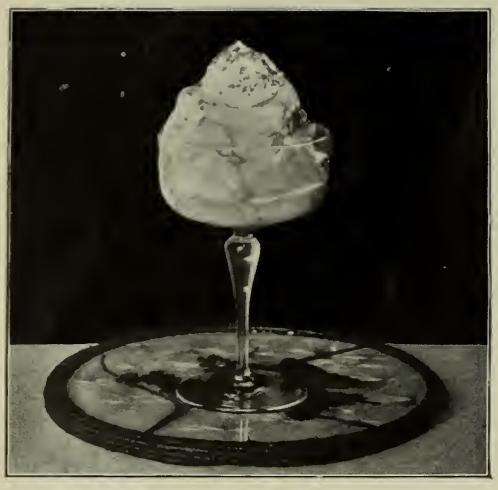
Pound the flesh of the fish in a wooden bowl until smoth; if convenient add the sifted yolks of two or more hard-cooked eggs and again pound until smooth; season with paprika, salt if needed, and press through a sieve; add chopped pimientos and truffles. Have ready one-fourth the measure of rich cream; beat this stiff and fold into the fish-mixture; add salt and pepper as needed and use as a sandwich filling. Garnish the plate of sandwiches with three or four canapés or open sandwiches, For these toast the halves of Boston or Hub crackers; when cold spread with the fish-mixture, rounding it slightly to a dome shape; make smooth with a silver knife, and draw the knife through the center of the surface to make a design; fill this with chopped truffles and set a few bits of pimiento on the edge.

Cream Cheese Sandwiches

Mash Neuchatel or Philadelphia cream cheese to a smoth paste and fold into it enough stiff-beaten cream to make a mixture that will flow easily through a pastry bag and tube. Spread noisette bread (entire-wheat bread made with whole filberts) with creamed butter and then with the cheese, set one or two

NEAPOLITAN SALAD

preserved strawberries or bar-le-duc currants on the cheese and cover with



FROZEN APRICOTS

a second piece of bread, spread lightly with butter and the cheese-mixture. Garnish the plate of sandwiches with three or four open sandwiches. To make these, pipe a ring of the cheese mixture on toasted halves of Boston crackers, and set a strawberry or currant in the center and at each side.

Germaine Salad

Set half a small head of Romaine on an individual plate; on it dispose a small tomato cut in halves; between the tomato dispose about two dozen Julienne shreds of cooked beet; pour over about a tablespoonful and a half of French dressing, seasoned with a few drops of onion juice, and sprinkle over the whole a little hard-cooked yolk of egg (sifted) and fine-chopped parsley.

Neapolitan Salad

Cut choice tender stalks of celery in short Julienne strips. Scald a green pepper in boiling water, remove at once and rub with a towel, then cut into shreds the size of the celery. Rinse canned pimientos in cold water,wipe dry and cut in the same style as the celery and pepper. Take about equal measures of the three ingredients. Mix with either French or mayonnaise dressing. Add a tablespoonful of Worcestershire or other sauce and additional seasoning if desired. Serve in nests of lettuce leaves. Mixed with French dressing, serve with meats; with mayonnaise, serve with bread (and butter?) as the main dish at luncheon or supper. Olives may be used in place of the green pepper.

Neapolitan Sandwiches

Chop, fine, tender crisp celery stalks green pepper and pimiento (canned) in equal proportions. Mix with mayonnaise dressing and use to spread

VANILLA CHESTNUT PRESERVE

bread made ready for sandwiches. Do not spread the mixture quite to the edge of the bread, that the sandwiches may be handled without soiling gloves. Rinse the pimientos in cold water and dry on a cloth before chopping. Chop each article separately that the colors may be distinct.

Maraschino Jelly

(Janet Hammer)

Soak one-fourth a package of gelatine in half a cup of cold water, and dissolve in one cup of boiling water; then add a pink-colored tablet, crushed, and one-fourth a cup of sugar and stir until the sugar is dissolved When cooled a little add a small-sized bottle of maraschino cherries, cut in halves, and half a cup of juice from the bottle. Take out half a cup of the liquid to use, when cold, to decorate the dish; turn the rest into a mold and set on ice. When ready to serve garnish with half a cup of cream, beaten stiff, and the half cup of jelly cut in cubes.

Macaroon Ice Cream, with Strawberries

Into a quart of any variety of ice-cream stir two dozen macraoons, dried in the oven, rolled and sifted if necessary. Pack in a mold and bury in crushed ice and salt. Use one measure of salt to three or four measures of ice. When unmolded pour over Sunshine or other preserved strawberries.

Frozen Apricots

Remove the skins from the apricots in a can, cut the flesh in very small pieces, add the syrup from the can, two cups of sugar and one quart of cold water; stir until the sugar is dissolved, then freeze as usual. Serve in glasses, with a bit of whipped cream above; sprinkle the cream with fine-chopped pistachio nuts.

Dried Apricot Soufflé

Wash half a pound of dried apricots, drain, cover with cold water and, after some hours or the next day, cook until tender and the water nearly evaporates. Reserve half a cup of this purée for a sauce. Beat the whites of five eggs dry; gradually beat in half a cup of sugar and the apricot purée. Turn the mixture into a pudding dish, buttered and dredged with granulated sugar, and let cook until firm in the center and well puffed-up. Cook on many folds of paper in a dish with boiling water around. Serve hot with the half-cup of purée folded into a cup of cream and half a cup of sugar, beaten firm.

Vanilla Chestnut Preserve

Shell and blanch the chestnuts in the same manner as indicated in Purée of Chestnuts, on another page of this issue. Let the chestnuts simmer in boiling water until tender. If cooked rapidly they will be broken. Take the weight of the chestnuts in sugar and dissolve in half the measure of water; add a few drops of lemon juice to break the grain of the syrup. Let the chestnuts simmer in the syrup till they look as if the syrup had penetrated through them; add a teaspoonful of vanilla extract for each pint of syrup; store in fruit jars.

Hot Cheese Cutlets

Scald one cup and a half of milk in a double-boiler, stir one-fourth a cup, each, of flour and cornstarch, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of paprika and mustard, and one-half a teaspoonful of salt with half a cup of cold milk, then cook in the hot milk, stirring until the mixture thickens, fifteen minutes. Beat three tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream, beat in two egg-yolks, two tablespoonfuls of fine-chopped truffles, and one cup of cheese in small (less than half an inch) cubes. Turn into a buttered pan to make a sheet about half an inch thick. When cold stamp into cutlet shapes with a tin cutter, egg-and-bread crumb and fry in deep fat. Serve with a green salad.

Menus for Card Parties and Teas

CARD PARTIES

I. (3 courses)

Oyster Croquettes, Sauce Tartare
Parker House Rolls
Lettuce, Grapefruit, White Grape-and-Cherry Salad
(French dressing with lemon juice)
Toasted Crackers
Cheese Balls
Coffee

II.

Mexican Rabbit from Chafing Dish
Olives Celery
Vanilla Ice Cream in Cups, with Caramel Sauce and Chopped Nuts
Coffee

III.

Chicken à la King from Chafing Dish
Shamrock Rolls Neapolitan Salad
Fruit Cup
(pineapple sherbet above fresh and canned fruit)
Assorted Cake
Cocoa Whipped Cream

IV.

Cheese Croquettes
Fin de Siecle Salad
Graham Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Coffee
Grape Juice Punch
(an hour after luncheon)

TEAS

I.

Anchovy Sandwiches
(Anchovy Canapés as decoration)
Cream Cheese and Bar-le-duc Sandwiches
(Canapés as decoration)
German Crisps
Macaroons
Vanilla Jumbles
Small Slices Black Fruit Cake
Tea
Sliced Candied Cherries and Pineapple

II.

Neapolitan Sandwiches
Sauce Tartare Sandwiches
Noisette Bread-and-Marmalade Sandwiches
Lady Finger-and-Whipped Cream Sandwiches
Orange Turkish Paste Mint Turkish Paste
Tea
(orange and lemon slices)
Cocoa with Marshmallows

Balanced Menus for One Week in January

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Fruit-and-Nut Rolls
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Pot Roast of Beef
Plain Boiled Potatoes
Brussels Sprouts, Buttered
Squash
Celery, Pimiento-and-Green Pepper Salad
Dried Apricot Soufflé
Whipped Cream and Apricot Sauce
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Sardine Sandwiches
Toasted Muffins
Canned Fruit Cookies
Cocoa with Marshmallows

MONDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, with Hot Dates, Thin Cream
Sausage Creamed Potatoes
Buckwheat Griddle Cakes Dry Toast
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Cream of Celery Soup
Cottage Pie (pot roast of beef)
Cold Brussels Sprouts, French Dressing
Buttered Parsnips
Dried Apricot or Apple Pie
Cottage Cheese
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Hot Cornmeal Muffins
Stewed Prunes
Ginger Cakes Tea

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Oysters Fried in Batter
Yeast Rolls (reheated)
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Roast Shoulder of Young Pig
Apples Baked in Bean Pot
Mashed Turnips Mashed Potatoes
Cabbage Salad or Sauer Krout
Poor Man's Rice Pudding
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Scalloped Tomatoes
Baking Powder Biscuit
Date-and-Walnut Cake
Cocoa Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Broiled Bacon
White Hashed Potatoes
Doughnuts Grapefruit Marmalade
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Fricassée of Fowl
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Celery with Marrow (beef)
Prunes Stuffed with Nuts, Whipped Cream
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Cream of Celery Soup
Browned Crackers
Small Graham Cracker Cakes
Canned Fruit
Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Oranges
Corned Beef Hash
Pickled Beets (canned beets)
Cereal Griddle Cakes
Coffee Honey Syrup Cocoa

Dinner

Chicken-and-Tomato Bouillon
Breaded Lamb Chops, Baked
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Brussels Sprouts, Buttered
Cottage Pudding Baked in Muffin Pan
Creamy Sauce Half Cups Coffee

Supper

Chicken-and-Rice Croquettes
Canned Peas, with Carrot Shreds
Yeast Sally Lunn
Stewed Apricots (dried) Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Broiled Salt Mackerel
Creamed Potatoes
Fried Mush
Coffee Graham Bread Cocoa

Dinner

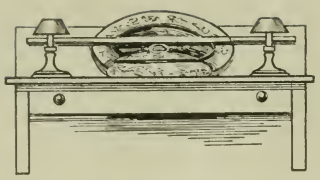
Boiled Fresh Fish, Oyster Sauce
Boiled Potatoes
Neapolitan Salad
(pimiento, green pepper, celery)
Cranberry Pie
Half Cups Coffee

Supper

Cheese Custard with Pimientos
Whole Wheat Biscuit
Cookies Hot Apple Sauce Tea

SATURDAY

Breakfast	Dinner	Supper
Baltimore Samp, Maple Syrup, Cream	Tomato Soup	Boston Baked Beans, Tomato Catsup
Creamed Corned Beef	Hamburg Steak	Boston Brown Bread
(flavored with onion and celery)	Creamed Turnips	French Bread
French Fried Potatoes	Mashed Potato	Cabbage Salad
French Bread	Dates Stuffed with Nuts and Fondant	Boiled Rice
Coffee Cocoa	Half Cups Coffee	Stewed Prunes Tea



Preparation in Detail of the Meals of One Day

Family of Two Adults and Two Children

By Janet M. Hill

MONDAY

Breakfast

Sausage Cakes, Fried Bananas
Baked Potato Cakes
Cream of Wheat Mush, Fried
Dry Toast
Cornmeal Muffins
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Chicken Pilau, Turkish Style
Cranberry Sauce
Boiled Onions, Buttered
Squash Pie
Coffee

Supper

Cream of Celery Soup
Browned Crackers
Salad of Dried Lima Beans
Graham Bread and Butter
Honey Cookies
Tea

Many of the dishes for the meals to-day (Monday) are prepared from the food left over on Sunday (See November issue). We will suppose that a gas stove is used in preparing the meals. When coal is the fuel, unless the stove responds very quickly to the opening of drafts, the oven will heat very slowly and muffins can not be attempted save on Sunday.

First of all, set the sauage cakes in a frying pan with boiling water; let the water simmer gently about ten minutes, — then drain off the water and set the sausage into the oven. Shape the left-over mashed potato into flat round cakes.

On Sunday night, sift the dry ingredients for the muffins into a bowl, then, as far as possible, collect the utensils and other ingredients needed for the muffins, setting the iron muffin pan into the oven, that it may be hot when the mixture is ready. Use the recipe given for Graham Muffins, on page, 314, of the November number of the magazine, substituting corn meal, yellow or white, for the Graham flour; or, if a richer muffin is wished, take the recipe given on page, 392, of the December magazine. When the muffin-mixture is ready, remove the pan from the oven to the top of the range, rub the inside thoroughly with fat, put in the mixture and quickly set into the oven. The muffins should be baked in from twenty to twenty-five minutes. At the same time let the mashed potato cakes, set on a buttered pan, with a bit of butter above, bake till lightly colored.

Cut the mush, set aside on Sunday in an empty baking powder can, into rather thin slices, sift a little flour on a plate and in this put the slices of mush, first on one side and then on the other; turn a little fat from the sausage into a frying pan, put in the mush and let fry on one side, then turn to fry the other side. Be very careful not to

overheat the fat. It is only by giving thought to the matter that one acquires the habit of using a frying pan hygienically. If smoke fills the room, discard the mush, or the sausage or whatever article has been cooked in the fat, occasioning the smoke; for it were better to lose that part of the breakfast than to run the risk of an attack of dyspepsia. While these things are cooking, set the bread to toast in the lower oven. Only one cook in a hundred makes toast properly, yet half of those ninety-nine cooks satisfy the people for whom the toast is made, because soft dough inside and a thin shell of crispness outside is what is desired. This, however, is not toast, properly speaking. Such toast may do for well people, if *they chew it long enough,* but is not to be given to children or to persons of weak digestion.

Toast, supposedly, is made for people who eat too much starch or who do not easily digest the starch in bread. By a process of long, slow cooking this starch is changed to sweet substances, then the final browning in high heat caramelizes, as it were, these sweet substances and gives a sweet tasting bit of predigested food. Such predigested food is valuable for one ill or convalescent, when the digestive fluids in the mouth do not flow freely; we will all recall that starchy foods are digested in the mouth.

Peel the bananas, scrape to remove all coarse threads, then cut in halves crosswise, and these pieces lengthwise. Pat these four pieces of each banana in flour and set to cook in the pan from which the sausage has been taken. As soon as the pieces are browned delicately on one side, turn to brown the other side. Set these around the sausage in the serving dish and serve both with the mush. Put milk for the graham bread to scald in a double boiler.

After breakfast has been cleared away, set a cup of dried Lima beans to soak in cold water; mix the Graham bread, using one whole yeast cake; pick the meat from the pieces of chicken, left over, cover the bones with cold water, add a few celery leaves and stalks, an onion, cut in slices, and three sprigs of parsley and set to simmer for broth. Peel the onions and cover them with cold water. Pour cold water (about a quart) over half a cup of rice, stir with a fork while bringing the water quickly to the boiling point, let boil two minutes, drain on a sieve, pour on cold water, and when again drained, add three tablespoonfuls of butter and stir over the fire until the rice has taken up the butter; add one cup and a half of hot chicken broth (left over) and half a cup of tomato purée, an onion into which two cloves have been pushed, three sprigs of parsley, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a teaspoonful of paprika, and let cook over boiling water, until the rice is tender. Do not stir but keep the grains whole. Pick out the onion and parsley. While the rice is cooking, set an egg over the fire in boiling water, let stand over the fire (without boiling) ten minutes, then reheat the water to the boiling point and let boil one minute; at once remove the egg to cold water to chill, then remove the shell and cut the egg in slices about one-fourth an inch thick. Butter a tin mold that holds rather less than a quart (about three cups), fit a paper in the bottom of the mold and butter it thoroughly; on this set the slices of egg in regular order or pattern; above the egg, spread a layer of the rice, then a layer of pieces of chicken; season the chicken with a dash of salt and pepper and continue the layers, until all are used, having the last layer rice. Press the mixture into the mold; set the mold on many folds of paper in a pan. Twenty minutes before dinner is to be served, pour boiling water around the mold, set the whole into the oven and let cook without boiling the water. When ready to

serve pour a cup of tomato sauce around the pilau, unmolded on a dish. For the tomato sauce, melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper and let cook until frothy; then add half a cup of tomato purée and half a cup of the broth made from the bones, etc.; stir until boiling. If fat rises to the top of the sauce, remove it with tissue or blotting paper. If the rice be properly cooked, the pilau will unmold in good shape; it will taste just as good, if the shape be not retained.

The first thing after breakfast is cleared away, prepare the squash pie: for the filling use the recipe given, in November, for the little pumpkin pies. Lightly flour the board, turn the paste (left over) with a knife in the flour, then knead lightly and roll into a round three-fourths of an inch larger, on all sides, than the plate; lay the paste even on the plate, then fold the edge backward just to meet the plate, all around. Flute this double thickness of paste with the thumb and forefinger and press each fluting down upon the edge of the plate. While fluting the pastry lift it, here and there, where needed, to let out the air below. Leave no large bubble of air between paste and plate. Put the pie into a hot oven and after ten minutes, lower the heat.

Sherman says that, "under favorable conditions the growth of children may be such as to call for a conversion of thirty to forty per cent of the food protein into body material and that through the whole of infancy and early childhood it is wise to use milk as the main source of protein." Also, according to Herter, "many cases of arrested development in infancy may be due to an insufficient assimiliation of calcium from the food. This deficiency in the amount assimilated may be due to defective digestion or to a diet inadequate in calcium content." Taking into consideration the foregoing items, the use of the remnants of celery — calcium is present in fair proportion in celery, and milk is especially rich in calcium—in a cream of celery soup would seem the part of wisdom. Care should be exercised in washing the celery, for the water in which it is cooked as well as the sifted pulp should be used in the soup. Stir the flour to be used in thickening with cold milk, then cook twenty minutes in the rest of the milk, heated in a double boiler; an onion may be scalded in the milk for additional flavor. Cook the Lima beans at a gentle simmer that the shape be retained.

Enchantment

A scarlet flash in the purple sky,
Like a red flamingo's wing;
And a thistledown puff, on the pine's rough coat,
Where the snow's white fingers cling.

A diamond dust o'er the stubble field
And the stream holds a mirror clear,
While princelings in ermine their jewelled swords sheathe
As into its crystal they peer.

A tang of frost in the bracing air,
And the holly's red necklet gleams
While winds sweep the leaves in a little brown drift,
O'er the bed where a violet dreams.

An amber rift in the sapphire sky,
And the golden sun flashes through,
While deep in my heart blooms a red, red rose,
That I cherish there, love, for you.

AGNES LOCHKART HUGHES

The Big Four

By Eleanor Robbins Wilson

UNDER the sharp proddings of our present day able statisticians the American populace is rousing from its Rip Van Winkle slumbers, and the charges hurled at this erstwhile indifferent body are indeed sufficient to make one "sit up and take notice." Far and near rings the accusation of race deterioration, backed up by proof of a gradual shrinkage in the height of our adult men, accompanied by a corresponding loss of weight. No less an authority than the United States Census Bureau gives the black and white evidence that, while we have learned to cope with acute maladies, our chronic maladies are on the increase. Our death rate is increasing and, to further augment the seriousness of the situation, our birth rate is decreasing, till like Great Britain we are fast nearing the point where our population will be stationary. All of which gives foundation to the alarming charge recently made by a professor of entomology in the University of California, who points out a strange analogy between the human race and bees, claiming that the increasing number of women, who have lost both the instinct and capacity for motherhood, are developing a neuter type corresponding to the worker-class of bees and ants. And that is not all. We have in our midst a crop of mental defectives, Mr. Statistician again coming to the front with figures to show that they now constitute one per cent of our total population. The overwhelming result of which is that our schools are becoming filled with defective children, digressing from normal, with a long list of ailments, varying from flat feet to adenoids. In short, they would have us believe that we are on the way to utter demoralization. But we are not. It is merely the darkness preceding the dawn, and the ushering in of the new day is the task of those special messengers of light that I feel warranted in characterizing as the Big Four.

First and foremost of these is the Doctor, the new type of doctor, weaned from the fallacy of overmuch drugging so completely that he openly forsakes the ranks of curative medicine for the steadily growing cause of preventive medical science. The man with the welfare of humanity so near at heart that he frequently turns his back on palliative remedies to tell the lay public that the building of the nation's health lies in their own hands.

Already is this being evinced in the wide-spread growth of eugenics, the increasing number of "better baby" shows, and the opening of bureaus for instruction in body-building.

Stamping its hearty approval in this matter, Harvard University has lately established a chair of preventive medicine and hygiene, and is giving degrees of "doctor of public health."

And this year the Marshall County Fair, held at Marshalltown, Iowa, added a unique feature, in this respect. This fair has long been famed as one of the best stock fairs in the country. This last season they established a Public Health Division, and, just as this organization has brought its live stock to the highest state of cultivation, it hopes to educate the country to raise the right kind of people. Every day during the fair there were lectures by physicians, giving health instruction to the people, and in prominent places were exhibited health placards and maxims for daily living. This created so much enthusiasm that a county conference in health was organized, with delegates consisting of every health

officer, every school director, and a representative from every organization in the country. This was supported by the hearty co-operation of the County Medical Association, and, as a result, a permanent Health Association is on foot whose influence will be far reaching.

Such are a few of the welcoming rays foretelling the approach of the new physician,— a patcher of souls as well as mender of bodies,— a psychologist who knows that the roots of disease run deep. He will be a man, perforce, openly honest enough to acknowledge the limitations of the pill, sufficiently wise to include the mental factor in his curative principles, and, best of all, so sane and far seeing as to preach the gospel of right living.

He will be most helpfully seconded in his work by the honest Chemist, a man equally fearless in exposing the harmful shams and substitutes of food adulterators, and the insidious havoc worked by patent medicine impostors. Through his instrumentality we shall learn all the evils of cold storage, the truth of impure milk, misbranded foodstuffs, short weights, dirty foods, injurious preservatives, and dangerous drugs, whereby sanitary legislation will receive an undreamed-of impetus and our pure food and drug laws will not only be passed but enforced. Briefly summarized, it means a nation-wide attack of Wileyitis, and the sooner we are exposed to it the better.

Thus, primarily, must we learn to be healthy animals, and, secondly, must we be sustained by pure food. And in the new order of things will Doctor and Chemist find their stanchest ally to be the Moving Picture. For through this medium lies the desired educative means of graphically displaying the methods and effects of food contamination and adulterations, the wrecking results of alcoholism, drug addictions, etc. And here, likewise, may be driven home with indelible impression, the golden rewards of right living, up-to-date methods of farming and dairying, the proper care of foods in the home and market place, lessons in wholesome methods of food preparation, the effect of good habits, outdoor sports, including the stimulating example of fine specimens of the human race from prize babies to those grown rich in years and wisdom — "the masterpieces of life."

And this leads to the last, but by no means least, important, representative of this reclaiming quartet — the efficient Cook. For without the combined assistance of the fourth member of the Big Four, the work of the aforesaid trio must be irremediably weakened.

Man may be taught to observe the rules of hygienic living, to insure the purity of his food supply, and the Filmman make him familiar with the proper method of its preparation, but an ignorant, slip-shod cook can completely swerve his whole line of march.

In more unenlightened times the cook of a household was looked down upon. To-day, the woman versed in domestic science receives the homage of intelligence. As Dr. Lankester warned, "there are scientific principles lying at the foundation of the Art of Cookery, and if you neglect to apply them,— if you neglect to educate your cooks in them,— you must expect to suffer."

Gastronomy has become one of the fine arts, and, as is daily becoming more patent, one of the most indispensable leaders in the health crusade is the qualified cook who is thoroughly conversant with food values.

By the United States government reports we are informed that there are no less than 15,000,000 physically defective children in our public schools, and the examiners of these pupils are not backward in telling us that the majority of them are victims of malnutrition, the outcome of poor and improper feeding on the part of the

parents.

With such a condition of affairs, it is a great wonder that there are not more than 1200 institutions in the United States offering courses in home economics.

While the final solution of this perplexing problem will undoubtedly lead to our emulating the school feeding systems of Switzerland, France, England or Germany, in order to remedy the condition of those afflicted through poverty, a great body of indifferent middle class American women might speedily help lessen the difficulty by learning the essentials of the culinary art. Unequivocally, one of the most valuable assets of society, at the present time, is the woman who, from scientific study of nutritive values, understands the serving of balanced meals.

More disease is traceable to wrong combinations of foods than the average person ever suspects. And altogether too frequently the unbalanced ration is responsible.

The man suffering from a complaint due to lime starvation condoles with the man who has always been a too high protein feeder, and yet their variant ailments may both be traced to a common cause — that of error in diet. Reform in this respect will do more for each than the doctor.

And in the good new times, when Doctor and Scientist shall have pointed out to us the royal road to health, we shall depend more and more for guidance on the Culinary Artist, for as Brillat-Savarin once stated, "the destiny of nations depends upon their diet."

When the Year Is New

By Louise E. Dew

WHEN our grandmothers were young it was the day ushering in the New Year that was devoted to social gatherings. Open house was kept by everyone, and coy and fluttering belles, wearing side curls and voluminous skirts, received the compliments of the polished men of their world. Oddly enough their grandmothers had observed the custom a half century before in gowns but a trifle less scant and clinging than those worn to-day.

According to all accounts, their callers must have been strong of digestion and nerve to remain decorous throughout the long round of visits, partaking of cake and wine offered by each gracious hostess. Nor did the day end there. When evening came, there was a substantial supper to which the intimate friends of the family were invited, followed by a stately dance, presided over by a black fiddler, who called the figures. Thus was the New Year ushered in.

We do not go into New Year celebration on quite such a spacious scale in these days, the old custom of New Year calling, with its continuous performance of eating and drinking all day long, having quite passed away. Instead, hospitality is now usually confined to the evening, which leaves the day comparatively quiet, so that one may rest in preparation for the festivities attendant on watching the Old Year out and the New Year in. People who entertain in a large style often give a ball on the last night of December; but the watch party need not be anything so extensive and elaborate, in order to be successful. A small,

informal gathering of friends and neighbors is often more enjoyable, with a simple but substantial supper served late, not only because sitting up to the small hours makes people hungry, but because it is desirable that the New Year shall come in while the guests are at table.

As the time of waiting before supper sometimes passes rather slowly, it is a good plan to provide some occupation beside dancing to keep people interested. It affords amusement to supply each person with a pencil and paper, and require him to write privately a New Year resolution. The resolutions are folded separately and mixed in a basket, from which everybody present draws one, and reads it aloud. As the person who draws is supposed to abide by the resolution chance allots to him, the misfits are sometimes very funny.

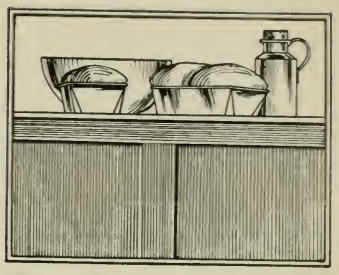
It is a pretty idea to present each guest with a little souvenir calendar, which may easily be made at home. Buy a sheet of red mat-board, not too stiff, for ten cents, the kind that is used for mounting pictures, and cut from it bell shapes, like the illustration, about four inches long. The pattern should be marked on the wrong side, and carefully cut with sharp scissors. On the lower part of each bell paste a tiny calendar, and put the date in large figures above it. Through the top of the bell tie a red or green ribbon, and you will have a souvenir that will remind your friends for a year of the pleasant evening they had at its beginning.

Old-fashioned caraway seed New Year cakes should, of course, be among the refreshments, and the date may be put on them with red frosting, or little candies stuck on with white of egg; or if the cakes are baked at home, it may be marked with a line of caraway seed.

If there is no striking clock, somebody should be appointed to keep track of the time, as the hour approaches, and, at midnight, to strike twelve times on a small bell.

When there are more than half-a-dozen or so persons invited, supper is often served at several small tables rather than one large one, and, when this is done, it is customary for everybody to rise, when the New Year comes in, and pass from one table to another, offering congratulations and good wishes.

HOME IDEAS & ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

The Guest Who "Wants to Help"

SHE comes rustling blithely into the kitchen about an hour before luncheon in silken, bewitching morning lingerie, just as you are in the very midst of the fray — flushed, nervous and over-burdened with the hundred little and big perplexities known only to the mistress of a household who is "doing her own work."

"Now, Cousin Ellen, do let me help about lunch — I'd just love to!" she gurgles, affectionately. "You mustn't make company of me, dear, you know. I can always fit right in anywhere, and do anything. Just try me!"

You thank her with a hypocritical warmth — a languid seventh smile of a seventh smile. Perhaps you are performing some especially delicate culinary operation — dropping oil into your mayonnaise, or thickening the cream for timbale or ramekin, or straining a croquette.

You are painfully conscious that your hair is all at loose ends, your face tense and perspiring, and that no detail of your faded, most ancient wrapper is being lost upon your cool, fragrant, faultlessly-groomed guest, who stands there smiling and immaculate — every puff of her hair shining and symmetrical to the ninth degree!

From your inmost heart you long to exclaim "Get out! If you truly want to help, leave me alone. Go back to the parlor and read, or play the piano, or anything else — only let me do my work by myself!"

But the charming little visitor is already scurrying about cheerily. "You can't stop me, Cousin Ellen! I'm going to make you some of my hot biscuit — I have the grandest recipe! So — if you'll just bring me the butter and lard and rolling-pin — There! I've found the flour myself!" and you hear her rummaging about in the pantry, peering into pails and jars, all the little secrets of your entire mènage exposed to her bright and curious eyes. How you shrink inwardly at thought of those unwashed dishes, hidden away back of the tins on the cupboard shelf! At the pantry floor unscoured, and baking bowls lying about in unaccustomed places (because of unexpected company).

"My dear, did you know your onions are simply spoiling here?" with a gentle forbearance more maddening than frank condemnation. "Now, if you arranged these things systematically, as I do —". Or, perhaps, she simply follows you about, silently observing every process, every action, until you are nearly on the verge of hysteria.

"Why, what a queer idea, Cousin Ellen! Your ways are all so different from mine. Now, I'm sure it would be a great saving of your time and strength, if you'd try only" etc., etc. Your grim silence gives her an opportunity to continue, sympathetically:

"Your silver needs a little polishing, dear. Do let me rub it over a bit

tomorrow!" (You know that she will have forgotten all about it by tomorrow, but will not fail to report to your relatives that "poor Cousin Ellen has to let some things go, — a woman always slackens a little when the children come. But I helped her all I could.")

And, finally, when she overturns that fudge-sauce upon her lacey front-breadth and with sweet resignation asserts it is of no consequence, you are miserably conscious that all John's folks will promptly learn how she ruined her lovely new lingerie preparing luncheon for dear Ellen; (as a matter of fact, dear, Ellen would have lunched off the kitchen table, had she had no guests about!)

If you are a sensible woman you will say frankly to this polite (?) "I thank you, dear girl, but you will help me best by leaving me to my fate — ir is impossible for me to work with anyone about. I am sure you want to conform with the rules of the house — there's a dear! You'll find that new novel in the library—" and gently and firmly close the kitchen door upon your officious friend. It is your own fault, and you deserve your own humiliation, loss of temper and self-respect, if you permit even the proverbial inch to this especial brand of guest who is so ready to take an ell. L. S.

* * *

The Salt Cod Dinner

A STANDBY to the real old New Englander, of equal popularity, but much less widely known than its sister, the boiled dinner, is this original Salt Cod meal.

It came to us direct from a Cape Cod Yankee, whose family had practiced it for seven good generations, at least. Most of us have used it in some form or other, — either varying the ingredients or the manner of service. The latter is decidedly part of the game.

To prepare for a family of two, one would require one-third pound or less of salt codfish, four medium-sized potatoes, two large beets, two slices of salt pork, about two inches square and one-half an inch thick, and one cup of thin cream sauce. Cut the fish in pieces about two-inches square, let soak, unless very fresh, and then scald successively in three waters. Boil the potatoes till mealy, and the beets till tender, then skin and slice. Dice the salt pork and fry slowly, till there are nice, little, light-brown cubes with plenty of drippings. Have everything ready at the same instant and serve as follows, as this materially affects the taste of the dinner.

Our true salt cod devotee will first mash the potato with a fork, then shred the fish and mix the two. Place the sliced beets on this; dice, and mix the three. Then distribute the pork scraps and drippings well over the top and cover all with a generous portion of cream sauce.

This makes a large serving and one may hesitate to commence, but will enjoy to the last mouthful. It is most truly a "dish" in which the "proof of the pudding is in the eating."

It is easy enough to double or quadruple the amounts given above, for the average or for the large family. It is a very simple meal and one that will "stay-by" on the winter days. In as much as the ingredients for two will cost but from twelve to twenty cents, according to the locality, it is an inexpensive meal to be sure. H. R.

* * *

Tarragon

MANY Americans are afraid of new things, or imagine them costly. Tarragon is a plant easily grown, when once a root is secured from a dealer; it is hardy and lives on year after year. The leaves are fine in salads, and are used for flavoring many other dishes just as parsley is, only being careful not to use much of it. The Tarragon

vinegar, made by infusing the leaves in good vinegar, is very desirable for salads, and many other dishes; often a few drops are added to sauces and made dishes.

Orange Salad

An orange salad is refreshing and nice for the winter months. Peel and free from all seeds and inner skins some nice tart oranges. Grate in a little of the rind, if liked, for a game course. Dress with salt, pepper, and sprinkle with a little fresh tarragon and fine-chopped chives, or shreds of fresh onion. Squeeze the juice of one orange over, or use French dressing.

The Glass Shelf

Glass is an ideal shelfing for a kitchen closet as it can be kept clean so easily. If this is too costly, paint the shelves white and give a coat of enamel. This is easily scrubbed and does away with the necessity of papers.

To prevent curtains, children's clothing, etc, from catching fire, add one ounce of phosphate of amnomia to each gallon of starch used. Immerse goods, wring out and when dry they will be fire-proof. This treatment is not injurious and will not change the appearance of white cloth. The same result may be obtained by dissolving two ounces of alum in a small quantity of rinse water. J. J. O'C.

* * *

New Preparations of Fish for Sunday Night Supper and Luncheons, or Hors D'Oeuvres for Fastidious Spreads

NOVEL fish prepartions include anchovies put up in glass, with pickles and onions. Then too, there are shad roes in tin cans. To provide a healthy, hungry family with these would hardly be advisable, but for epicures it is another matter. All kinds of things come ready now for quick suppers, automobile luncheons and the like. The canned shad-roes give those who think they never have their share of roe at the family table a chance to make up for the loss. And the canned fish-balls from New England, four or five to a can, are a welcome article to the bachelor maid who is living in a flat.

Cod fish, creamed, may not be a luxury, but it is a staple. and when one has partaken too freely of green food in summer, or the digestion is upset, this homely dish of the olden time will often prove remedial. J. D. C.

* * *

ONE of my pet schemes for defying moths is to place all small articles in glass fruit jars and seal up tight.

When straining fruit juices for jelly, or any hot liquid, in fact, try pinning the jelly bag or straining cloth to the sides of the dish with clothes pins. It will stay in place and save both time and patience and, perhaps, a burned finger.

When washing very much soiled clothing, such as overalls, childrens' rompers, work shirts, etc., place the article on the wash board and scrub with an ordinary scrub brush. The dirt will be removed with ease and less injury to both hands and clothes than ordinarily. I. D. S.

No Wonder

Dr. Lyman Abott, at a luncheon at the Colony Club in New York, was good-humrnedly arguing the suffrage question with a prominent suffraget.

"Now, doctor," said the suffraget, "there's one thing you must admit. A woman doesn't grow warped and hide-bound so quickly as a man. Her mind keeps younger, fresher."

"Well, no wonder," Dr, Abbott retorted. "Look how often she changes it!"

QUERIES & ANSWERS

THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit $1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

QUERY 2105. — "Suggest menus for luncheons for about twenty business men. Price of luncheon to be .50. The fifty cents is not to include rent, simply the food and the services of the woman preparing it."

Fifty Cent Luncheons

I.

Breaded Lamb Chops, Baked
Baked Potatoes
Macaroni, Italian Style
Celery
Apple Pie Cheese
Coffee

II.

Swiss Soup
Veal Cutlets, Pojarski
Scalloped Tomatoes
Chocolate Blanc Mange, Cream Sugar
Tea

III.

Tomato Soup
Fillets of Fish baked with Bread Dressing
Drawn Butter Sauce
Home Made Pickles
Mashed Potatoes
Buttered Onions
Lemon Pie
Coffee

IV.

Creamed Celery on Toast, Poached Egg
Hot Baking Powder Biscuit
Vanilla Ice Cream, Chocolate Sauce
Toasted Crackers, Cheese
Small Cups Coffee

V.

Fish or Clam Chowder
Celery Home Made Pickles
Crackers
Apricot Shortcake, Whipped Cream
Coffee

VI.

Small Chicken Pies
Celery
Cranberry Jelly

Tapioca Custard Pudding, Vanilla Sauce
Toasted Crackers Cheese
Coffee

VII.

Potato Salad
Cold Baked Ham
Hot Muffins
Home Made Mince Pie
Coffee

VIII.

Chicken Pilau, Tomato Sauce
Stewed Dried Lima Beans
White and Graham Bread and Butter
Apple Dumplings, Hard and Liquid Sauces
Coffee

IX.

Chicken Gumbo Soup
Toasted Rolls
Squash Pie
Assorted Nuts
Coffee

X.

Ham Timbales, Tomato Sauce
Cornmeal Muffins
Graham Bread
Lettuce-and-Canned Asparagus Salad
Chocolate Eclairs
Tea or Coffee

XI.

Hamburg Roast
Spaghetti, Italian Style
Franconia Potatoes
Chinese Celery
Fruit Cup
(Macedoine of fruit, sherbet above)
Toasted Crackers Cheese
Coffee

XII.
Sausage or Bacon
Mashed Potatoes
Celery
Cornmeal Muffins
Baked Apples, Cream
Cheese
Coffee

XIII. (Feb.)
Half Grapefruit
Oyster Omelet
Parker House Rolls
Plum Pudding
Hard and Liquid Sauces
Coffee

XIV.
Chicken Croquettes
Peas with Carrots
Whole Wheat Biscuit
(baking powder)
Home Made Apple Pie
Cheese
Coffee

XV.
Chicken Gumbo Soup
Graham Bread and Butter
Celery-and-Apple Salad
Chocolate Eclairs
Coffee

QUERY 2106.—"In making cake, some directions say, beating the mixture after the flour is added makes the cake tough; other directions say beat three minutes before the whites are added; which directions are correct?"

Mixing Cake

Before buying cook-books that are simply a compilation of recipes, each individual assaying to prepare food for others to eat, should own a cook-book giving minute directions as to methods of manipulating food materials and the reasons thereof. A thoughtful study of such a book would put such procedures as the mixing of cake before one in a manner not to be forgotten and, if directions were followed, would insure uniformly good results. In cake-making we recognize two distinct kinds of cake. These cakes are butter cakes, and true sponge cakes. Butter cakes contain shortening, usually butter, and are lightened, in part, by soda and cream of tartar, or some variety of baking powder. True sponge cakes are made without butter and are lightened entirely by air, beaten into eggs, and the expansion of this air when heated. The manner of mixing these two varieties of cake are entirely different. In the above query the first question refers to mixing sponge cake, the second to butter cakes.

Mixing Butter Cakes

Cream the butter, using an earthen bowl and a wooden spoon, to avoid discoloring the ingredients; add the sugar gradually, beating constantly; add yolks of eggs, beaten until thick and light-colored. If more sugar is to be used than can be creamed easily with the butter, add it to the yolks and with them to the rest of the sugar and butter; then add the liquid, followed by the flour and leavening ingredients sifted together, or add the liquid and flour, alternately. Then beat in the whites of the eggs, beaten dry. At last, beat the mix'ure thoroughly to secure a fine grained cake.

Mixing Sponge Cake

As the lightness of sponge cake depends entirely upon the air incorporated into the eggs, of which it is largely composed, and the expansion of this air in baking, great care must be taken, first, to secure the incorporation of air in the mixture, and then to regulate the baking so as to retain the same — i.e., never stir a sponge cake mixture; let the heat be such that the enclosed air can be gradually heated, and the cell-walls fixed, when the air becomes fully expanded. Beat the yolks with an egg-beater until very light and thick; add the sugar gradually, beating continuously, then add the flavoring. Beat the whites until stiff and dry; cut and fold part of the whites into the yolks and sugar, then cut and fold in part of the flour; now, in the same order, the remaining whites and flour. If preferred, add the whites, then the flour entire. Bak

in an unbuttered pan, made for the purpose, and let the cake stand in the inverted pan to cool. Thus suspended, as it were, from the floor of the pan, the cake will be much lighter, than when it is left to hold up its own weight while cooling.

QUERY 2107.—"In recipes for Oatmeal Cookies, what kind of oatmeal is called for, Scotch oatmeal or rolled oats?"

Oatmeal for Cookies

In all cookies, quickly made and baked rolled oats are called for. Time is a consideration when Scotch oatmeal is employed.

QUERY 2108.—"Recipe for fine-grained, plain, Layer Cake to be used with Chocolate Frosting. Wish the mixture to contain more yolks than whites."

Yellow Layer Cake

½ a cup of butter
1 cup of sugar
3 egg-yolks
1 egg-white
½ a cup of milk
1¾ cups of flour
4 level teaspoonfuls of baking powder

Beat the butter to a cream; gradually beat in the sugar, then the yolks and white of egg, beaten together, and, alternately, the milk and sifted flour, sifted again with the baking powder.

QUERY 2109.—"Recipe for Potato Salad to serve 30 people, with cold meat.

Potato Salad for Thirty

5 qts. of potato cubes
2 onions
.10 bottle of stuffed olives
.05 worth of parsley
½ a cup of piccalilli
2 pickles, mustard preferred
1½ tablespoonful of salt
1 teaspoonful of paprika
¼ a teaspoonful of black pepper
1¼ cups of olive oil
⅓ a cup of vinegar

Cut the potatoes in cubes when cold. The parsley, loose in cup, measured one cup of leaves. Chop the parsley, onions, olives and pickles, together, in a wooden bowl; chop very fine. Add all the ingredients to the potatoes and mix thoroughly.

QUERY 2110.—"How Cook Eggs to cut in slices for use in salads or for garnishing."

Hard-Cooked Eggs for Salads, etc.

Take a granite ware saucepan holding rather more than a quart; in it heat one quart of water to the boiling point and move the saucepan to a place on the stove where the water will retain its heat but not boil; lower an egg into it, cover close and let stand eight minutes; bring the water with the egg quickly to the boiling point and let boil one minute, then drain and cover with cold water. Thus cooked the egg will retain its tenderness, except just beneath the shell; it will shell easily, leaving a smooth surface, and will cut in better slices than when the outside is less firm.

QUERY 2111.—"Recipes for French Chestnuts, Brandied?"

French Chestnuts Brandied

Prepare the chestnuts by the recipe for vanilla chestnut preserves, given in the Seasonable Recipes for this month, except, instead of filling the jar with syrup, leave room for about one-half a cup of French brandy.

QUERY 2112.—"Recipe for Clover Leaf Biscuit, sometimes called "Shamrocks."?

Clover Leaf Biscuit

Use the recipe for "Parker House Rolls" given in the October, 1913, issue of this magazine. Shape the dough into small balls a generous inch in diameter; set these three, each, in round muffin pans — preferably tin — when light bake about twenty minutes; brush over with white of egg, beaten and strained, and return to the oven to cook the egg.

QUERY 2113.—"Recipes for Vienna Bread, Tomato Catsup and Braised or Baked OxHeart"?

Vienna Bread

2 cups of scalded milk
¼ a cup of butter
1 teaspoonful of salt
1 tablespoonful of sugar
1 cake of compressed yeast
¼ a cup of lukewarm milk
Flour for soft dough

Add the butter, sugar and salt

Breakfast Ready in Ten Minutes

You can save a surprising amount of bother and trouble tomorrow by serving **Beardsley's Shredded Codfish** for breakfast.

You can have this delicious fish food ready for the table in less time that it takes to make coffee.

It is ready to cook the instant you open the package.

No bones to pick out—no washing—no soaking—no boiling. We have done all that for you.

And please don't think that there's any "fish-odor" in cooking. Instead, there's a tempting, savory smell—a smell that will make you hungry.

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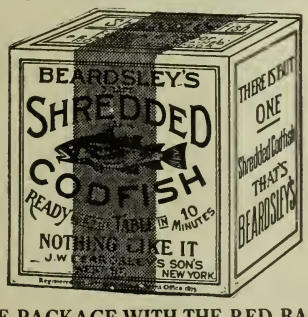

THE PACKAGE WITH THE RED BAND

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Fish caught elsewhere can't compare with the cod we use.

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J. W. Beardsley's Sons
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the scalded milk. Mix the yeast with the lukewarm milk (scalded and cooled), and when the first mixture is lukewarm, stir this into it, with flour for a soft dough. Knead and pound the dough about fifteen minutes, then set aside in an earthen bowl, covered, until the mixture is doubled in bulk. It will take between three and four hours. Shape into two long narrow loaves. When light, score the top of each in two or three places, diagonally. Bake about three-fourths an hour. Brush over with white of egg, beaten and strained, and return to the oven to set the glaze.

Tomato Catsup

Scald half a bushel of ripe tomatoes and remove the skins; add half a cup of salt, one pound of sugar, one tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, three teaspoonfuls, each, of ground mace and celery seed, two tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon, and two quarts of vinegar. Boil slowly until reduced one half, then pass through a sieve, reheat and store in sealed bottles, or in tight-closed cans. A larger quantity of spice is desired by many.

Tomato Catsup

(Canned Tomatoes)

1 can of tomatoes
¾ a teaspoonful of salt
½ an onion, grated
2 tablespoonfuls of sugar
¼ a teaspoonful of ground cloves
½ a teaspoonful of paprika
½ a teaspoonful of cinnamon
3 branches of parsley, chopped
1 celery stalk
½ a cup of vinegar

Let all simmer together until reduced to about one pint; press through a sieve, reheat and store in a can A slice from a clove of garlic is an improvement to the catsup.

Braised Ox Heart

Wash the heart thoroughly, freeing it of all coagulated blood Mix together a cup of soft, fine bread crumbs, one-third a cup of fine-chopped, fat, salt pork, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of powdered thyme, black pepper and salt, also, if desired, half a teaspoonful, each, of grated onion and chopped parsley. Use this mixture to fill the openings in the flesh. Bind a strip of cloth around it in two directions, to keep in the stuffing, and fasten secure. In an earthen casserole, sprinkle a layer of chopped onion, carrot, celery and parsley; on this set the meat, pour on a little hot fat, then sprinkle with more vegetables; cover and let cook about five hours or until very tender. Baste each twenty minutes with hot fat. Use three tablespoonfuls of the fat in the casserole with three of flour and a cup and a half of brown stock in making a sauce to serve with the dish.

QUERY 2114.—"Recipes for Almond Cake and Pickled Onions (small white). Can Pears be pickled in the same manner as peaches"?

Almond Cake

½ a cup of butter
1 cup of sugar
½ a cup of milk
2 cups of flour
3 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder
1 teaspoonful of vanilla extract
¼ a cup of blanched almonds
Granulated sugar
The whites of 3 eggs

Mix in the usual manner and spread in two layer-cake pans. Halve the nuts and press sidewise into the top of one of the layers, and sprinkle with granulated sugar. Bake about fifteen minutes. Put the layers together with boiled frosting, to which one-third cup of chopped almonds has been added. For the frosting boil three-fourths a cup of sugar and one-third a cup of water to 240° F and pour on the white of one egg, beaten dry. Finish in the usual manner.

Small White Onions, Pickled

Wash the onions and cover them with lukewarm water; when quite cool, take off the skins with a silver knife. Rinse in cold water, then drain and cover with vinegar, scalding hot; let boil five or six minutes in the vinegar; skim into cans; add tarragon leaves and

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A good wine cannot be made in a day—neither can Holbrook's Sauce.

"It is better to use no sauce at all than a sauce that is not Holbrook's."

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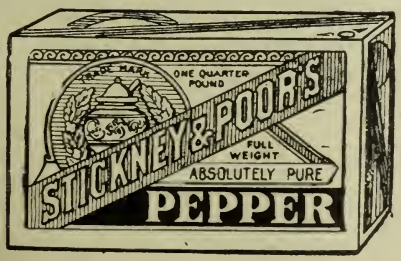

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Fresh tender clams from old Pacific

You don't know how good clams can be till you've tasted Pioneer Minced Sea Clams. They are famous Razor Clams, found only in the white sands of North Pacific shores. Packed when fat and tender. Each clam individually cleansed. You get the real salt-sea flavor in

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Sold at groceries which handle the choicest foods.

Order a Can by Parcel Post

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Sea Beach Packing Works

105 Pacific Ave. Aberdeen, Washington

bits of horseradish; pour on the same or a fresh supply of vinegar, scalding hot, and store in jars, as canned food.

QUERY 2115.—"Recipe for Scotch Shortbread"

Scotch Shortbread

(By one living over 50 years in Scotland)

There are only 3 ingredients in Scotch shortbread: 1 lb flour (4 cups), one-half pound butter (2 cups), one-fourth pound sugar (three-fourths cup), no milk, eggs, baking powder or salt.

Put the flour, butter and sugar on a baking board, letting the board rest against the wall, to keep it from moving round the table. Break the butter in small pieces and work into a lump by rubbing along the board with your flat hand and wrist. Roll the lump into a sheet three-fourths of an inch thick, cut in four pieces and prick all over with a silver fork. Put in a hot oven for 5 minutes, then let cool a little and bake 25 minutes longer. When baked it should be of a very pale, amber tint.

QUERY 2116.—"Recipes for 'Mushroom Consommé,' Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style, and a Three Layer Yellow Cake flavored with lemon and with icing.

Mushroom Consommé

Have ready five cups of strong broth, made of beef, veal or chicken, or both, and flavored with the usual soup vegetables, free of all fat. Add half a cup of dried mushrooms, soaked for an hour or more in cold water and pounded smooth, the slightly beaten whites of two eggs and the crushed shells of the same, and mix all together thoroughly. Set the soup over a slow fire and stir constantly while heating the whole to the boiling point; let simmer ten minutes, then draw to a cooler place to settle; skim and strain through a napkin wrung out of boiling water. Season as needed with salt and pepper and serve at once.

Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style

Boil a cup of brown or maple sugar and half a cup of water until it forms a thread. Have ready half a dozen sweet potatoes, baked until nearly tender; peel the potatoes, cut in halves, lengthwise, and dispose these, round side down, in an au gratin dish; pour on part of the syrup, set a few bits of butter on the potatoes and sprinkle lightly with salt; put another layer of potatoes in the dish, pour on the rest of the syrup, add butter and salt and let bake until slightly browned. Baste with the syrup two or three times while cooking. Serve from the baking dish.

Three Layer Yellow Cake

½ a cup of butter
1 cup of sugar
8 egg-yolks
½ a cup of milk
1¾ cups of flour
4 teaspoonfuls of baking powder
Grated rind of 1 lemon

Mix in the usual manner. For the icing, boil one and one-half cups of sugar and one-half a cup of water to 238° F., and pour in a fine stream on the whites of two eggs, beaten dry, beating constantly meanwhile. Flavor with vanilla or lemon extract, or use one-half a teaspoonful of vanilla and one-fourth a teaspoonful of lemon extract.

QUERY 2117.—"Is it still customary to use fingerbowls at a company dinner and how are they passed?"

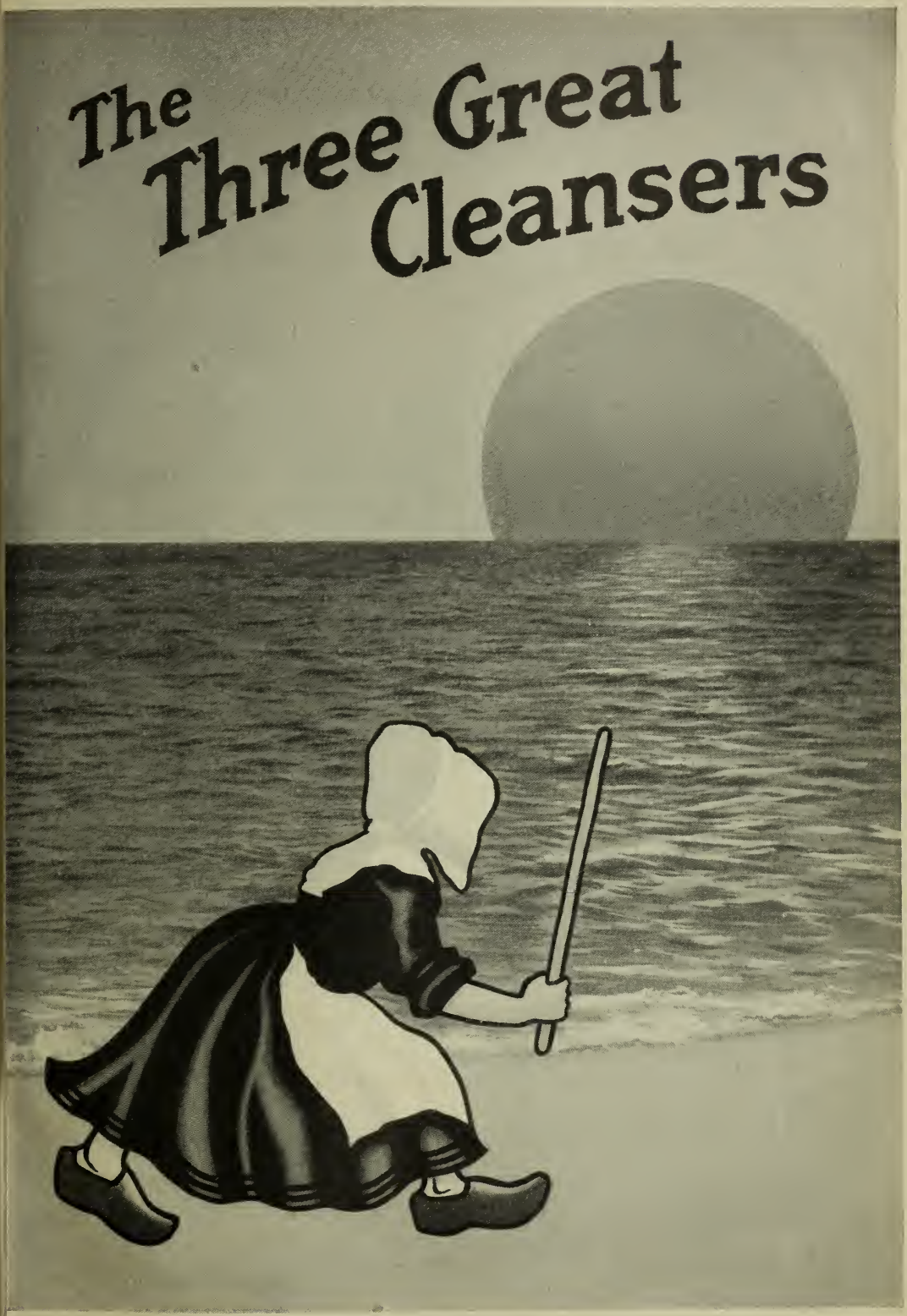
Use of Fingerbowls

Fingerbowls are used at meals of ceremony and often at the family table. They are passed, one to each individual, on doily-covered plates. At dinner the doily and bowl are often taken from the plate and set upon the table by each individual, and the plate is used for cake or bonbons passed by the maid. At breakfast the fingerbowls are usually removed after the fruit course.

QUERY 2118.—"When rolls are laid in a napkin, are they on the table when the guests are seated? If so, what is done with them while the soup is being eaten? Is this napkin the one to be used on the lap?"

Rolls in Napkin

Rolls in the napkins are set in place


The Three Great Cleansers

when the table is laid; after being seated, the rolls are lightly moved to the table as the napkin is lifted, this napkin being the one to be laid in the lap. The rolls lie on the table cloth during the eating of the soup.

QUERY 2119.—"When are olives eaten? If nuts are on the table at the beginning of a meal, when are they eaten? When should celery, olives and nuts be removed?"

Place of Olives, Celery and Nuts

Olives and celery are usually eaten with the soup. They sometimes appear in a hors d'oeuvre dish of several compartments or are provided with other relishes passed before soup. When no salad is served with roast turkey or chicken, celery is often passed with this course. These relishes are removed from the table when the course of which they form a part — whatever that course may be — is finished. Salted nuts belong to no particular course and usually remain on the table throughout the dinner. They are eaten at any time, often between courses.

QUERY 2120.—"For a four or five course meal, should all the silver be set in place when the table is laid, or should part of it be brought in later, as needed?"

Disposal of Silver on Dinner Table

By a comparison of the tables, set for various functions, shown in this magazine and of the menus accompanying them, the disposition of silver in the covers advocated by this magazine can be easily seen. For instance, in the November number, the frontispiece shows a table laid for dinner; on the reverse of the page is the menu. In each "cover," at the right is spoon for grapefruit cocktail, soup spoon and knife for turkey; on the left is fork for fish, which also answers for the salad served with the fish, fork for turkey, also used for the vegetables served with this course, and, last, the smaller fork for the game and cauliflower served with this course. Sometimes the silver for the dessert course is set above the plate, when the table is laid, but it is in the way, when the table is freed of crumbs (before the dessert is served) and it is preferable to set such silver in place just before the dessert is served. This, however, is largely a matter of individual taste.

QUERY 2121.—"How are guests seated at table so that there may be no break in the alternation of ladies and gentlemen.?"

Seating Guests at Table

The host with lady guest of honor go into the dining-room first; the lady sits at right of host; others follow, each lady being seated at the right of the gentleman whom she accompanies; the hostess comes in last with the gentleman guest of honor who sits at her *left*; by this procedure a lady is at the right of each gentleman, no matter now many guests there are at table. The difficulty referred to in the query arose from changing the order, when it came to the hostess; of course the gentleman accompanying her sits at her *left*, thus bringing her to his right hand.

Bran Cookies

½ a cup of sugar
½ a cup of molasses
½ a cup of milk
½ a cup of shortening
1 egg, beaten light
1 teaspoonful of ginger
1 teaspoonful of cinnamon
½ a teaspoonful of clove
3 cups of bran
½ a teaspoonful of soda

Sift the soda and spices into the bran and mix; add the other ingredients, and drop from a spoon upon a buttered pan.

REFRIGERATORS—ICE BOXES

and all places where meats and foods are kept should be regularly disinfected and purified by using

Platt's Chlorides,

The Odorless Disinfectant.

Destroys germs and foul odors, does not permeate the food.

Safe, Efficient and Economical. Sold Everywhere

HENRY B. PLATT
42 Cliff Street, New York City, N. Y.

Let the Postman Hang this Skillet in Your Kitchen

We want the name of every woman who has pride in her kitchen and in her cooking. We want to send her—direct from the factory—for free trial, a piece of our beautiful Kalumen Ware.

30 Days' FREE Kitchen Trial

Don't hesitate to take advantage of this offer. We want this one fine piece of Kalumen Ware to come into your home as a missionary. We want your neighbors to see it. We want you to put it to hard daily use in your kitchen.

This ware comes *straight to you from the factory* We have no middlemen or agents. We will save you big money on really fine ware. More than that — Kalumen Ware is backed by a

Five Year Guarantee — Cast in the Ware

No other maker of aluminum gives so liberal a guarantee We not only cast ours right in the ware, but we give a written guarantee backed by a bank bond. You will understand why we can do this when you get a piece of this ware in your home for the Free Kitchen Trial.

Write at Once for free catalog. It may give you just the suggestion you have been wanting for the perfect Christmas Gift. It is sure to interest you intensely. Write today. A postcard will do.

Kalumen Ware from Kalamazoo

Here is the final triumph of the worker in aluminum. Look at this beautiful skillet. Deep, strong and absolutely sanitary. No picture can give you an idea of the beauty and workmanship we put into every piece of Kalumen Ware. The finish is so lustrous and fine and the shape and sturdiness so attractive, that we want this ware known to every woman.

We realize that even common aluminum ware—that cracks and warps—can be described in the same words as this Kalumen Ware —the finest. That's why we want to send you free, for a 30 day kitchen trial, any utensil we make. We want you to give it a real trial, to put it to tests no other ware will stand. Give it hard daily use. Abuse it, bang it around, overheat it. Do as you please with it. Then if you want to keep it, all right; if not, send it back at our expense.

With each piece you get a written guarantee *backed by a bank bond*, that it will not warp or crack.

The Kalumen Ware Line is the finest that can be made. You are sure to be interested in some of the pieces. Write for free descriptive book.

THE GOODALE COMPANY GUARANTEED KALUMEN WARE FIVE YEARS KALAMAZOO MICH

The Goodale Company

506 North Church Street

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Only Manicured Waiters

Art Demands It and They Don't Mind at the House's Expense

WHEN Napoleon whisked the consommé away from under one's nose yesterday at lunch time one startled glance was caught by a thumb nail that shone. One gazed, as if fascinated One is not in the habit of admiring the fingernails of waiters, and sometines, when one suddenly beholds them and thinks of the soup that one has just eaten, one shudders. But here Napoleon presented a set of nails, as was revealed by later scrutiny, that looked as beautifully groomed as if a manicure had just been at work on them. In amazement one asked for Jules. the maitre d'hotel of the Café de Paris. where the phenomenon recorded had been observed.

"It is not only Napoleon, Monsieur. All the waiters here must visit the manicure," Jules said. "We have come to the conclusion that it is time that everything possible must be done to gratify the artistic and the aesthetic sense of the diner-out. Therefore, yesterday we installed the manicurist, and issued orders that each waiter should go to her and have his nails attended to at the expense of the house.

"Nobody objected. The manicure is an attractive young lady, and whether it was the idea of having the hand held that appealed to the men, or the prospect of having the nails put in perfect order at no expense, I do not know. But I do know that yesterday twenty-five waiters had their hands fixed up, and to-day the manicurist has been busy."

It was natural that some incredulity should be expressed. Jules looked pained,and insisted upon leading the way to an upper floor, where, sure enough, in one of the rooms a waiter, with an embarrassed look on his face, was holding on to a table with one hand while over the other a manicure lady was working energetically.

"Behold, Monsieur," said Jules. One was forced to believe one's eyes.

Politeness Killed by Etiquette

AS he stood watching a funeral pass by, an old genlteman was polishing his glasses. He readjusted them and noticed some small schoolboys standing caps in hand. "Ah," he murmured with satisfaction, "the country is getting more polite; they never used to do that sort of thing!" The old gentleman was right; politeness has had a fillip during the past few years, but in higher circles it is governed by etiquette to such an extent

THIS little round bottle, with the white diamond-shaped label, is known throughout the civilized world, and will be found in the kitchens and on the dinner tables of most people of discriminating taste.

It contains pure liquid Tabasco pepper which is now generally conceded to be far superior to cayenne or black pepper as a seasoning agent and a stimulator of appetite.

Ask your grocer for a bottle of McIlhenny's Tabasco Sauce. If he does not have it, let us know about it and we will see that you are supplied.

We will also send you Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer's book of Tabasco Recipes without charge.

McIlhenny Company,
Dept. H-8 Drexel Bldg.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

McILHENNY'S
TABASCO
SAUCE

Marjorie's "Three Story" Pie

Brother Harry, who is a young architect, called Marjorie's dessert a "three story" pie—good in design and well built.

"But there's another story," said Marjorie, "When I ordered the flavoring I said just 'Vanilla.' Mother called to me, 'Specify Burnett's, my dear.' That little advice simply made a success of this cream pie. They never tasted so good when I made them of 'any old vanilla' in our school club."

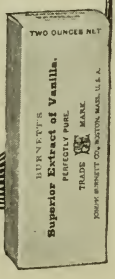
"I see," said Brother Harry, "Mother is the building inspector. She doesn't want to see good material wasted by leaving something important out of the 'specifications.' This means that it's plain business economy when you're making dessert to specify

Burnett's VANILLA

Even the most enthusiastic care devoted to making a dessert may go for nothing if the flavoring is inferior. Burnett's Vanilla, prepared from the pure, fragrant Mexican bean, gives a cook all the help of *the best*. By insisting on "Burnett's" you are that much surer that the word "best" will be applied to your dessert itself.

Let us send you our Recipe Book of 115 tempting desserts. Please mention your grocer's name in writing for it.

JOSEPH BURNETT CO.
Dept. K, 36 India Street
Boston, Mass.



Western Package
Eastern Package

that in many instances it is bad form. For instance, at a dinner party you will notice that a polite lady will acknowledge a servant passing a dish with a "thank you." This is very nice, but unfortunately very wrong, as etiquette rules that it is the servant's duty and does not require such acknowledgment. On the other hand, if he (or she) passes you something by request then the acknowledgment is not out of place. When served with vegetables or anything contained in a dish from which you have to help yourself, the waiter is supposed to hold the dish steady. You must not endeavour to steady it with one hand, but struggle through as best you can. You must not attempt to pass up plate for second helpings; that is the servant's duty, so that however ungrateful you nay feel yourself to be, remember that socially you are not. You will perhaps think yourself rude; but the company will look upon your behaviour as ideal. That is the way of things nowadays.

How to Carve a Roast Turkey

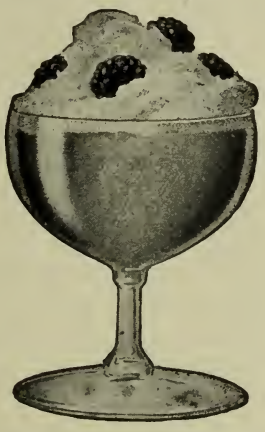
WHEN carving a turkey place the fork firmly through the upper part of the breast-bone, pass the knife first around the leg and remove it, then the wing, first on one side then on the other. By cutting the ligaments the joints will readily open. When these have been displaced cut the breast in thin slices, using the knife flat against the breast and cutting from you; then slip it underneath the wishbone; lift, press it backward, and remove it. Turn the turkey slightly so that you may cut the shoulder blades from the underside of the backbone without removing the carving-fork. Then cut directly through the ribs up to the brestbone joint, and turn the turkey first one side and then the other, separating the back of the carcass from the breast. Then, for the first time, remove the fork. Divide the upper from the lower part of the back; cut down the backbone, and divide the

The New

NESNAH Desserts

Can be "Made in a Jiffy"

With the aid of fruit, berries, whipped cream, etc., the practical housewife can serve Nesnah in an endless variety of dainty and attractive forms.



You simply dissolve it in milk or cream, let stand a few moments, and you have, ready to serve, a most exquisite dessert.

It is the one **tasty, delicious food-dessert.** Not to be confounded with gelatine preparations.

NINE FLAVORS

VANILLA
CHOCOLATE
ORANGE
LEMON
PISTACHIO
RASPBERRY
MAPLE
CARAMEL
COFFEE

10c a Package

At All Grocers

Sample sent free — full-size package on receipt of 10 Cents. State choice of flavor.

Prepared by

"The Junket Folks'

Box 2507

LITTLE FALLS
N. Y.

Gail Borden

EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

THE ORIGINAL

For three generations has been the World's Leading Brand for Infant Feeding. For Sale everywhere; always uniform in composition; easily prepared; economical. It provides a safe, wholesome substitute when Nature's Supply fails. Send for Booklet and Feeding Chart.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.

ESTAB. 1857
NEW YORK

Leaders of Quality

The
Healthful Beverage

Welch's is the drink for youth and age. It tastes good, satisfies thirst and is healthful. It contains all the health-giving qualities of the finest Concord grapes. It is a splendid temperance beverage for the home. It adds a touch of cheerful hospitality to all formal and informal affairs.

Welch's
"The National Drink"

To maintain the high quality of Welch's we pay from $7 to $9 per ton over the market price, thus securing only the choicest of the luscious Concords grown in the Chautauqua Grape Belt.

Welch Punch

For a dainty, unfermented punch, take the juice of three lemons, juice of one orange, one pint Welch's Grape Juice, one quart water and one cup sugar. Add sliced oranges and pineapple and serve cold. Order a case and have a supply in the house.

If unable to get Welch's of your dealer we will ship a trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, for $3. Sample 4-oz. bottle, mailed, 10c. Write for our free booklet of recipes.

The Welch Grape Juice Co.
Westfield, New York.

lower portion of the back into two pieces. Then separate the second joint from the leg into two, and it is ready for serving. Give a portion of the dark and a portion of the white meat, with a small amount of the stuffing, to each person. Chicken, capon, and wild turkey are all carved in the same way. A boned turkey or boned chicken—in fact, any boned fowl, is simply cut in thin slices, beginning at the neck first.

He Learned How it Was Done

ELIHU Root tells a story about himself and his efforts to correct the manners of his office boy. One morning the young autocrat came into the office, and tossing his cap at a hook, exclaimed:

"Say, Mr. Root, there's a ball game down at the park to-day, and I want to go down."

Now the great lawyer was willing that the boy should go, but thought he would teach him a little in good manners.

"James." he said, "that isn't the way to ask a favor. Now you sit down in my chair and I'll show you how to do it properly."

The boy took the office chair, and his employer picked up his cap and stepped outside. He then opened the door softly, and, holding the cap in his hand, said:

"Please, sir, there is a ball game at the park to-day; if you can spare me I would like to get away for the afternoon."

In a flash the boy resopnded:

"Why, certainly, Jimmie; and here is fifty cents to pay your way in."

Mr. J[illegible]er (to Mr. Jabber): "Are you a[illegible]t you talk in your sleep?" Youn[illegible]er (who has just been silenc[illegible]. What other chance does he get[illegible]—*Scribner's Magazine.*

Carnation Milk gives flavor and quality to your Saturday baking

By using Carnation Milk, you can get the same or better results with less butter. Everything you bake will be light and delicious. It gives everything a rich buttery and creamy taste.

Carnation Milk

From Contented Cows

adds a delicious flavor to all vegetables, especially peas, string beans, asparagus, cauliflower, corn and "creamed" dishes of all kinds, including cream gravies. Try it in this recipe:

CARNATION DOUGHNUTS

One cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-2 teaspoon nutmeg or cinnamon, 3 eggs, 1-3 cup Carnation Milk, 2-3 cup water, flour to make soft dough. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, add salt and spice, add beaten eggs, milk and water, and flour to make soft dough, sifting one rounding teaspoon baking powder into each cup of flour used. Toss on floured board. Roll, cut and fry in deep fat until a delicate brown. Sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Carnation Milk comes to you sealed—clean, sweet, pure, always ready for use.

Try Carnation Milk today—also ask your grocer for "The Story of Carnation Quality" with choice recipes, or write us.

Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company

General Offices: SEATTLE, U. S. A.

These will be sent, postpaid, for 25c.

Have you tried it yet?

Kornlet

THE MILK OF GREEN CORN

is Nature's kindness concentrated. Young green corn is one of the most wholesome and nourishing of natural foods and one of Nature's greatest treats. While sweet corn of finest variety is young and tender, we take ont the milk — and this alone, without the indigestible hulls, is boiled down and concentrated to make **Kornlet**—a very different article from ordinary canned corn, in which all the tough, hardened pulp and hulls still remain.

Kornlet is like an essence. Use it with tomatoes, milk or stock. It adds nourishment and delicious flavor to soups. Let us send you the recipe for a quickly-made **Kornlet** soup.

With **Kornlet** in your pantry you are prepared for guests at any time and have a delightful food for all the time.

Grocers sell Kornlet at 25c. a can If your grocer cannot supply you, send us his name and your address with 25c in stamps and we will send you a full sized can by parcel post, prepaid, and a Kornlet Recipe Book.

Meadow Queen Canned Food is dependable

The Haserot Canneries Company
413 Huron Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

Nothing is too good for Atmore's Mince Meat. The best materials only are used.

Big plump, seedless raisins, apples, suet, spices, sugar—all the purest and cleanest.

Our 71 years' experience in combining the materials so as to produce the most luscious mince pie, has given

ATMORE'S

MINCE MEAT

its high reputation. Insist upon having Atmore's and you will be assured purity, cleanliness and a full, rich, fruity flavor.

No *Benzoate of Soda* or other artificial preservative used. Ask for *Atmore's* Mince Meat. The *name* is your protection.

ATMORE & SON
Philadelphia

Russian Tea

In this country, we are apt to think that we need only put a slice of lemon into our tea to transform it into Russian tea. It is true that Russians sometimes take tea with lemon, but the real national drink is taken with jam. Your hostess gracefully makes her tea in your presence, using the steaming water from the samovar to keep her tea continually boiling hot. She serves the men their tea in crystal tumblers, the women theirs in dainty cups. With the tea you are passed different kinds of fruit preserves, so that you can choose a favourite. The jams are eaten from small plates of some pretty design. The Russians generally drop the jam right into their tea.

The Russians do not serve the tea with their meal, but after it. If they can conveniently do so, they let a whole hour elapse between dinner and tea. The table is transformed before tea is served. It is at the tea table that the Russian lady displays her love for daintiness. Her finest linen, her choicest bits of silver, porcelain and crystal are reserved for the tea drinking. The main meal sometimes lacks in the serving the highly developed daintiness so characteristic of the homes of the well-bred Americans, but at her tea-table the Russian lady is a perfect artist.

Besides the jams, delicious candies and cakes are served with the tea. Candied cranberries are a delicate novelty offered us with tea by a gracious Russian hostess. And, by the way, to be fit for this preparation, the berries have not only to be quite ripe, but also slightly frost-bitten.

The Russians love their samovar. They gather about it as we do about the fireside, with almost a feeling of reverence. If you would get near to the hearts of the Russians, you must sip tea with them about their glowing, puffing, welcoming and inspiring samovar.

The Steward.

BENSDORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA

Some Cocoas are cheap by the can but cost more by the cup.

BENSDORP'S quality and strength means ½ in quantity and is true economy

In a Yellow Wrapper Always

Sample on Request

STEPHEN L. BARTLETT CO.
IMPORTERS
BOSTON, MASS.

PATENT IRONING BOARD COVER

Bottom View

Special Features:

- Sanitary.
- No Wrinkles.
- No Tacking.
- Does Not Flatten.
- Felt Center With Facing Sheets.
- Adjustable to any Ironing Board.
- Does Not Lose Its Thickness or Resiliency.
- Removable Facing Sheets that may be Relaundered or Replaced by New Ones.
- Lasts a Life Time.

Top View

It is the Best and Only Ironing Board Cover of its kind on the Market.

A perfect Sleeve Board can be made by lacing together the sides of either end, either of which will also roll into an excellent sleeve pad.

Several nickle locks so arranged that the cover may easily be drawn about the narrow ends of the board no matter how sloping the ends may be.

Every tendency about the household now-a-days is toward the **Sanitary.** How long have you left your blankets and sheets on your board sooner than be annoyed by having to remove the tacks and go through another tacking process and the smoothing out of wrinkles? Has your patience been severely tested by having to do this? Note the hundreds of tack holes on the old board as shown in the cut. They speak for themselves and represent many a trying moment that most housewives experience.

Sent postpaid to your address on receipt of **$2.50** by the

JULIEN MANUFACTURING CO., Inc., ELMIRA, N. Y.

An Unusual Opportunity

to secure a new

Standard Lock-stitch Rotary

at an exceptionally low figure.

$29.75

for drop-head style as shown in illustration, complete with full set of splendid attachments

$2.00 DOWN

$1.00 A WEEK

$1.00 A WEEK

THIRTY DAYS FREE TRIAL

Send two dollars with references. Free Delivery. If, after thirty days trial, you do not want a Standard for any reason whatever, we will refund your money on return of machine. Choice of Duchess or Princess sitstraight models, at proportionately low prices.

F. C. HENDERSON CO., MANUFACTURER'S DISTRIBUTORS

480 Washington St., Boston, Massachusetts

A Few of The Many Things It Does:

Beats Eggs

—

Mixes Malted Milk

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Mixes Salad Dressings

—

Mixes Cooling Drinks

—

Whips Cream

—

Mixes Sauces

Xmas Present

THE ROBERTS LIGHTNING MIXER

makes a greatly appreciated present to every single or married woman, and many a man, because every user of it finds it quickly beats and mixes all liquids in the best possible manner. Entirely different from, and far superior to any other beater or mixer, We will send the quart size for only 75c and the pint size for 50c by prepaid parcel post to any address and guarantee its safe arrival, and that it will prove absolutely satisfactory in every respect.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY

selling Roberts Mixers as they are wanted as soon as seen. Write for special low rates in quantities.

DORSEY MFG. COMPANY

78 Broad Street Boston, Mass.

Better bread and more of it—that is a good modern ideal.

Fleischmann's Yeast

helps it to come true. It makes it easy to make good bread. Our new Recipe Book tells how.

The Fleischmann Company

701 Washington Street New York City

Every Home Needs this Great

Step-Saver-the Wheel Tray

This table on wheels makes housework easier because it goes just where needed. Taken in turn to refrigerator, pantry, stove and table, it serves the meal by one trip, another clears it away. Stands beside sink while washing dishes and puts them all away at once. Saves thousands of steps daily. Beautiful permanent black gloss finish. Height 31 inches. Two extra heavy oval steel trays 23 x 28 and 21 x 26 inches. 8 inch rubber tire wheels. Price $10, express prepaid. Pacific Coast $12. Booklet free.

WHEEL TRAY CO., 415 West 51st Place, CHICAGO. Also hotel dish carts

The Correct Way to Pour Tea

Few hostesses seem to understand the right way of pouring tea, simple as it appears. As a rule, the guest of honour is offered the first cup, which is the weakest, and the children, if served at all, are given the last and strongest. When it is desirable to have all the cups of uniform strength, one should pour a little into each, and begin over again, reversing the order.

Revenge of a Vegetarian

A party of vegetarians paid a visit to the country, and after a few hours' ramble in the woods and fields proposed to finish up their hitherto pleasant outing by a picnic tea party.

After getting comfortably seated to the spread on the grass they were slightly disturbed.

A bull made his appearance in a rather hasty manner, spreading confusion among the party, each trying to get over the stile first.

One old lady ran, panting, behind, reaching the stile only just in time to save herself by scrambling through it and falling in a heap on the other side. On regaining her feet she turned to the bull and breathlessly exclaimed:

"That's your gratitude, is it? I haven't eaten a bit of beef for the last two years; but I'll make up for it now, you ungrateful creature!"

Alcohol

The Public Thinks: It is only heavy drinking that harms.

Experiments Show: That even Moderate Drinking hurts Health, lessens Efficiency.

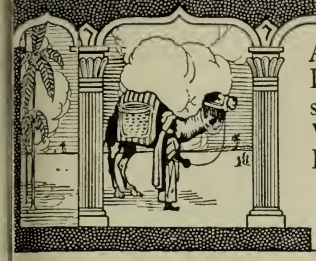
The Public Thinks: Alcohol braces us for hard work and against fatigue.

Experiment Shows: That Alcohol in no way increases muscular strength or endurance.

Alcohol lowers vitality; *Alcohol opens the door to disease.*

Resolved, at the International Congress on Tuberculosis, 1905, to combine

DROMEDARY DATES



An ideal sweet — a nourishing food. Dromedary Dates give you dates as they should be, clean, fresh and luscious. Write for Dromedary Cook Book—**100** Prize Recipes for Date Dishes—**FREE.**

THE HILLS BROTHERS COMPANY
Dept. G, Beach and Washington Sts., New York City

FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN

LADD MIXER

A specially made clear, Glass Urn containing Ladd Beater, home size, which is removable for use outside. Top highly nickled and polished. By all means the best article yet made. We warrant it saves eggs. By parcel post for $1.60

"SATURN" CLOTHESLINE REEL

A round Steel Ball — dust proof, nickle plated — warranted 40 ft. heavy strong line — takes present clothespin. Use out-door or in-door. Hangs anywhere. Two spreading rings. Positively the best made at any price. By parcel post for 50c.

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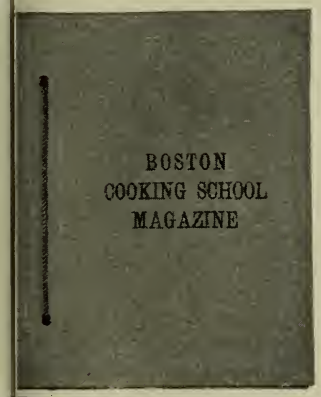

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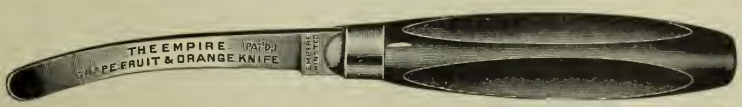

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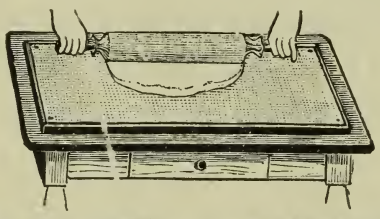

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Alcohol is responsible for much of our insanity, much of our poverty, much of our crime. Our prison commissioners reported that 95 per cent of those who went to prison in 1911 had intemperate habits.

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CITIZENS, THINK!

Arrayed against Alcohol are Economy, Science, Efficiency, Health, Morality,—the very Assets of a Nation, the Very Soul of a People.

Marjorie is fond of ice-cream. She was spending the day with her aunt, and begged for a second dish. "I am afraid," said her aunt, "that, if you eat any more, it will make you sick, and then you couldn't come to visit me." "But, auntie," said Marjorie, cheerfully, "I could come just as soon as I got well!"—*Standard.*

Menus for Festivities in February

Valentine Luncheon

Grapefruit Cocktail, with Cherry Hearts
Oysters, Lansdales or Creamed in Patties
Tenderloin Cutlets, Newport Style
(Heart-shaped)
Brown Sauce with Asparagus Tips
Artichoke Bottoms, St. George,
Lettuce and French Dressing
Pineapple Dessert, Valentine Style
Heart-shaped Cakes
White and Pink Mints
Coffee

Valentine High Tea

Creamed Chicken, Green Peas and
Pimiento Hearts (Chafing Dish)
Lady Finger Rolls
Mayonnaise of Celery, Pineapple and
White Grapes
(Small Cherry Hearts for Decoration)
Heart-shaped Cakes
Cocoa with Marshmallows

High Tea for February 22

Consommé Celestine
(Hatchet-shaped Pancake in each Plate)
Chicken Croquettes (Cannon-ball Shape)
Peas, with Cubes of Carrot
Olives Quick Yeast Rolls Radishes
Individual Pumpkin Pies
(Whipped Cream, with Cherry)
George Washington Wafers
Tea

RECEPTACLE FOR FAVORS

RESIDENCE OF REED KNOX AT VALLEY FORGE

The

Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XVIII FEBRUARY, 1914 No. 7

"A Reversion to Type"

The Home of Mr. Reed Knox at Valley Forge

By Charles Vaughn Boyd

Duhring, Okie and Ziegler, Architects, Philadelphia

INTERWOVEN as it is with the very birth of our nation, Valley Forge possesses an interest unique and abiding. It is, indeed, for loyal Americans a spot hallowed by the memory of those patriots, who there bravely and gladly endured privations untold, that a new country might rise into being. Washington's Headquarters, that old building which is so closely associated with Valley Forge's early history-making days, is now surrounded by a Government Reservation — a huge tract of land, embracing magnificent, wooded heights, and fertile, rolling meadows. Sharing in all this glorious scenic heritage, Valley Forge Farm, the country estate of the Honorable Philander C. Knox, is ideally situated immediately beyond the bounds of the Reservation. Valley Forge Farm is an estate of almost feudal proportions. It possesses, therefore, many delightful vantage points, one of the most delightful of which was set aside several years ago by Mr. Knox for his son, Mr. Reed Knox.

Think what might have been built on this well-nigh ideal site! Replica of medieval castle, Elizabethan mansion, Swiss chalet, or ancient mission. Instinctively, we know that none of these would have been in the slightest degree appropriate in a purely Colonial atmosphere. Fortunately, however, there is, upon this Pennsylvania farm hillside, a house, unpretentious yet dignified in character; a house faithfully adhering in its design to the spirit of early farmhouse architecture in Pennsylvania. Because of this reversion to a type native to the soil, Mr. Reed Knox's house is indeed notably in harmony with its environment — and, in view of this perfect relationship existing between

SERVICE WING

house and site, is it not superfluous to add that commendatory term, "successful"?

Leaving the main road of the estate, a broad driveway winds up the hillside to Mr. Knox's home grounds, the bounds of which are defined by a low, whitewashed fence, such as might have been used on farms of a hundred years ago. Thus in details, which are often overlooked, a pleasing consistency has prevailed.

Ere reaching the main entrance of the house, the driveway passes the service wing. Unlike many other homes, however, the Knox house betrays no sharp distinction between the front and rear elevations; the service wing, with its massive, dominating chimney, and its screened, old-fashioned, servants' porch, vieing in attractiveness with the balance of the house.

This new-old house is solidly built of stone, whitewashed to conform with a custom obtaining in the locality's Colonial days. The irregular texture of the stonework creates a splendid foundation for this dazzling white, making it a thing of beauty, with a delightful play of high and low lights, against which the "weathered" shingles of the roof and the deep green blinds of the upper windows are in effective contrast.

The main entrance to the house is denoted by a broad hood, in which the "shell" motif is indicated by a plastered recess. Beneath the hood, there is a wide, six-paneled door, flanked by small-paned side lights. This interesting doorway is duplicated upon the garden elevation of the house. There, however, the shell above the doorway forms the central feature of a "Germantown Hood," which, extending the full width of the house, materially decreases the apparent height.

These two entrances add much to the attractiveness of the long, central hall which they terminate. The hall is nine feet wide, and it is very simply treated, both as to architecture and decoration; a staircase, with delicate, ivory-white balusters and risers, accompanied by the mahogany handrail and treads of Colonial precedent, being the

THE LIVING-ROOM

chief feature. The space beneath this staircase has been advantageously utilized for a coat-closet, so located that it is conveniently near the main entrance.

The hall walls are hung with a subdued gray paper, which is very effective against the ivory-white woodwork. Gray appears again in the rug, forming a background for a small conventional design in dull rose and green. Several pieces of antique furniture complete a hall, which, by reason of its wholesome restraint in adornment and coloring, creates an atmosphere of pleasing restfulness.

Commanding delightful outlooks in three directions, the living-room occupies the entire space at one side of the hall. It is a pleasant, low-ceiled room, twenty-seven and a half feet long by seventeen feet wide, so generously provided with windows that the great outdoor world seems indeed almost to pervade it. One wall is centred by a broad chimney-breast, the open fireplace having a hearth and facing of stone, laid with a wide, raked-out joint. An original idea, successfully carried out, was that of substituting for the conventional mantel a shelf formed of long, flat stone. Above this novel shelf is appropriately hung a gilt Colonial mirror. The wall space on each side of the fireplace is occupied by French casements and by glass-doored, built-in bookcases.

As the living-room has a sunny exposure, the old blue foundation of the color-scheme is a happy choice. Blue predominates on the rug, which has an unpatterned centre, bordered with a conventional design in bright tints, corresponding with the decorative chintz hangings. The plain wall-hanging repeats the blue note; and the gaily flowered chintz chair-coverings add the requisite relieving touches.

Many living-rooms are marked by an absence of what should be the outstanding characteristic — a quality, which for lack of a more expressive

CORNER OF DINING-ROOM

term, we designate as "liveableness". The Knox living-room is essentially liveable; for it is furnished with a view to both comfort and beauty. Without the slightest incongurity, furniture of priceless old mahogany and antique painted wood mingles, with examples of modern wicker, lending an alluring informality to the room.

French casements lead from the living room to a wide porch, the floor of which is paved with bricks, laid in fours to form square units. The porch is raised only a single step above the lawn; therefore, instead of a balustrade, potted palms and sword ferns bound the porch. The square posts, devoid of mouldings, which support the porch roof, carry out the Pennsylvania farm-house motif: in addition, they lend themselves particularly well to the glazing of the porch to form a solarium. Furniture of green wicker with chintz cushions in green, red and white, is used with good effect on the porch.

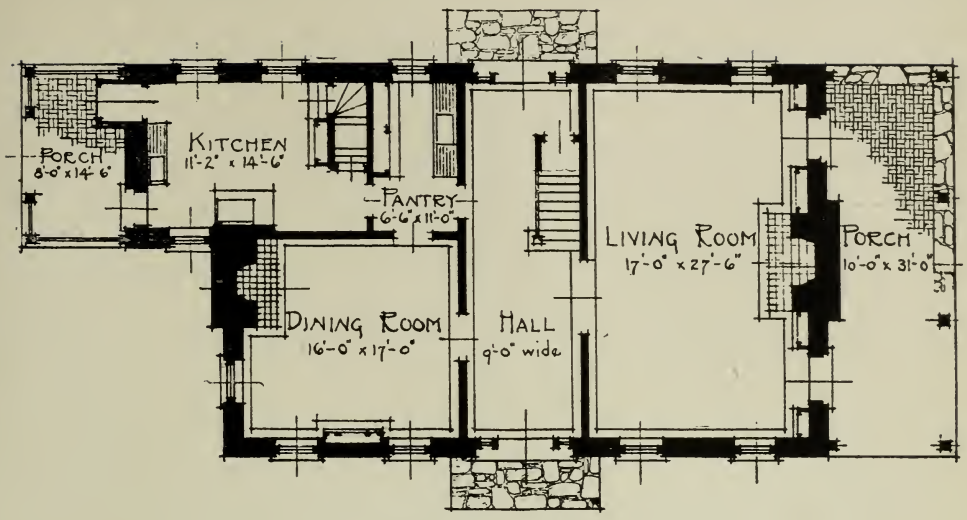
Although readily accessible from the living-room, the dining-room is far enough removed to warrant an entirely

different color-scheme. That, however, this scheme may be in harmony with that of the hall adjoining, the walls are hung with paper of warm gray tones. The wallpaper is a clever reproduction of a very old pastoral design, groups of cattle and sheep alternating in a foliage setting. In this design, so suggestive of farm life, there is still another evidence of the pronounced harmony between the house and its surroundings. The rug is of gray-green, the plain centre carrying a narrow conventional border, which in design corresponds with the band of stencilling upon the gray scrim curtains. With this cool, quiet setting, the Colonial furniture of inlaid mahogany is thoroughly satisfying.

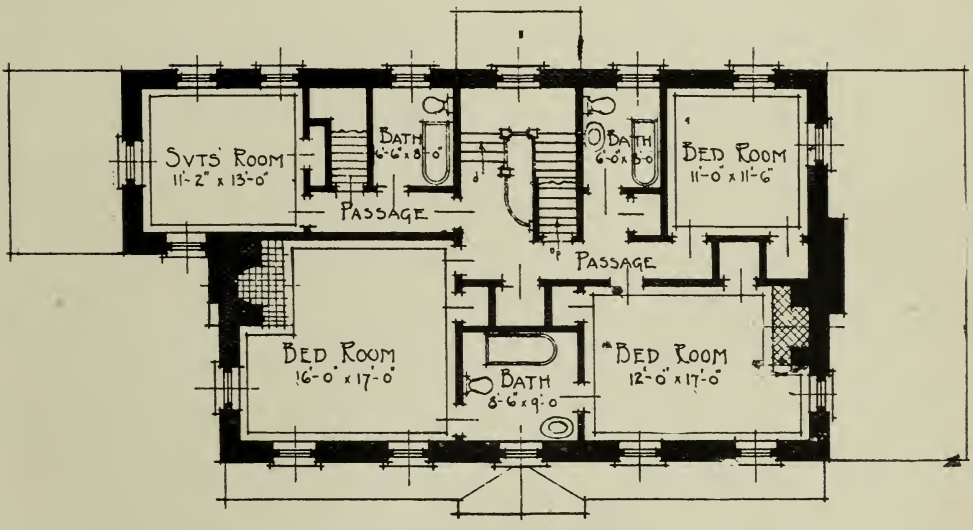
The dining-room contains two architectural features of note. The first is a large built-in china-closet, enameled ivory-white to match the remainder of the woodwork. The design possesses much compositional charm — the lines are good, the paneling and the glass-doors being especially well handled. The other noteworthy feature of the dining-room is the fireplace. It is of a type rarely encountered in modern work; as, instead of the usual stone, brick or tile, the facing is of white plaster. Against the lining and hearth of dark red brick, the effect of this white plaster is unusually interesting; and the simple white mantel framing the plaster is in keeping with the Colonial spirit of the room.

That much care has been lavished upon its planning is plainly indicated by the excellent arrangement of the service department. A large and well-equipped pantry serves as a quick passage from the kitchen to either the hall or the dining-room, shutting off the inevitable odors of cooking. In the kitchen, the built-in fixtures are so placed that the household work

THE PORCH



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

may be handled with the greatest ease and with the fewest steps. The location of the range is especially good, as abundant light is received from an adjoining window; and, in addition, this position necessitates only one chimney to serve both the dining-room fireplace and the kitchen. Good refrigerating facilities are afforded by a cold-closet, which is connected with the kitchen.

Although an adequate heating system is installed for possible winter service, the house is intended principally for summer occupation. No provision is made, therefore, for a servants' dining-room. During the warm weather, however, the servants have a delightful open-air dining-room, a generous porch for that use having been provided.

The main staircase ascends by easy stages to a small central hall on the second floor. From this hall, passages

lead to left and right. One passage is isolated to give a separate suite, this inner hall communicating with the servants' bath and sleeping rooms, and with the service stairs to the kitchen. The second passage leads to a very pleasant guest-room and bathroom. The garden elevation of the second floor is occupied by the master's suite, comprising two large bedrooms, with a private bathroom. This suite is interesting, both in decoration and planning. Each of the family bedrooms possesses roomy closets, an attractive fireplace and three large windows, to insure cross-ventilation. Quaint, old-fashioned papers in delicate tints adorn the walls of all the bedrooms, and ivory-white enamel finishes the woodwork; mahogany doors and antique furniture give desirable touches of virility.

Abundant space is provided in the house for storage, the entire third floor being available for that purpose. Two large closets, opening from the second floor hall, give still further storage room.

The Knox house eloquently testifies to two conditions, which have, perhaps, been the chief contributaries to its gratifying success. First, possibly, should be placed an evidently hearty co-operation between owner and architects, as, without that unanimity of spirit, the designers' ideas could not have taken corporate shape. The second contributary is not less important. Instead of despising those things which were near at hand, the architects found inspiration in the simple Pennsylvania farmhouses of a by-gone generation. They absorbed the chaste spirit of the old designs; and embodied all that spirit in a home, which, nevertheless, meets every modern condition. To the architects, in thus perpetuating, amid peculiarly fitting surroundings, a type of architecture so essentially indigenous to Pennsylvania, honor is indeed due.

The Deleted Lines

How little of life I have kept! Old hopes and fears
Alike from the changing canvas swept,
How small in my heart the picture of largest years!
How little of life I have kept!

Oh, what of the grief?— forgotton the sorrows I wept!
And joy? — the laughter has passed with the tears!
And pride? — no path holds the print where I stepped!

Peace, O my heart! However my fortune veers,
The gift of the day let me accept,
Still keeping, at last, but the good, the remembrance that cheers! —
How little of life I have kept!

STOKELY S. FISHER

A Valentine Doll

By Alix Thorn

MISS Lucy was pouring tea into the dainty blue and gold cups, that were standing on the dark mahogany table before her, and close to her blue silk elbow stood seven-year-old Dorothy, watching her with adoring eyes. How white and soft were Miss Lucy's hands, how sparkling her rings, and how lovely the silk gown that in azure ripples followed the curve of the wicker chair. And then the child's eyes grew sober.

What had Miss Lucy just said! How sad and dreadful! That she had no doll, did not own a single doll. Why she, Dorothy, had ten dolls, large ones, small ones, middle-sized, and — still she heard Miss Lucy's soft voice saying, "Why no, dear, I gave my last doll away several years ago."

Then two dignified ladies came up to the tea table, and visited with Miss Lucy, while they drank their tea, very slowly, and Dorothy moved quietly away. It was her joy to call upon Miss Lucy, especially on the days when she poured tea, and the gentle hostess never neglected her youngest guest.

Half an hour later, Katrina came for Dorothy, for the great outdoors was darkening, and the street lights were glowing like miniature moons. All the while the maid was putting on her coat, furs and hat, the child was lost in reverie, and, unseeing, she walked along the windy Avenue. What could be done for Miss Lucy, dear Miss Lucy, who seemed to have everything desirable but a doll, and what a lack that was! True, she went to parties, hadn't Dorothy seen the lovely filmy gowns that she wore on such occasions? She knew that Miss Lucy and her friends drove away to concerts and theatres, but she must sometimes feel the need of a doll, When she came home late, very late through the lighted streets, when the mysterious stars were out, long after a little girl's bed time, what a comfort a doll would then be, a cheerful, dependable doll, to sit by the fire with her, possibly on her lap.

Perhaps, if Miss Lucy felt lonely, she might easily take a doll with her into that canopied, lace-trimmed bed of hers. Well did Dorothy know the comfort of a doll on sundry trying occasions. A cold hard cheek to press against a soft, flushed one, and then, all troubles forgotten, to drift off to the land of dreams, clinging to a dimpled plaster hand.

Upon reaching home, she gravely examined her doll family, each one in turn, from the largest doll who spent most of her time in her go-cart to the tiniest member who lived in the paste board doll-house, content to view the passing show, through red isinglass windows.

How, Dorothy asked herself, how could she spare any of these, her loved children? And, yet, Miss Lucy had no doll.

Next morning, at breakfast, the little girl looked up from her orange, to inquire of the assembled family,— "What sort of a doll would one give to a young lady?"

"A boy doll," was Uncle Ned's reply, Uncle Ned was in Yale, and had just run down for the week-end.

"I guess she'd like a girl doll better," made answer Dorothy, yet she looked troubled.

"Why, darling," said mother, "I believe a young lady, an understanding young lady, would love just the sor

of a doll a little mother, like yourself, would choose."

But it was after talking it over with Grandma Perkins, in the big sunny room where the children loved to stay, that Dorothy at last decided what she would do. Grandma didn't think she ought to give away any of her dear doll family, which was a comfort, but instead, she and Grandma Perkins would go down to the biggest toy shop in town and pick out a lovely doll for Miss Lucy, and send it to her for a valentine.

Theirs was no easy task, a certain bright wintry morning, the toy shop had quantities of dolls to show, and many of the blue-eyed, and brown-eyed babies seemed desirable, nay more, appealing, as if saying "Send us to Miss Lucy." But, at last, both Grandma Perkins and Dorothy agreed on a blonde beauty, who held out her arms in the most friendly fashion, smiled inscrutably, and who was dressed in the daintiest little white frock, with a wild pink bow on either shoulder.

Tenderly Miss Lucy's doll was wrapped in the softest tissue paper, and then placed in the box, and Grandma Perkins directed it in her delicate, spidery handwriting. Then it was given to Wilkins, the chauffeur, to deliver next morning, for that was the fourteenth of February.

Straight up to Miss Lucy's own little sitting room the maid brought the mysterious, long box that Grandma Perkins had directed.

"And whatever is this?" cried Miss Lucy, her pink cheeks flushing pinker than usual, as she eagerly untied the gold cord.

"Why, what does it mean?" she exclaimed, as the smiling dollie met her astonished eyes, and then she read the little card on which Dorothy had laboriously printed —

"A Valentine for Dear Miss Lucy, who had no doll."

"The blessed child," whispered Miss Lucy, "my own dear little friend," and tears filled her wide gray eyes. "To think she remembered what I said. This is my very nicest valentine; yes," looking around the room, "my very nicest," and though a wonderful bunch of violets, as fragrant as the spring itself, stood on the table in a clear glass bowl, and tall long-stemmed roses occupied a vase on the mantle, while some splendid boxes of chocolates rested on the couch, I yet think that Miss Lucy was right, and that Dorothy's doll was her nicest valentine

I wish that the little girl could have seen what Miss Lucy did next, for she cuddled her new doll on her shoulder in the most natural fashion, and even pressed her lips to the very blonde curls.

You see it was not so many years since Miss Lucy had played with a doll, and she had not quite forgotten what to do with one.

"But I do wonder," mused that young lady an hour later, as she stood before her mirror adjusting her hat, "I do wonder after all, why Dorothy sent a doll to such a very grown-up person as myself."

And though she did not guess, I really think her mirror might have told her, for the reflected eyes were innocent and trusting as Dorothy's own, holding in some marvelous fashion their little girl look, as if Miss Lucy still felt the call of Toy Land, and, recognizing this, her little friend, with the unerring intuition of childhood, had sent — a Valentine Doll.

English and American Homes

A Contrast in Conditions

By Annie Mitchell

AN American visiting an English home is at once impressed with the noiseless manner in which the household machinery moves. You hear no dire tales from the mistress of the home about the inefficiency of servants, and yet the conditions that exist there are such that house-work ought to be much harder than it is with us.

Let us take, for example, two very important factors in the running of a house — namely, water supply and heating. The physical tax upon an English servant by those two things alone is quite inconceivable in America, where such different conditions obtain. During a two years' sojourn in Englnad, I only found one home that was heated "by pipes," as they say there, and then heat was only transmitted to the first floor.

I remember how I hailed with joy this limited supply of steam heat, as it helped to dissipate the tomb-like dampness that pervades an English home from November to March.

Think what all these open fire-places mean in the way of extra work! Coal supply must be carried to the different rooms; the various fire-places must be cleaned out every morning; the hearth well brushed and the brasses polished.

The absence of heating apparatus also means that the bath room is practically useless for washing purposes in cold weather: therefore hot and cold water must be brought to the bed rooms. Every morning, about 8.30, the housemaids can be seen toiling over the stairs with large brass pitchers of water, which are deposited in due time in the various bed rooms.

Breakfast is never served before 9 o'clock. If you have been accustomed to breakfast at 8 o'clock, you may expect, when that hour arrives, to be assailed by pangs of hunger; and you are tempted to make remarks (sotto voce) about these English methods. Presently, your wrath is softened by the entrance of a housemaid with what is known as "the early morning tea." This consists of a cup of tea and a thin slice of bread and butter.

Being thus fortified, your spirits revive, and you are able to proceed with the morning toilet, which is made with as much expedition as your numbed fingers will permit.

Then you hasten to the breakfast room, the only place in the house where there is any heat, and proceed to thaw yourself before the open fire. The family hurry in, one after another, all more or less in a shivering condition. If you are wise, you will refrain from any remarks about their method of heating houses; for you will be told very quickly, with an air of finality, that warm houses are very unhealthy.

You will note from the spic and span condition of the rooms that the morning work of tidying up has been completed during the two hours that have intervened between the servants' rising, at 7 o'clock, and the serving of breakfast, at 9 o'clock. This accounts for the fact that you never see a servant with a broom in her hand. By what species of magic, I queried, is this household machinery kept in motion? Is it oiled by fairy hands or are there secret springs? With a grim determination to discover if possible what this motive power was, I began my investigation.

After carefully collecting the evidence at hand, I reached this conclusion. The women who go out to service in England have better qualifications for the making of a good servant than the domestics

in this country. Here is one place that the class distinction in the old country has a beneficial side. People expect to stay put in the station of life into which they have been born. It is not an uncommon thing to find servants who have remained in the same family for a dozen years. The line of demaracation between mistress and maid being clearly drawn, it is easy to define the requirements of each station, and a clearer understanding of their respective duties is the result.

The next discovery I made was that the amount of work required from one domestic in America is divided among three in England. Do I hear the American housewife who is paying a general housework girl from five dollars to six dollars a week exclaim — " How can they afford it? " The reason that they can afford it is because the wages are so low on the other side. The average wages of an English domestic is sixty dollars per year, about five dollars a month. Now, this permits of having three servants for the same monetary outlay that secures one in an American home. The cook may command as much as two and a half dollars per week. She sometimes has a helper who gets from fifty cents to one dollar The cook's work is very much simplified by having no hot breads to prepare for breakfast. As a matter of fact, little or no bread of any kind whatever is prepared in an English home. The baker supplies this article of consumption.

The English breakfast is a much simpler thing than ours, consisting, generally, of toast and tea with a little bacon. When they have a cereal, it is oat meal, or porridge as they call it. Fruit is so expensive that it is regarded as a luxury that comparatively few households can afford.

I was very much impressed with the manner in which the mistress of the house relieved the second girl from attendance on table at the morning meal. The food is brought in, placed on the table in covered dishes, and the maid disappears, not to be seen again during the meal. The bread is always put on in loaf form. It often stands on the sideboard; and I have seen the young men of the family go and cut a slice for the guest, when he was ready for a second helping. Contrast this with the American home, when one maid is often required to prepare various hot dishes for breakfast and then is expected to bring in the different courses and serve them.

If it is Monday, the washing is staring her in the face. The washing is always sent out in England, so that " blue Monday " is unknown there. The work of every servant is clearly defined and no mistress would think of asking a servant to do anything that is not within her province.

It is part of the second girl's work to wait upon the mistress in the capacity of lady's maid. She must also do the mending of the men of the home.

On Sunday, the maids go to the morning service, in their turn, but all have the privilege or going to the evening service, which takes place at 6.30.

Afternoon tea is served at 5 o'clock on Sunday, and supper from 8.30 to 9 o'clock. This gives the servants time to get back from church and prepare the evening meal.

I happened to reach an English home, where I was about to make a visit, on the eve of a bank holiday. These bank holidays occur four times a year. The shops are closed from Saturday until Tuesday, so that working people may have a week's end of three days. My hostess explained that it was her custom to arrange for each of her servants in their turn to have an outing on these bank holidays. She procured time-tables, selected the best trains and paid all the expenses of the outing. She remarked quite casually, "this is the cook's turn, so we will have to put up with the second girl's cooking for a few days." She did not apologize, she

simply explained conditions.

There was no nervous trepidation about what I was to have to eat. What the family had was supposed to be good enough for me. How different from an American household, where the advent of company acts an as alarm signal, every member of the family bombarding the new comer with attention until he might well ask to be delivered from his friends.

In an English home, the guest is allowed to come and go as he pleases. With the exception of placing an extra plate at table, there is no evidence of an addition to the family circle. Isn't this after all the essence of true hospitality — a willingness to share that which is our own in the daily life without straining after ostentatious display? The evident pleasure they take in dispensing hospitality is the best proof that they get genuine enjoyment themselves in the entertainment of their friends.

I remember once having been invited by a newly married American friend to make one of a little dinner party at her home. She kept but one maid, and yet she had planned a ten-course dinner. This meant that much of the work devolved upon herself. She was so wearied by her efforts that, when she sat down to the dinner table, she looked positively ill.

In England there would have been three servants preparing and serving a much less elaborate meal, and the hostess could have had a fund of energy reserved for the entertainment of her guests.

Is not this mistaken effort to overdo things at the root of the servant problem in America? A very intelligent English lady once asked me to tell her what would be required of *one* servant in America; and I proceeded ro enumerate what we demanded of a general-housework girl. Her face betrayed so much surprise that I hastened to say — "But we pay a servant three times as much wages as you would pay her!" "That doesn't give her another hand or foot," she pertinently replied.

Notwithstanding all our modern appliances for making housework easy, the fact remains that both mistress and maid have a very laborious task running our household machinery. What is the remedy? We must first learn to eliminate certain things from the daily needs; a simplified method of living would result in better digestion and less expenditure of nerve force. Then a little more consideration of the limitations of one servant would help the matter.

The golden rule should be applied here as elsewhere. An intelligent mistress ought not to expect the raw emigrant without any educational training to act with her judgment. There is the same gap between them that exists between the teacher and the pupil in a school; but she forgets this because the servant is grown-up. The child is easier to manage because she goes to school to learn, but the servant covers her ignorance by an audacious pertness, with which it is often difficult to be patient. She has been led to believe that she was emigrating to an El Dorado and so she has no scruples in demanding high wages for inefficient service. She does not reckon with the fact that the average American woman has enough of the commercial spirit to demand full value for the wages she pays. If this raw product could only be turned over, on landing, to a school of domestic science, where she would be taught for a year, free of charge, what constitutes efficient household service, we would be nearer to solving the problem that is racking the nerves of our women and driving them to seek relief in the Apartment House Café.

Cannot some philanthropist, who has at heart the preservation of the American home, do something to improve this condition of things? Suppose we

had a free School of Domestic Science! After the gold bug had been operated upon and eliminated, there might be a kind of clinic, open to housekeepers, where they could study the proper treatment of stubborn cases under skilled direction.

All thinking people feel that the preservation of the home is a vital question in our national life. After one has experienced the peaceful serenity of the family life in England, she returns to our scenes of turmoil, asking herself this question— "What can be done to recover our lost prestige as home makres?"

The Abiding

"Save sacred love and sacred art
Nothing is good for long"—
Such was the thought a poet wrought
Into a weft of song.

"Save sacred love and sacred art,
Nothing is good for long"—
What of the gold in the busy mart,
The goal of a countless throng?—

What of the mighty deeds of yore?
Heroes of ages old?
What of the ancient thinkers' lore?
Fame's tale on the marbles cold?

Who reads the years with open heart
Finds truth in the weft of song:
"Save sacred love and sacred art,
Nothing is good for long!"

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

Placing the Family Pride

By Eleanor Robbins Wilson

IN that delectable bit of character portrayed from the pen of Kate Douglas Wiggin, where poor, well-meaning Mrs. Ruggles imparts her memorable lesson in manners to the nine impatient Ruggleses, preparatory to "the dinner at the great house," you remember how the cream of the whole proceeding came to the top in the fond mother's parting injunction— "'n whatever you do, all of yer, never forgit for one second that yer mother was a McGrill."

It is, indeed, funny. But human nature and family pride is parceled out in the most unexpected places.

To be proud of one's family is unquestionably commendable, but to have the support of the family name handed to us so often that we get to lean upon it as sort of moral crutch is an utterly deplorable condition of affairs.

One of the most worthless whiffets I know is a victim of this form of family priditis. A new acquaintance simply cannot talk to him for any length of time without being informed that his mother is of the old southern L——s. And no opportunity escapes him to curry favor with his father's eminent respectability. Even in the small matter of ordering theatre tickets by telephone, it is his custom to introduce himself as the son of —— ——, the —— broker. His family tree may be a credit to him, but he doesn't seem to realize what a tent caterpillar stunt he is doing on his branch of it.

Sir Overbury must have had such as he in mind when he said,— "The man

who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground."

Perhaps there is no more prevalent mistake we mothers make than in always serving family pride in the past tense. It is all very well to tell, occasionally, what a brilliant General grandfather J—— was, what a sparkling conversationalist grandma Q—— was, and how high father ranked in college, but the inevitable outcome of an overdose of this kind results either in the child comparing himself unfavorably with his ancestors to his own belittlement or else it leads to the swell-headed idea that the family tree is full-grown and will completely shelter any shady work which he contemplates doing.

The ideal parental attitude, in this respect, is one which calls for the balanced viewpoint. While restraining green memories of the good deeds of ancestors and calling attention to them, advisedly, it will also strive to keep fresh, with encouraging oversight, today's ambitions of each developing child. It will not fail to inspire the growing boy with the knowledge that he, here and now, is a bearer of the family banner, that he must face toward victory and accomplish greater achievements than did his forebears. It will not fail to instil in the mind of the budding girl that she is an instrument of expression, to grace her present environment in a superior manner. Early will it take cognizance of the unfolding personality and help the possessor to build constructively, and in so doing a judicious amount of praise, approbation and encouragement will be found to be the parents' biggest mental levers to lift ambition.

Johnny there, wrestling with his mathematical problems, is building the strength of great reasoning powers. Our greatest service is to see that he believes in himself. Mary here, daily struggling with the complexities of her music, is creating tomorrow's genius,—let us not allow her to languish for want of vision. They are lifting newly budded branches to the fructifying powers of modernity. Let us speed the promising evidence of such talent with the warmth of parental approval. Heredity surges to fresh flower in Johnny's and Mary's individualities. Let us tell them so, bearing in mind that,—

> Some approbation now and then
> Works wonders with our little men:
> And words of praise from lips held dear
> Have often changed a girl's career.

Make the child feel that he is guardian of today's destiny, that a man rises no higher than his ideals, and that no one amounts to any more than his actions. Sustaining ourselves with the theory that, if we want satisfactory results, the pathway of youthful endeavor must not be made too easy. It was perseverance that made plastic the hard conditions that confronted grandfather, and perseverance still retains a Midas-like touch.

You recollect the story of Ney, one of Napoleon's famous marshals. At a banquet during the Russian campaign, a brilliant woman had been telling of her wonderful ancestry, when suddenly she inquired: "By the way, Marshal Ney, who were your ancestors?"

"Madam," replied Ney, "I, myself, am an ancestor."

When a man feels so proud of his ancestry that he hesitates to bring dishonor upon them, it indeed forms a good moral checkrein. But it is a wise man who knows how to bridle his vanities, and most or us have occasional need of a common-sense martingale, when we feel called upon to parade our lineage.

Yes, family pride is the one thing we never bury. Let us chase it out of the cemetery — rehabilitate it, and bring it a living, pulsing presence, to be nurtured and garmented anew at the hands of today's boys and girls.

The Value of Diet Fads

By Jessamine Chapman Williams

SURELY yet, perhaps, unconsciously the general public has been receiving great benefit from the scores of modern diet fads that have sprung up in the last decade or two. We may not be initiated Vegetarians, Fletcherites, Fasters, No-breakfast Faddists, Raw Food Advocates or Low Protein Scientists, but we have been influenced more or less by these diet reformers, though we stoutly deny membership in any one of these schools. We look at these diet faddists and shake our heads pityingly, but they, in turn, go on working out their own salvations from terrible dietetic troubles, indigestion, gout and numberless other diseases.

The majority of people are not willing to enjoy their food as Horace Fletcher bids them do. A cube of bread held in the mouth as long as possible may taste like candy, finally, with all the starch changed to sugar, but few of us have the patience to procure our candy that way. We are too fond of short cuts even in our pleasures. The public will not all become Fletcherites, but it may become semi-followers of his cause, because it has had its eye opened to the sound physiological principle of salivary digestion involved underneath the exaggeration of this and allied theories. The volume that has been written about American rush and hurry and its injurious effects has touched all phases of our lives. Horace Fletcher attempts a reform of one phase, namely, our hurried manner of firing the human machine. If we aren't willing to give an hour to the consumption of a meal, we may agree to spend half that time, which is infinitely better than the former ten minutes. The public has been influenced to use greater care in the mastication of food and Fletcher deserves our gratitude for his service.

While Fletcherism may be one method of correcting our dietetic errors, another holds up to us fasting as the only way to eradicate our troubles. We are told to go six or eight days without food when suffering from dietetic disorders, then gradually come back to a restricted diet, beginning with a few spoonfuls of milk and increasing the quantity until the digestive apparatus is able to take care of the average amount of food again. The theory is that the digestive system, like an engine, has been clogged by clinkers, and needs a rest and a chance to be cleaned out and oiled up. No fuel must be given it until it has been repaired; it must not even run on half time. Few people are ready to adopt such strenuous measures to correct any dietetic error and even prefer the disease to the cure. Yet, this theory of fasting has created interest and discussion to the extent that less food is advocated as a relief for many of our common aches and pains. The belief is now that we are overfed rather than underfed.

In line with the fasting theory is the *No-Breakfast Fad.* The man who ate a hearty breakfast of fried potatoes, sausage and fat gravy, buckwheat cakes, butter and maple syrup, coffee with cream and sugar may now be an advocate of the no-breakfast plan and feel rejuvenated. These are the extremes of the case. However, the Americans' idea of breakfast is changing and becoming more like the continental breakfast—a roll and weak tea or coffee — or a light cereal and fruit substituted for the former three course breakfast of

fruit, cereal, meat, eggs, hot breads and coffee. The public will always act as a balance. The custom for generations of taking breakfast will not be overturned completely, but it will be modified with changed conditions of life. Few advocate no breakfast; all will agree to lighten it.

The attempt of Prof. Chittenden to prove a great waste of protein and total amount of energy in our food consumption has been a true benefit to the world. The statement that a person may live on half the amount of nitrogen given by other authorities, without loss of body weight and with improved health, has created world-wide interest and brought investigations along the same lines. Prof. Chittenden's experiment with United States soldiers gave conclusions from body weight alone which can only be extremely rough. The majority of scientists and therefore the average layman hesitates to adopt seriously for the remainder of life a diet as low in protein and total energy as Prof. Chittenden't standard, but many agree to a compromise, splitting the difference between 50 grams and 125 grams of protein daily and feeling there is safety in such. By so doing, the terrible evils resultant from overtaxing the organs of elimination,— gout, rheumatism, diabetes, obesity and all the kidney diseases may possibly be overcome, and no enfeebling of our bodies, physically or mentally, can result from the half way standpoint taken. Here again the general public is the balance wheel in its slowness to adopt extremes, yet reaping the real benefit by taking the middle ground.

No doubt that the patient and untiring investigations regarding the metabolism of purins has led a few to adopt a strict non-purin diet,— no meat or anything much, but the "hay" in our diet. Until the public has definite proof of its ruin, it will continue to cater somewhat to its natural appetites regarding purins; it will continue to exercise common sense; strike a happy mean in their use, and go on living cheerfully.

Just where the Vegetarian theory belongs for any sort of discussion is hard to determine. If the consistent vegetarian makes the question a moral one — the shedding of any blood a down-right crime — the matter is one of ethics and not of science. One may believe anything he chooses. No one has ever doubted the fact that life can be supported on a strict vegetarian diet,— and also on a strict animal diet. This, history has proved often enough. That our modern dietetic evils can be corrected in other ways than by adopting vegetarianism is obvious. The public will adopt neither extreme exclusively, but use the theories of vegetarians to teach a common-sense lesson — a wise and judicious mixture of the two classes of food.

There are various modifications or restrictions in vegetarianism. A few well-preserved, healthy-appearing individuals rise up now and then claiming their health and happiness to be due to a diet of fruit and nuts alone. Most of us believe that they have health in spite of this erratic diet. To be sure a balanced diet can be obtained, using these foods alone, but it requires more thought and study to get the necessary tissue-building and energy requirement than the average person will undertake, and all for what! The advocates on an exclusive fruit-and-nut diet have given us valuable suggestions, however, for using fruits and nuts in our menus to a greater extent, thus correcting some evils,— a lack of mineral salts, of cellulose, and perhaps too much meat. The obsese and certain dyspeptics who have turned to the "grape cure" for relief from their ills were not benefitted by the grapes they ate as much as by the necessary exercise involved in gathering the grapes. The average working man doesn't need a grape cure, but to the gouty million-

aire it may have a real value.

One general cry (perhaps it has originated with too busy housekeepers) has been that we spend far too much time and thought in the cooking of food. Why spend hours in cooking a dinner when we can enjoy equally well a meal of raw foods — a cube or two of nutose or a similar compound equal to a pound of beefsteak, a saucer of raw grains finely ground, a bean biscuit or two baked in the sun, and a handful of oily nuts and some fruit. Such a diet would certainly prevent our spending much thought on our food, and our time might be free for other things than cooking. But what of our digestion? "Flavor is to the man what oil is to the machinery of an engine." Without flavor as a stimulant to the flow of digestive juices, digestion is upset. The bran of grains can hardly be said to possess much flavor. But the Raw Food Club has benefitted the public by warning it of the danger of becoming too epicurean in its tastes and advocating one phase of simpler living.

Why not adopt as a simpler diet still, a milk diet, and take two or three quarts a day to give the necessary food value? Nature has provided this food for the infant. Why not for the man? Its ease of digestion and absorption makes it valuable for the weakest digestive apparatus. But the majority of people never would accept this diet and there is a reason for their refusal. A milk diet contains too much protein in proportion to the carbohydrates and fats for an adult, but this property renders it most desirable for the growing child. It also lacks iron for the adult, while the quantity proves sufficient for the infant who starts life with an extra supply of iron stored in the liver.

The advocators of an exclusive milk diet have succeeded thus far in a diet reform. They have shown the public that milk for the adult even, is a food and not a drink to be poured down as water, with the same amount of food besides. A glass of milk is more than equal to an egg in heat and energy. The business man may cheerfully choose a lunch of bread and milk, in preference to meat and potatoes, and find he is as well nourished.

There are adherents to a salt-free diet, and to diets without other condiments and spices. Their belief is that we use condiments to cover up the real flavor of food and to disguise tainted food; that they irritate the delicate lining of our digestive tract, interfere with the natural flavor of digestive juices and are "heating to the blood." Blame is often put upon the poor spices used in French cooking, while it should rest upon the putrefying or stale foods used in the complicated mixtures. If spices are heating to the blood, why do people living in the tropics use them so freely and actually crave them? Woods Hutchinson explains this by the fact that they are excellent antiseptics, preventing putrefaction and fermentation of food in the digestive track and hence of great value in the tropics where foods spoil so easily.

That refreshing, innocent, salad vegetable — the tomato — was once considered absolutely poisonous, and even now is believed by some to cause cancer and aggravate rheumatism. Pork, including ham and bacon, because of its slowness of digestion, has been put to the very bottom of the list of digestibilities. As a matter of fact slowness in digestion is not synonymous with indigestion and the dyspepsia experienced is often due to the mixture we put with the pork. It isn't the pork that makes one shake the head when "pork and beans" are mentioned. It is the toxic principle hidden in the protein of the bean that is the offender, while the poor pork is only an observer of the trouble, as Woods Hutchinson says.

The public has been deluged with breakfast foods, health foods, predigested and patent foods. Their food value has been praised to the skies and some people have become susceptible to their pretentious charms. All of us would needs be expert food-chemists, physiologists, doctors and dietetians to be able to weed out the few that are good from the host of bad. The safest rule to adopt, in judging, is to remember that no plain, wholesome untampered-with food requires advertising. It is only those whose virtues are doubtful that have to be urged upon the public. The plain cereal grains from which the host of breakfast foods are made contain all the food properties of the manufactured cereals and are infinitely cheaper and safer than after their passage through the secret maneuvers of the cereal and healthfood manufacturer.

Why take our phosporous and casein in the form of "Sanatogen," or our bicarbonate of soda and caseins in "Plasmon" or "Nutrose" or our ammonium casein in "Eucasein", when we can get these in plain milk at one-tenth the cost? Why not take our iron, phosporous, and other salts in the form most completely absorbed,— namely, in the organic combinations found in our foods? The very production of these patented foods has acted as a warning to the public. As a result, pure food laws have been evolved and the secrets of these concoctions exposed. For the normal, healthy individual the whole category of patented, predigested, and all health foods can be swept away as useless; for the pathological condition of the digestive organs, let the physician prescribe. Disastrous results of experimenting blindly have been warnings to us.

No one diet system or fad will ever supercede our natural instincts completely. One and all of these fads have acted, however, as checks and guides to our natural instincts and in such capacities have been of real value in keeping a balance.

With the warnings received from the no-breakfast and the fasting faddist we will use more discretion perhaps in the quantity of food we are consuming. With Horace Fletcher, to continually remind us of the errors of bolting our food and the benefits received from chewing patiently until each mouthful is swallowed involuntarily, we may overcome one of the evils of our American life — its everlasting rush. With the evils of excessive meat eating shown us by vegetarians and the low protein and non-purin diet advocates it is possible that the meat-three-times-a-day habit may become a more sensible one — a diet of meat once a day. The fruit and nut and raw food faddists are teaching us a lesson in simplicity of living. Thus, while we may not be initiated members of some diet reform, we are reaping the real benefits of all and go on living cheerfully with our eyes opened by the diet extremist.

A Modern Valentine

You are to me a guiding star!
I'll buy for you a motor car;
A cot, with roses all atwine,
At Newport, waits my valentine.

I'll deck you with a sealskin coat,
To wear whene'er you go to vote;
A diamond pendant shall be thine,
If you will be my valentine.

N. F Milburn

A Side Light on the High Cost of Living

By Alice M. Chalmers

WHAT have you planned for dessert tonight, Betty?" asked the thrifty housewife, as her daughter-in-law came into the kitchen carrying fat, laughing, two-year-old Bobby, pink and warm from his bath.

"Oh, some jello with bananas and nuts will be nice I guess," laughed Betty, tumbling Bobby into his buggy and pushing back the curls from her pretty, flushed face.

"But," protested the thrifty housewife, "jello is so expensive with fruit and nuts, and I notice there is some stale bread in the pantry that I might just as well as not use in a nice bread pudding." Betty had thought that same bread would make croutons for the soup that night, but mother had come for a visit from the farm and had only been in town a few days, so she called back gaily as she wheeled Bobby into the sunny bay window, "All right mother, just make anything you like."

"Dear, dear!" sighed the thrifty one, "how extravagant some people are. That comes of taking one's housework so lightly."

That night at dinner the bread pudding made its appearance. The thrifty housewife explained how easy it was to save little things in simple ways.

"What's in the scrap bag, mother," inquired the man, better known as Bobby's dad, catching his wife's laughing eye.

"There are two eggs, — I only use two," she explained proudly, "a little milk, some raisins, sugar, cinnamon, and the bread, and you see it makes a nice economical dessert."

"Let me see," the man answered gravely, "how much milk and raisins mother?"

"Just a mite of milk, about a quart, and half a box of raisins."

"Two eggs," the man continued, "at seventy five cents a dozen — say twelve cents — a half-box of raisins, five cents — a quart of milk, ten cents — sugar, cinnamon, and the rest — surely not less than three cents, that's thirty cents, at least. Not such a cheap pudding, is it mother?"

"Thirty cents!" exclaimed the thrifty housewife blankly, "but," her face brightening, "you must remember, we had all the things in the house and it was such a shame to waste that bread"

The man laughed, Betty thought with glee of the expensive jello, while Bobby in his high chair smiled wisely, as if forseeing the improvements which his generation would no doubt be responsible for.

And so it must always be. There will always remain remnants of past customs and ideas handed down and kept, because habit is so hard to break, even when one knows a better way. There is yet abroad not a little of the so-called economy which consists of preparing every little part of all food at home, when it is an open secret that it can be obtained already prepared, cheaper and more wholesome. There is another fallacy called economy which consists of "using everything up," when the using really means a larger expenditure and smaller returns. The only real economy is in no waste and the greatest possible value for money expended. There is no economy in using thrity cents worth of ingredients to dispose of three cents worth of bread, unless the product of such combination be especially desirable.

The old idea of making things at home, regardless of cost, nutritive value, or anything else, because it is extravagant to buy canned or otherwise prepared

food, should surely be obsolete now, but facts hardly point that way. Instead, there are a large number of women yet who insist that such things represent the ultimatum of waste and shiftlessness. One woman with a family of three actually shuddered when I suggested that Campbell's tomato soup was the most nourishing and economical of soups. She declared that people now-a-days thought of nothing but saving work. She always opened a can of tomatoes, made a white sauce, and then stood over it while it thickened, watching it carefully to see that it did not curdle. When finished, the soup cost, at lowest estimate, as much as the other and contained no stock, thereby decreasing its food-value; and beside all this her family preferred the other!

In a similar way I have heard all prepared foods rejected. "Canned tomato sauce! Mercy, what next?" I heard one disgusted woman say in a little town grocery, as she scornfully rejected the five-cent can of sauce, and went out the door with a neighbor, complaining to her of the high cost of living and her own overworked condition, all in the same breath.

Women who make griddle cakes for breakfast often pass by the prepared flour, which costs perhaps five cents a meal for cakes, and stand beating eggs, at five cents a piece, for the cakes which their families confide to each other on the sly aren't half so good as Aunt Jemima's. The poor woman must need get up fifteen minutes earlier in the morning and be fifteen minutes more tired at night, but see how worth while it is, when they can do all the cooking and not be the victims of absurd, new-fangled ideas!

One woman I know, living in California where there is almost always an abundance of fresh fruit, decided she must make jelly. She had all she could do without this extra work, but you see she had made up her mind. When she had finished her jelly-making, I just counted the cost. The jelly had cost her, as near as I could estimate, eleven cents a glass, while in the stores delicious products of the same flavors could be purchased for ten! Of course she contended that it was impossible for the other to be as good as hers, and only after I had slipped a glass of it in with hers and she had used it without detecting the difference, would she admit that perhaps the wholesaler was able to make things cheaper than the little individual manufacturer.

There are long, long lists of things which save time and money, because they do away with waste and give the greatest returns for the money expended. Besides the soups, fruits and sauces, there is the canned pumpkin, which costs one-fourth the time and effort that the whole pumpkin did, when one is making the popular pumpkin pie; there is good mince meat which serves the same purpoes that ones own does and pleases the family just as well. Kornlet, at twenty five cents a can, goes much further than corn and eliminates the tedious operation of putting corn through a colander for the soup. A thousand and one things there are, all designed to save time and money, for the big factory works more economically than the little house. Must then this march of progress pass by and leave untouched the self-called conservative woman, who, overworked and with no leisure for study or enjoyment, rejecting the short cuts and clinging to her false standards of economy, raises instead of lowers the cost of living? Let us keep informed of modern processes.

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ENCOURAGEMENT

IN no way can our subscribers manifest their appreciation and encouragement, and really aid us so much, as in renewing their subscriptions promptly during the month in which it expires. The conditions of publication are such, at present, that all subscriptions to periodicals must be paid in advance, and all renewals must be made practically at the date of the expiring subscription.

We are just in receipt of a letter from a lady who says, "My subscription to the Cooking-School Magazine expires this month and I am renewing it, as I do not wish to miss a number of the journal. To make sure, I might as well accept your general offer and enclose *three* dollars to renew for *four* years." We are always glad to comply with requests like this, for it eliminates a great deal of both extra work and expense. Our method is to win out by avoiding all unnecessary waste and expense, and to use every available resource in improving the quality of our publication.

Like other publishers, we are anxious to retain our old subscribers as well as to secure new ones. We are equally anxious to avoid annoying them by frequent and undue solicitations to renew.

Kindly, then, renew promptly by use of the formal blank provided you for this purpose. We propose to give you in each issue full measure of the best and most helpful material we can possibly procure. We are making preparation to enlarge the scope and usefulness of the magazine.

CHEERFULNESS

THE cheerful habit is an asset for any one, and the want of it may be a liability. A good laugh is better than a doctor's tonic. Cheerful, hopeful people invite rather than repel the confidence of others. The cheerful home is always the source of wholesome, inspiring influences.

A chief condition of cheerfulness, it seems, is good health. Hence the desirability of guarding well and building up by every means this main source of our wellbeing. Today in the home, the school, and other meeting-places, sanitary ways are considered of far greater importance than ever in the past. The modern school-house is built on quite different plans than the old red school-house of fifty years ago. Epidemics and disorders are traced to their sources and these are destroyed or removed. It follows, that the remedy of most ills is educational in nature. Reforms are brought about by spreading knowledge abroad. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Another condition of cheerful living is a bit of prosperity in our daily occupation or calling. · These who achieve success are known to be active, almost restless, in the pursuit of chosen enterprises. To energize is to be happy; and long continued, earnest concentration of effort is sure to bring fitting reward. An air of prosperity makes any spot attractive; it alone insures the happy home and renders life tolerable. We can await opportunities for improvement, but thriftiness and sure good lies in the way of doing with our might the work that is nearest at hand. Of prosperity some one has said:

"When farmers are making money; when factories are getting a fair return for their commodities; when railroads receive a just return for the one thing they have to sell, that is transportation; when the iron-mills have orders ahead, and rails are being produced at a profit, then we are all prosperous."

Breath deep, exercise freely, be diligent in business and keep cheerful.

FADS AND FANCIES

THIS journal never caters to sensasational fads and fancies. It holds no patent right on manufactured foodstuffs; nor does it claim to have instituted any great reforms in household management. It aims simply to aid the average housekeeper in making the most of conditions as they now are, with a view always to making gains or betterments.

Occasionally we are criticised, unjustly we think, for giving too much attention to fancy dishes; and yet in season and out we are constantly inculcating and insisting on the desirability of knowing how to manipulate the plainest bills of fare. For plain living, we think, conduces to economy, thrift, health and longevity.

Some housewives seem desirous to live at the least possible expense; others to do the least possible amount of work; still others are insistently seeking for something new, something a little out of the ordinary, for the table. Each of these clasess represents a rather difficult proposition, in these days. The exercise of individual taste and choice is the great prerogative of us all.

Our purpose is to neglect or pass by nothing that can be of interest or usefulness to our readers. Experience teaches us, however, that nothing really good can be done in any situation without a proper expenditure of time, labor, even hard work, and, oftentimes, money. In culinary and household matters, especially, time and labor often are productive of better results than those that are gained by the lavish use of money. Here, as elsewhere, thought and effort are essential to the best achievement.

"EFFICIENCY"—FOR WHAT?

EVERY day has its pet word—and to-day's is "efficiency." For some time past the educational journals and the educational conventions have made efficiency their key-note. Even the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools gave the main session of its last meeting to addresses on measuring efficiency.

In the mill-room and the machine shop, efficiency is a clean cut idea. It is defined as sharply as velocity or friction. It means the ratio of result to effort, of accomplishment to energy expended. It is a merit of machines and machine-like operators.

But in all our talk of efficiency as the aim of education, as the measure of a man's worth, as the test of social ways and means, the enlarged meaning we give the term is not clean cut; it eludes definition. It blurs the engineer's idea — the ratio of work performed to energy consumed — with untechnical ideas older than Solomon and his proverbs. In fact, our recent outcry for efficiency is due, one-tenth, to what efficiency means, and, nine-tenths, to less formal virtues confounded with it.

Whatever may be true in applied mechanics, we ought to see that in homes and schools and in all places where men's rights and duties count for more than guages and meters and time-keepers' sheets, we can never satisfy ourselves with mere efficiency. Of course, teachers must sh r their pupils how to study to best effect, and domestic scientists must show incipient housekeepers how to save their motions and materials. But the real leaders of thought, the guides of public opinion, ought now to fix for us more urgently than ever those aims on which our efficiency should tell. For while efficiency, so far as understood, is a stirring cry, yet broad outlooks on truth, appreciations of art and nature, friendly affections for one's kind, a steady will to serve many people, these are surer means of satisfaction than all the records at piecework, salesmanship and business organization.

It takes a wise man to distinguish ideas that tell how things should be done from ideas that tell what things are worth the doing. Many of our educators would do well to see that of all ideas that recommend a manner, efficiency is probably the most formal and empty. —*The Herald.*

A GIRL'S PHILOSOPHY.

WHETHER one believes or not in a deity, it is always safe to trust in the power of Good. Good is the positive force that rules the universe; and, no matter how many million years may be consumed in the process of reaching it, the tendency of everything is toward the Best.

Evil is negative, the misuse of the power for good with which man is endowed. It is misplaced force, as dirt is misplaced matter. If it acts as a hindrance to progress, it is eventually overcome. It is the duty of every man to join forces with the Good. Small as any one may be, he can do his share of the work of betterment. Each man's share is the best that he can make of his life.

A life is made up of deeds, as time is made up of fractions of seconds. Deeds are the outcome of thoughts; each act is the direct consequence of a motive. If we keep our thoughts good, our minds will habitually give rise to good motives and so to good deeds.

The attitude of heart that keeps our minds in the most ideal condition is the attitude of love — towards everybody and everything. The action that is prompted by love will prove to be the kind action, the most beneficent in result. When evil seems to us to follow an act meant in kindness, it is because our eyes are not far-seeing enough, — our minds not sharply enough trained in our faith — to discern the actual result.

Even though we may not be permitted this view of remote consequences, we may rest assured that, with some good in everything, the better the motive the greater the ultimate gain to the individual, the race, the world, and the infinitude beyond. So, then, we can guage our actions by the unselfishness of the motives that prompt them. Should we chance to forget and fall away from the principle, when we come back to it, as we needs must, it will be found unchanged and ready for us.

If the world seems sordid, sometimes, and our eyes tire of straining toward so high a goal, we find that the cultivation of that spirit of love relieves the strain, and the world is made brighter for us and for all men.

This faith, held to, is fatal to "moods" and the "blues", to petty annoyances and disappointments. The man who can say, whatever happens, "It is all for the best," is the bravest man, the happiest man.

Contentment is the "Treasure of Life". The price of it is Love.

M. D. Richards—in Christian Register.

AFTERNOON TEA-TABLE: GERMAN TABLECLOTH, NORWEGIAN TEA-MACHINE

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

Duchesses a`la Reine

MAKE chou-paste of half a cup, each, of flour and boiling water, one-fourth a cup of butter, one egg and one yolk. Shape in small rounds with a teaspoon. When baked and cold, have ready a cup of chopped chicken and two tablespoonfuls of chopped ham, mixed with a little seasoned chicken broth (about one-half a cup) and one cup of cream beaten firm. Use these, mixed together and seasoned to taste, in filling the little cases. Brush over the top with chicken jelly just on the point of "setting" and sprinkle with chopped truffles. Serve in the place of soup or before the soup at luncheon or dinner.

Consomme´ Celestine

Have ready two quarts of consommé in the making of which chicken was used in greater proportion than either veal or beef. Cook three level tablespoonfuls of a quick-cooking tapioca in a pint of consommé over hot water, then strain through a napkin into the soup. Garnish with two-inch shreds of pancakes,

one-fourth an inch wide, or with figures cut from pancakes. The pancakes should be thin and tender.

French Pancakes for Consommé

Sift one cup of flour and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt; add two eggs, then gradually stir in about one cup of milk, Continue stirring until smooth, then beat in one white of egg beaten dry. Bake as any pan cakes; pile one above the other and cut as desired. Cream may replace the milk. The pancakes should be similar to an omelet in consistency.

Chicken Gumbo Soup
(Canned Okra)

This soup may be made from the remnants of a roast turkey or two chickens. Pick off all the choice bits of meat (there should be from one to two cups). Break up the framework, add pieces of browned skin, bits of fresh veal, or chicken giblets if available; cover with cold water, let simmer two hours, then strain; add enough fresh chicken or veal broth to make two quarts in all. Cut two slices of bacon or a bit of ham in tiny cubes; let cook in a white-lined saucepan until yellowed a little; add one peeled onion and one green pepper shredded fine; let cook a minute, then add one cup and a half of canned tomato, cut in bits and seeds discarded, and about a pint of the broth; cover and let simmer until the bacon and vegetables are tender, then add the rest of the broth, one can of okra and the chicken, and let heat to the boiling point; add two teaspoonfuls of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika and one cup of hot boiled rice. Serve as the main dish at luncheon or supper.

Plymouth Succotash

Boil six pounds of corned beef and a six pound fowl, separately, until done.

HAM BAKED, WITH CIDER

Remove the meat from the liquid and let all cool. Remove the fat from the saucepans of liquid and reheat them together; add five quarts of hulled corn and let simmer one hour and a half. Stew three pints of pea beans in a separate saucepan, in water to cover, then strain into the broth. One hour before serving, boil five potatoes and one turnip, cut in small pieces, in water to cover, until tender, then add vegetables and water to the other ingredients; add also the beef and chicken cut in small pieces,

When hot throughout the dish is ready to serve This makes a large quantity, but is so made that it may be kept on

HAM MOUSSELINE, À LA FLORENTINE

hand for several days (a week or more in cold weather) and reheated as required.

Ham Baked, with Cider

Let a choice ham stand covered with cold water over night; drain and set over the fire in a fresh supply of cold water; let heat slowly to the boiling point, then simmer four hours. Remove the ham to a deep baking pan, take off the skin and pour over one pint of the liquid in which it was cooked and one pint of hot cider; baste each

ten minutes and let cook until the bones in the shin may be turned. Serve hot with a dish of spinach, chopped and mixed with a small quantity of cream sauce, about half a cup to a generous pint of spinach. For sauce, skim off the fat from the liquid in the baking pan. Take one cup of this liquid, one cup of rich brown stock, and thicken with one-fourth a cup of flour cooked in one-fourth a cup of butter; season with salt and pepper and stir in one-fourth a cup of currant jelly.

The first part of the cooking may be done overnight in a fireless cooker. Apple sauce, apple-and-celery salad or

SUGGESTION FOR LATE WINTER BREAKFAST

cabbage salad are all appropriate with ham.

Ham Mousseline à la Florentine

Scrape pulp from the fibres of a slice of ham to half-fill a cup, generous measure; pound the pulp in a wooden bowl, with a pestle, add the white of one egg and pound until smooth, add one-fourth a cup of cold white sauce and again pound until smooth, then press with the pestle through a gravy strainer or a purée sieve, scraping the mixture from the under side of the strainer from time to time. Into this sifted pulp, beat the white of one egg, beaten dry, and then half a cup of cream, beaten firm; continue the beating until the mixture is blended very smooth. Have ready four molds, buttered and decorated with figures cut from thin slices of truffle; fill the molds with the ham mixture; set the molds on several folds of paper in a baking pan, and surround with boiling water; let cook in a moderate oven until firm in the centre. Unmold on a bed of cooked spinach. Serve demi-glace sauce in a bowl.

Spinach for Ham Mousseline

Cook half a peck of spinach in the usual manner, drain and chop very fine; add a scant half teaspoonful of salt, and two tablespoonfuls of butter and stir over the fire until very hot, then spread on a hot dish of a size to take the four mousselines.

Demi-Glace Sauce

Put one cup, each, of veal broth and brown sauce (made with beef broth and brown roux) over the fire to simmer gently until reduced nearly one-half. Skim occasionally while cooking. Beat in two tablespoonfuls of sherry wine and the sauce is ready.

Ham Soufflé à la Milanaise

Melt two tablespoonfuls butter; in it cook two tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of onion juice, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley and a dash of black pepper; add two cups of milk and stir until boiling; add half a cup of fine bread crumbs, two cups of cooked ham, chopped fine, and the yolks of three eggs, beaten light; mix all together, then fold in the whites of three eggs beaten dry. Have ready one cup of cooked macaroni (cut in half-inch rings), half a cup of cubes of cooked ham and half a cup of fresh mushroom caps, broken in pieces and cooked in butter two minutes, also one cup of brown sauce, half a cup of thick tomato purêe (cooked tomatoes pressed through a sieve and thickened by slow cooking), and half a cup of grated cheese. Mix the macaroni, mushrooms, ham and cheese through the sauce and purée. Spread a layer of the ham and egg mixture on the bottom of a baking dish

SHAPING TENDERLOIN HEARTS, NEWPORT STYLE

suitable for the table; form a wall of the same mixture next the dish, leaving the center open; gradually fill in the

TENDERLOIN HEARTS, WITH SPAGHETTI

center with the macaroni mixture, taking care to build the wall of egg mixture, next the edge of the dish, before the center beside it is filled in. Spread the egg mixture evenly over the top. Let bake in a moderate oven about forty-five minutes, or until well puffed and firm in the center. Serve from the baking dish with tomato sauce in a bowl.

Tomato Sauce

Simmer two cups of tomatoes, two tablespoonfuls of chopped ham, one tablespoonful of chopped onion, two branches parsley, one-fourth a cup of dried mushrooms, soaked in cold water to cover, and three slices of carrot half an hour, then press through a sieve. Melt one-fourth a cup of clarified butter; add one-fourth a cup of flour, stir until browned, then add the tomato purée with enough brown stock to make two cups in all; stir until boiling, then add half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a teaspoonful of pepper.

Tenderloin Hearts, Newport, with Spaghetti

Pass through a food chopper, together, one pound of beef tenderloin, half a pound of veal steak, half a cup of cooked ham and three-fourths a cup of beef marrow; add one tablespoonful, each, of brandy and sherry, one teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of black pepper; mix all together very thoroughly, then gradually beat in half a cup of rich cream. Divide the mixture into eight or ten portions, roll each into a compact ball, then flatten and press with the fingers into heart-shapes. Cover with

SPINACH SALAD

beaten egg diluted with milk and then with soft, sifted bread crumbs. Sautè in clarified butter or olive oil, first on one side and then on the other, until well-browned. Serve on a bed of spaghetti.

Spaghetti for Tenderloin Hearts

Cook a cup of spaghetti in rapidly boiling, salted water until done; rinse in cold water and drain. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook one cup of fresh mushroom caps; add three tablespoonfuls of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt and stir and cook until absorbed; add one cup of brown stock and half a cup of tomato purée and stir until boiling; add half a cup of grated Parmesan cheese and the spaghetti; with fork and spoon lift the spaghetti repeatedly until well mixed with the cheese and sauce; cover and reheat over boiling water.

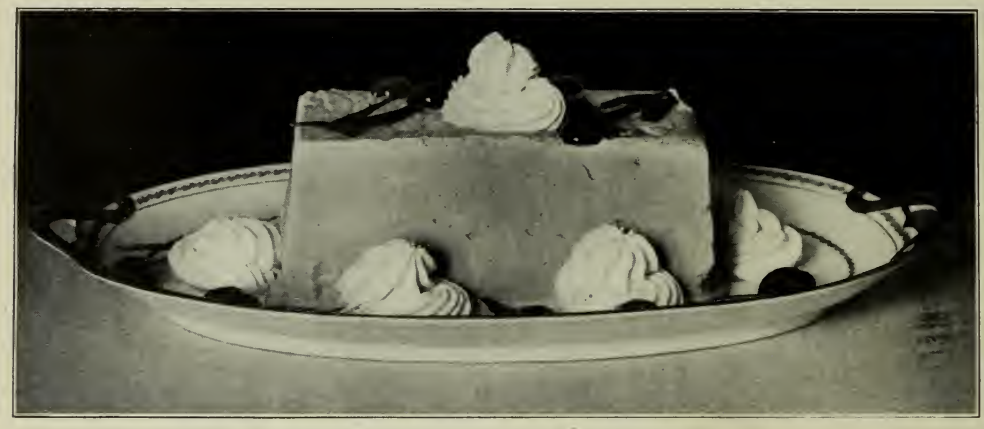
Minced Tenderloin en Casserole, Mexicaine

(Good for Tea Room and Restaurant Service)

Have ready small and thin slices of cold roast beef simmered in stock until very tender. Cut half a green pepper and a mild onion in small shreds; let cook in one-fourth a cup of butter until yellowed a little, then add three cups of cooked tomato (largely solid tomato, cut in pieces and seeds discarded) and let simmer until the onion is tender; add the meat, of which there should be about three cups, and let become very hot over hot water. About one teaspoonful of salt will be needed. Serve in individual white-lined earthen dishes, made hot and set on a folded napkin. Dip two toast points in beaten white of egg and then in fine-chopped parsley and set at the ends of each dish.

Adelaide Patties

Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook one cup of fresh mushroom caps, peeled and broken into pieces, about two minutes; add one-fourth a cup of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a teaspoonful of pepper and stir and cook until absorbed, then add one cup of chicken broth and three-fourths a cup of cream, and stir until boiling; add one cup of cooked chicken cut in cubes, one cup of cooked peas and more seasoning if needed. Serve in hot puff-paste patties.



COFFEE PARFAIT FOR FEBRUARY 22nd

Spinach Salad

Chop exceedingly fine enough cooked spinach to make one cup and a quarter; add one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, a tablespoonful of olive oil and half a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Soften one-fourth a pack-

PINEAPPLE DESSERT, VALENTINE STYLE

age of gelatine in one-fourth a cup of chicken broth or water and dissolve in one-fourth a cup of boiling broth. Stir the dissolved gelatine into the spinach. Have ready six or eight timbale molds, fitted with rounds of paper in the bottom. Set a slice of "hard-cooked" egg in the bottom of each mold and figures cut from thin slices of white against the sides, then fill with spinach. When cold unmold on thin shreds of cold-cooked tongue. Garnish with heart-leaves of lettuce. Serve sauce tartare in a bowl.

Coffee Parfait
(Simple)

Beat four egg-yolks, add half a cup o sugar and beat again, then cook in one pint of rich milk scalded over hot water. When thickened slightly remove from the fire and add two tablespoonfuls of coffee extract and when cold freeze as ice-cream. To one cup of double cream, add one-fourth a cup of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of coffee extract and beat until firm throughout, then beat into the frozen mixture; turn the mixture into a quart mold and cover with paper; let stand in two parts crushed ice to one of salt about two hours. When unmolded garnish with sliced cherries and chopped pistachio nuts. For the 22nd of February, decorate with cherries and the stems and leaves cut from the green outer rind of preserved citron.

Pineapple Dessert, Valentine Style

Cut the slices in a can of pineapple into heart-shapes; have the shapes as large as the slice will allow. Chop the trimmings fine; add liquid from the can to make one cup in all. Soften one-fourth a package of gelatine in cold water, and dissolve in the cup of chopped pineapple, made hot for the purpose;

FIVE O'CLOCK CREAM CAKES

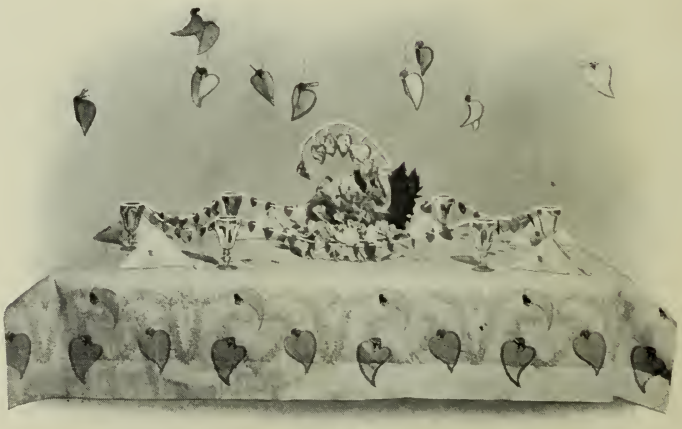
CRÊPE PAPER TABLE FOR FEBRUARY 22 nd

add three-fourths a cup of sugar, the juice of half a lemon and color-paste to tint a pink shade. In the packages of most varieties of gelatine means of tinting this color will be found. Stir the mixture over ice and water until it begins to thicken, then fold in one cup of cream beaten firm. Turn into an agate or aluminum dish to make a sheet about three-fourths an inch thick. Set aside in a cool place until firm. Unmold on waxed paper. Dip a heart-shaped cutter (of a size smaller than the shapes cut from the slices of pineapple) into boiling water and use in cutting pink hearts from the pineapple gelatine mixture. Set these above the pineapple. Beat one cup of double cream, one-fourth a cup of sugar and half a teaspoonful of vanilla until firm and use to pipe a star on the top of each portion. Sprinkle the whole with chopped pistachio nuts. For February 22nd, leave the slices of pineapple in their natural shape, and chop two or three whole slices for the cream mixture. Shape the pink in squares or ovals and when set in place decorate with whole cherries with stem and leaves of citron.

Five O'clock Cream Cakes

Melt one-fourth a cup of butter in half a cup of boiling water and reheat to boiling; sift in half a cup of flour and stir and cook until the mixture forms a ball; turn into a bowl, beat in one egg yolk, and when smooth beat in a whole egg. Drop the paste by the teaspoonful on to a buttered baking sheet. Bake about twenty minutes. Beat one cup of heavy cream, one-fourth a cup of sugar and half a teaspoonful of vanilla until firm. When the cakes are cold, open them on one side and fill the hollow

(Continued on Page 562)



CRÊPE PAPER TABLE FOR FEBRUARY 14th
(Courtesy of Dennison Mfg. Co.)

Balanced Menus for a Week in February

(SIMPLE)

There is every justification for the relative abundance of starch foods in man's diet.—Jordan.

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Dry Toast
Coffee Doughnuts Cocoa

Dinner

Pot Roast (Chuck) of Beef, Brown Sauce
Baked Potatoes
Mashed Turnips
Apples Baked with Tapioca, Sugar, Cream
Cookies
Half Cups Coffee

Supper

Hot Boiled Rice, Milk
Stewed Prunes
Rye Bread and Butter
Cookies Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Milk
Finnan Haddie and Potato Cakes
Bacon
Boston Brown Bread
(Sliced, covered and reheated)
Coffee White Bread Cocoa

Dinner

Hamburg Steak
Stewed Tomatoes Baked Potatoes
Hot Dates
Graham Crackers
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Kornlet Chowder Toasted Crackers
New Graham Bread and Butter
Dried Apricots, Stewed Tea

MONDAY

Breakfast

Scrapple, Sautéd
Fried Mush, Caramel Syrup
Coffee Hashed Potatoes Cocoa

Dinner

Minced Tenderloin en Casserole, Mexicaine
(Left over Pot Roast)
Scalloped Potatoes Celery
Steamed Suet (fruit) Pudding (reheated)
Syrup Sauce
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Cheese Pudding
Hot Apple Sauce Bread and Butter
Ginger Cookies Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Milk
Country Salt Pork, Cooked in Batter
White Hashed Potatoes
Coffee Doughnuts Cocoa

Dinner

Boiled Corn Beef, Rib
Boiled Potatoes
Boiled Turnips Boiled Cabbage
Baked Indian Pudding
Half Cups Coffee

Supper

Baltimore Samp, Molasses, Milk
Rye Bread and Butter
Ginger Cakes Tea

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Beef-and-Potato Hash
Coffee Buttered Toast Cocoa

Dinner

Tomato Soup
(Remnants of Pot Roast, etc.)
Finnan Haddie, Dinner Style
Philadelphia Relish
Apple or Prune Pie
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Stewed Lima Beans
Hot Graham Biscuit or Muffins
Baked Bananas, Raisin Sauce
Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Milk
Scrambled Eggs Toast
Ryemeal Muffins
Coffee Marmalade Cocoa

Dinner

Creamed Corn Beef, Au Gratin
Scalloped Cabbage Baked Potatoes
Yeast Biscuit
Bread Pudding
Half Cups Coffee

Supper

Cream of Celery Soup
Browned Crackers Water Sponge Cake
Canned Rhubarb, Cooked with Raisins
Spider Corn Cake Tea

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Bananas, Thin Cream
Corned Beef and Potato Hash
Cornmeal Muffins
Pickles
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Neck of Lamb Stew
Hot Baking Powder Biscuit
Cranberries
Jell-)
Half Cups Coffee

Supper

Salt Codfish Balls
Cabbage Salad
Bread and Butter
Tea

Balanced Menus for a Week in February

Under favorable conditions, a rapidly growing child will obviously need more bone-making material, in proportion to its total food supply, than will the adults of the family. (Adapted from Sherman)

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Oranges
Eggs Scrambled with Chopped Ham
Creamed Potatoes
Coffee Cornmeal Muffins Cocoa

Dinner
Fillets of Fresh Fish, Fried, Hollandaise Sauce
Marseillaise, (with tomato purée)
Yeast Biscuit
Larded Fillet of Beef, Roasted
Mashed Potatoes, Vienna Style
Macaroni Baked with Cheese or
Celery, Apple and Date Salad
Custard Soufflé, Sabayon Sauce
Half Cups Coffee

Supper
Eggs a la King Baking Powder Biscuit
Preserved Figs, Charleston Style
Maple Syrup Cake, Maple Syrup Frosting
Tea

MONDAY

Breakfast
Cream of Wheat, Thin Cream
Hot Dates
Scrapple, floured and fried
Small Baked Potatoes
Coffee Kornlet Griddle Cakes Cocoa

Luncheon
Cheese Soufflé
String Bean Salad
Apple Pie, Whipped Cream, Grated Maple
Sugar Half Cups Coffee

Dinner
Consommé, Celestine
Ham Mousseline à la Florentine
Nut Bread
Cornstarch Blancmange
Boiled Custard Tea

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Oatmeal, Thin Cream
Creamed Codfish Small Baked Potatoes
Whole Wheat Baking Powder Biscuits
Coffee Grapefruit Marmalade Cocoa

Luncheon
Macaroni a la Milanaise
(with bits of ham, tomato, cheese)
Toasted Biscuit
Tapioca Custard Pudding, Vanilla Sauce
Tea

Dinner
Roasted Turkey, Giblet Sauce
Sweet Pickle Jelly
Sweet Potatoes Southern Style
Celery and Pimiento Salad
Cream Cakes with Bar-de-luc-Currants
Half Cups Coffee

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Grapefruit
Sausage
White Hashed Potatoes
Buckwheat Griddle Cakes
Coffee Cocoa

Luncheon
Stewed Lima Beans (dried)
Bread and Butter
Canned Apricot Shortcake
Cocoa

Dinner
Tomato Soup
Cold Roast Turkey
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Creamed Celery
Sliced Pineapple
Sponge Cake
Half Cups Coffee

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Thin Cream
Broiled Ham, Eggs fried in Olive Oil
Fried Potatoes
Coffee Bran Muffins Cocoa

Luncheon
Chicken Gumbo Soup
Apples Baked with Tapioca, Thin Cream
Cookies
Tea

Dinner
Scalloped Oysters
Cabbage Salad
Rye Bread and Butter
Coffee Parfait
Chocolate Cake
Half Cups Coffee

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Oranges and Bananas
Fried Smelts, Sauce Tartare
Yeast Rolls (reheated)
Coffee Doughnuts Cocoa

Luncheon
Creamed Finnan Haddie au Gratin
Baked Potatoes
Philadelphia Relish
Rye Bread and Butter
Apples Baked with Almonds
Half Cups Coffee

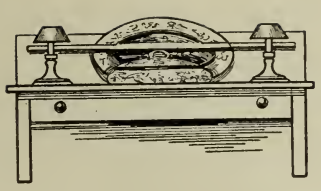
Dinner
Fresh Codfish Chowder
Toasted Crackers
Pickles and Olives
Lemon Sponge Pie Cream C
Half Cups Coffee

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Hot Dates, Thin Cream
Sausage
Creamed Potatoes
Rice Griddle Cakes
Coffee Honey Syrup Cocoa

Luncheon
Swiss Soup, Croutons
Apple Dumplings,
Hard Sauce
Cocoa

Dinner
Round Steak en C
(carrots, onions,
Celery-and-Green Pep
Noisette Bread and
Raspberry Jell-O Oatme
Half Cups of Coff



Preparation in Detail of the Meals of One Day

Family of Two Adults and Two Children

By Janet M. Hill

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Oatmeal, Hot Dates, Thin Cream
Broiled Ham, Poached Eggs
Small Potatoes Baked, or
Quartered Potatoes Boiled
Milk Toast (Graham Bread)
Dry Toast (White Bread)
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Baked Fillets or Slices of Fish
Bread Dressing
Drawn Butter Sauce Pickles
Boiled Cabbage
Mashed Potatoes
Pineapple Dessert
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Gnocchi à la Romaine
Macedoine of Vegetables in Tomato Jelly
French Dressing
Stewed Prunes
Rye Bread and Butter
Honey Cookies
Tea

When getting the supper Monday night, set the oatmeal to cook for the breakfast Tuesday morning; let cook half an hour or longer. Put the dates into a saucepan. If the potatoes are to be baked, scrub and wipe them dry; if they are to be boiled, pare, quarter and set aside, covered with cold water.

Tuesday morning has now come and the tea kettle is boiling. Add a little boiling water to the oatmeal and fill the lower kettle to the proper height with boiling water and set to cook for the second time. Before serving beat the oatmeal thoroughly.

Pour boiling water over the dates; heat quickly to the boiling point and skim from the water to an agate plate; set the dates into the oven to dry off; then cut on one side and remove the seeds; serve a few in the saucers with the oatmeal. The dates furnish a natural sweet and, with them, sugar is more than ever a superfluity with cereal.

If one is fortunate enough to have a choice country ham, a slice cut directly from the raw ham may be broiled over not too fierce coals, or pan-broiled in a hot frying pan, or even carefully fried, and prove a toothsome breakfast dish. But with knowledge born of past experience we suggest, that the broiled ham be cut from near the center of a carefully "boiled" ham. Leave the ridge of fat on the slice, brush over the lean part with melted ham or bacon fat, set the slice in a double broiler over the coals, but not too near them, turn often, and dispose on a hot platter as soon as heated throughout.

If baking is the method of cooking chosen for the potatoes, pick out small ones that will bake in half an hour; cut two gashes across the top of each potato, one at right angles to the other, take each potato in a cloth and crush a little on the bottom, to let out steam and disclose the pulp; set a generous piece of butter in the center of each

and if agreeable fleck with paprika. These should not be removed from the oven and made ready until after the cereal has been served. If the potatoes are to be boiled, set them to cook in boiling, salted water and let them cook quickly. If time is no object, do not cut them in pieces until time to cook.

As the milk toast is made particularly for the children of the family, the sauce should be made in a hygienic manner. Scald one cup and a half of milk in a double boiler; gradually stir half a cup of milk into one-fourth a cup of sifted flour and half a teaspoonful of salt, then dilute with a little of the hot milk, and when well mixed stir into the rest of the hot milk; continue to stir until the sauce thickens, then cover and let cook about twenty minutes. When ready to serve, beat in one or two tablespoonfuls of butter, a little at a time; have ready the graham bread well dried out and browned, dip the edges in boiling, salted water, then cover with some of the hot sauce. Divide the work of getting breakfast, if no maid is employed, among the different members of the family and let each be responsible for serving a dish, hot and in good condition, at just the right moment in the sequence of the breakfast.

For the fish dish at dinner, select whatever fresh fish is available in your locality. Pickerel, black bass, lake fish of good size, or halibut, haddock, cod, sea bass or sea trout from the ocean are all adapted to this mode of cooking. With halibut, select two slices, cut entirely across the fish, below the body opening. For any of the other kinds, a whole fish is needed, and the fillets or flesh on each side of the back bone should be taken off as entire as possible. This will give two large pieces of solid fish. This work can be done at the market, but with a little experience it can be done at home in a very few minutes. Cover the head, bones and all the trimmings with cold water, add an onion cut in slices, three or four slices of carrot and three branches of parsley and let cook half an hour to make stock for the sauce. Take the cover of a tin cracker box and pound the edge flat, rub it over with fat salt pork and set into a baking dish; on this set one of the prepared fillets and sprinkle lightly with salt. Mix one cup of soft, fine bread crumbs, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt, pepper, and powdered sweet basil, and if desired a tablespoonful of fine-chopped onion or green pepper, or both, and, lastly, one-fourth a cup of melted butter; spread this over the fish in the pan, lay the second piece of fish over the dressing and press it down upon it, then set two or three small pieces of fat salt pork above the fish. Cook in a moderate oven about forty minutes, less rather than more. Baste four times while cooking with the fat in the pan or a little melted butter. When nearly baked spread half a cup of cracker crumbs, mixed with two or three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, over the top of the fish and return to the oven to brown the crumbs. When ready to serve, lift the tin with a board spatula and carefully push and slide the fish on to a hot serving dish. Have the mashed potatoes hot and ready to serve when the fish is ready. To insure this put the potatoes over the fire just after the fish is set into the oven. The fish stock for the drawn butter sauce should be strained and set to cool before the fish is put into the oven.

When the fish is rather more than half-cooked, begin the sauce. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook one-fourth a cup of sifted flour and half a teaspoonful of salt; then stir in two cups of the fish broth; stir until smooth and boiling. Cover and set over boiling water. When the fish is on the platter, stir into the sauce two tablespoonfuls of butter, in little bits, beat in a teaspoonful of lemon juice and the sauce is ready.

The cabbage will need to cook three-quarters of an hour; early in the morning cut it in eighths, remove the hard center and let stand in cold water until time to cook. Cook in boiling water; add salt just before the cabbage is done. Use a large quantity of water and leave the saucepan uncovered. When cooked the cabbage should not have lost its crispness; drain carefully and serve on a folded napkin. The sauce for the fish will suffice for the cabbage. The recipe for the dessert, which can be made early in the morning, is given on another page, in the Seasonable Recipes.

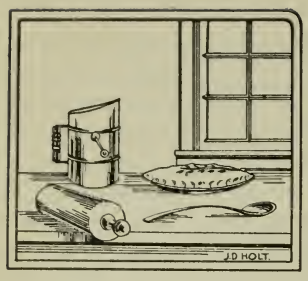
The cheese dish for supper may be made in the morning and simply reheated at night. For this dish scald one cup and a third of milk in a double boiler; mix one-fourth a cup, each, of flour and cornstarch and half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika with two-thirds a cup of cold milk, and stir into the hot milk; continue to stir until the mixture thickens, then cover and let cook twenty minutes, stirring occasionally. Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream, beat in two yolks of eggs, one after another, then half a cup (generous measure) of grated cheese; stir this into the hot mixture; continue to stir until the egg is "set", then turn the mixture into a shallow dish to form a sheet about half an inch thick. When cold cut into squares, diamonds or rounds. Butter an au gratin dish suitable for the table; in it dispose a layer of the cheese shapes; sprinkle with grated cheese and set a layer of paste over the cheese and sprinkle generously with cheese. A half to a full cup of cheese may be used. Ten or fifteen minutes before supper is served, set the dish into the oven to reheat the paste and melt the cheese. Serve with this the salad, and bread and butter. For the salad make about a pint of tomato jelly; stir it in ice and water until it begins to set, then add a cup or more of fine-cut, cooked vegetables, string beans, asparagus-tips, peas, bits of celery, capers, one or several, as is convenient. In making the dressing allow a tablespoonful of oil and a scant half-teaspoonful of vinegar for each service, also a scraping of onion juice and a few grains, each, of salt and paprika. The prunes, soaked over night and cooked in the morning, should be simmered very slowly; thus cooked, the sweetness of the prunes is brought out and but little if any sugar is needed.

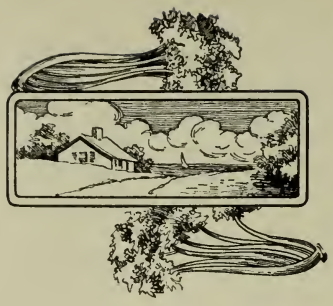
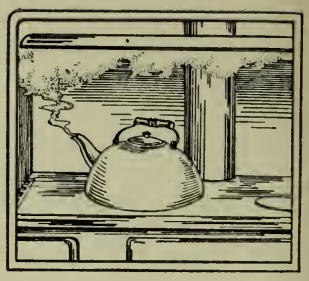
Frost Fairies

While sleep did make for mortal eyes a screen,
They soft descended to their witchery,
Veiling with dazzling white the russet lea,
Coating the streams with ice-mail, till I ween
They flashed forth silver in their crystal sheen;
And on the panes what fleecy land-scapes, see
What ferns and frost-flowers, side of tropic tree,
In frigid art out-rivalling Nature's green.

O, fairy alchemists of unknown craft!
Distilling pearl-paint from the frosty air,
Hardening diamonds in a single night
Long Earthward with your matchless genius waft,
And when December's scenes grow dull and bare,
Hold us with studies done in peerless white!

ELEANOR ROBBINS WILSON



Making the Boarding-House a Business

By Anna Green

TWO years ago, I was confronted with the problem of earning an income sufficient to educate and provide a living for my two young sisters who were then in high school. Our dear old home was all that was left to us after the change in our fortunes. To part with that would break our hearts. I did not want to go down town to seek employment, nor did I feel capable of doing any line of specialized work. Besides, it seemed best for me to be at home so that when the girls came from school there would be some one to look after them. After hearing several friends complain of the meals at their boarding-houses, I felt I had found the solution of my problems. Why not serve good homey meals to the people who longed for them? Cooking had always been a pleasure. We had all the capital required for the business.

After making further inquiries, I found that the average price for good table board in this middle western community is four and one half dollars per week. I also learned that there were many women who depended year after year on the boarding-house for their food. Most of them are earning good salaries at sedentary occupations. To them, good food is a necessity, if they are to maintain a high standard of efficiency in their various fields of labor. Many men also prefer a meal in a home to one in a restaurant, but will patronize the latter rather than do business with the average woman who runs a boarding-house. If I put the time, effort, and intelligence into the business that I would in working for some firm or corporation, why could I not make it pay? I determined to try and stuck to my decision even after hearing the adverse criticisms of my friends.

In making my plans, every point was considered to save time, labor, and material. Every economy was practiced which would decrease the running expenses and still not lower the standard of the meals I served. There would be the very best possible meals for the price To do this much help was out of the question. So all the furniture and equipment of our dining-room, pantry, and kitchen was arranged to save labor. Our one thought was to use our heads to save our heels.

Our house had a door opening from the front porch into the living-room. The boarders, or as I prefer to call them, my family use this for an entrance. The living-room is cheerful and homelike and is made more so when there is a bright fire in the grate on chilly mornings. The desk and telephone are conveniently placed and the morning and evening papers are always on the table.

The walls of the dining-room were rather dingy, so we had it decorated. We chose a cheap, soft tan paper, but the color and design were good, just

what the room needed with its brown wood work and southern exposure. We made new curtains of scrim, which launder easily and do not hide the pretty view from the windows. The plate-rail came down to stay, and its sundry collection was disposed of in other parts of the house. Three good pictures were hung. Every article not actually in use was taken from the sideboard. The copper percolator and tray gave a bright touch to the room. A fern-dish filled with feathery ferns is always kept ready for a centerpiece when nothing better is at hand. On the floor were placed matting rugs in tones of brown to match the walls.

The refrigerator and supplies were kept in the pantry, and dessert and salads were prepared here. Two shelves were kept for this purpose. We still cling to this method. All the salad and dessert plates, ice cups, et cetera, are placed there. All dishes that need warming are kept in the kitchen cupboard, the silver, glasses, and other dishes in the dining-room. A wooden box fastened outside the pantry window saves the ice bill considerably.

The kitchen walls are painted and the floor covered with linoleum. I do not consider this an ideal floor covering, because the dirt does get in between the strips and under the edges, but it is the best for us in our kitchen, because the hard wood flooring is very poorly laid. The flour bin, sugar, flavorings, etc., with the pans used for baking are arranged in one section of the cupboard. When I bake, I draw my table up beside it and everything is within reach and can easily be put away. All the kitchen utensils in constant use are hung on hooks placed as conveniently as possible. For instance, the paring knife is kept in a holder above the sink. No extra steps need be taken.

After two years experience, I find it cheaper to buy my supplies in large quantities. A woman from the country supplies me with butter and eggs, and, through her, I have found farmers who supply me with my fall vegetables. We buy enough carrots, beets, cabbages, and potatoes to last most of the winter and store them in the cellar By buying canned vegetables and fruits from the wholesale grocery in the fall, we get them more cheaply. Soap, sugar, and coffee are also bought at wholesale rates.

When we opened, we had five people, but it was not long before we had twenty, as many as I care to serve. I keep accounts carefully. The grocer and butcher send slips with each order and these are kept on a spindle until checked up. I have a card file on which to record all my expenses and orders. Every day I enter the cost of groceries meats, and milk, on their separate cards, so that at the end of the month it is an easy task to add them. It is fun to compare one month with another, when you can place two cards side by side to do it. I keep posted on the market prices and plan so far as possible to serve things in their season. Any money spent on other parts of the house, not caused by "the business" are entered as personal expenses. I have one helper to whom I pay six dollars per week with her living. The table linen and dish towels are sent to the laundry. At first, we tried having it done at home, but we found that it did not pay.

The meals are planned for a week at a time, being arranged to use up left-over meats. We use these as skilfully as possible. Never are Sunday left overs served on Monday, but by Tuesday noon they may be disguised and served with impunity. By comparing the menus with those of the previous week, we never get into a routine. As fast as a recipe which serves twenty is worked out, it is filed so that when the dish is repeated there will be none wasted. I study the likes and dislikes of my family and never serve any one what they do not eat, if it can be avoided. A dab of something

which otherwise might not be used will replace the food, and the psychological effect is very pleasant. The family feel they are being cared for and that their boarding house is not a machine passing out their food with rythmic regularity. As the people I serve are leading sedentary occupations, the meals are light and well balanced and an excess of protein is avoided.

The noonday meal costs much thought, but little money. We make them as dainty and attractive as possible, so that they refresh the mind as well as the body. Soups, salads, and hot breads with marmalades are favorites. Nothing is ever served that is sloppy with gravy running all over the plate.

We rise at six o'clock. The maid and I start breakfast, and, after fixing the furnace, one of the girls dusts and the other starts the grate fire Then they both set the table. Before we invested in a cart we put the glasses and silver, after being washed, in a market basket, because they were so easy to carry into the dining-room. The cereal is started the night before and placed in the fireless cooker. The grape-fruit also is prepared the night before. While getting breakfast, we have lunch and dinner in mind and use all spare moments in getting vegetables or fruits ready. Canned vegetables have a better flavor, if they are opened, poured into another dish and aerated before they are cooked. Lettuce is bought by the crate. It is washed, put in a crock, and covered with a damp cloth. It will keep crisp in a cold place for several days. Breakfast is served from seven to seven forty-five, so that by eight o'clock the dining-room is usually empty.

The dining-room is swept and put in order and then we wash the dishes. We have wire racks for most of them, so that by plunging them into very hot water and setting them aside to drain, they do not need to be dried. While the maid is tending to the rest of the house, I do my ordering or go out to market. Then comes the baking. We bake nearly all our own bread and all the cake and pie we use. While this is going on, the preparations for the evening dinner are under way. If the dessert is to be an ice, the syrup is made and the fruit juice prepared. The meat or fish is fixed or, at least, the pans are made ready. When the dishes are washed after lunch and the dining-room and kitchen put in order, we are free until five o'clock. Of course this is not always true, but usually we manage it.

After a complete rest for an hour, I usually spend an hour at my desk working over accounts and planning work for the next day. Then I go somewhere for a walk, if the weather is good. One afternoon, I let accounts go and run away for a while. If I can't do this, I open my window and take deep breaths, going back to my work with renewed vigor. To be able to relax, with one's mind at ease, is a wonderful boon to any housekeeper.-

At dinner, I preside at the head of the table and one of my sisters at the foot. Some of the guests have asked to be allowed to dish things, so we have a homelike atmosphere. Once or twice during the week we have candles on the table. They are not expensive and give a festive air. As I wear simple wash dresses, I leave my apron in the kitchen and I am ready to greet them, although sometimes my face is pretty flushed and my nose shiny. As hostess, I can lead the conversation into topics of mutual interest and avoid gossip. In this way I keep in touch with the outside world. The discussions become very lively and interesting.

But the important question is — does it pay? I can honestly reply that it does, for all expenses are met and there is still enough left to give me a salary and pay an interest on our capital invested. We consider our home, equipment, and dishes as capital. Of course it is hard

work, but it is work that requires intelligence. I feel I have grown both mentally and physically in the past two years. There are times of discouragement, but when I see my happy family, I feel that I am doing more than earning a living, I am actually contributing to the physical well being of twenty individuals. Are my boarders satisfied? I think they are. Only two have left us, and then not from dissatisfaction, and I have a long waiting list.

What a European Trip May Teach a Mother

By Elsie S. Eells

ARTISTS, musicians, writers, teachers, all gain inspiration for their work in the old world. Mothers, too, may at least find food for thought in foreign travel. Much may be learned by observing the methods the mothers of other nations use in training their children.

Let one just notice the children one sees at the railway stations and in the trains as one travels in England and on the continent. Compare them with the children one sees when one travels in America. In America the child is, almost without exception, the center of the group of admiring relatives and friends who accompany his family to the station to bid them farewell or come to welcome them upon their arrival. All eyes, including those of his parents, are focused upon him. What will the little dear do or say next? The answer to this question is awaited with breathless interest. Not so in Europe. How different the attitude! There the child is treated as a side issue and the grown-ups occupy the center of the stage. One soon sees why it is that the people of other lands accuse the American child of not knowing his place. It is not the American child's fault that he expects to be the center of interest. He has been trained to it from his babyhood. Are there not advantages in character building to be gained from the European method? The thoughtful mother may well ponder over the problem.

In hotels and restaurants one has the opportunity to observe the table manners of other children, even if one is not privileged to enter more intimately into foreign family life. The chief reason that the small English child eats more gracefully than the little American is that Americans use their forks as shovels, as the English accuse us of doing. "Tines down" is the rule for forks in England. This rule is growing more common in America and it should be practiced in all homes where there are small boys to train. It is impossible to overload a fork, held "tines down" to such an extent as one held with the tines up. Overcrowding the mouth is the worst fault in table etiquette among American small boys and adopting the English method overcomes it at once. The "tines down" rule for forks is followed in all other civilized lands much more than in America. I was at first amused to notice that in English homes, when the child left something uneaten upon his plate, he always said to his mother or to the hostess, "Please excuse me if I leave this upon my plate." I never spoke of it to an English mother, but it evidently is taught to the children that it is a breach of etiquette to leave morsels of food upon one's plate. A child's eyes are, proverbially, "larger than his stomach" and does not the English method give him good training in accurate judgment?

Germany can teach the American mother much concerning family life. In the outdoor refreshment garden, which one finds everywhere in Germany, it is interesting to watch the family groups. The children are not left at home with the servants or a grandmother, but share their parents pleasures. Far too often in America the father takes his recreation one way, the mother another, and the children, as many different ways as there are children. May we not well follow the example of the Germans and bind our families more closely together by sharing our pleasures? One frequently sees a family tramping party. The father and mother each carry a knapsack and each of the children carries one suited to his size. Are there not American families who would find benefit and enjoyment in such a vacation? The German family surely thrives by such a method. Boy Scout tramping parties are good, but are they equal to the family tramping party? The German child is not only taught to enjoy a wholesome out-of-door life in the company of his parents and under their influence, but he is also taught a wholesome respect for law. We may admire the border of fruit trees which lines every German roadside and wish that such a system could be established in America, that wholesome fruit might thereby become cheaper and more plentiful. Would not the guardians of such fruit have a far more difficult time, however, in America, in warding off the depradations of small boys? The workingman's garden at the outskirts of the town would bring better food supplies to the American as well as to the German workingman, but would not the produce be stolen, or, as we say, "swiped?" America is the land of liberty, but is it not in danger of becoming a land of lawlessness? Each American mother should teach her child obedience and respect for those in authority. These old-fashioned virtues are in danger of falling into disrepute in our land. Travel in Germany brings home this truth.

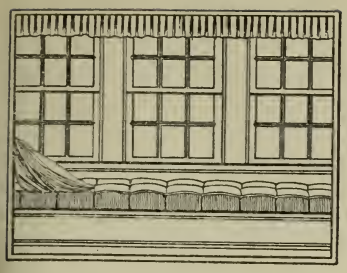
As an American mother, it is encouraging to say that the most badly behaved child I ever saw in my life, was seen in Germany. I have seen many badly behaved children in America, but never one quite equal to the one in Germany, the land of law and order. He was five years old and his parents were trying the theory of letting his young character develop according to nature. The result was that his baby sister screamed with terror when he approached her, and the dogs and cats hastened out of his way with all possible speed. He called his grandmother all sorts of vile names. The epithets he applied to her and to the servants are untranslatable. When I spoke of him to an American friend, I was reminded that corporal punishment still prevails in the German schools, and after the schools there is the army. Perhaps there is hope of his becoming a law-abiding citizen after all. Anyway it is cheering to know that not all naughty children live in America.

Saint Valentine

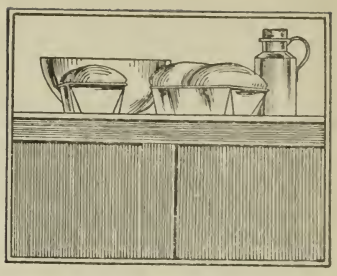
The good old saint, who plods through drifting snow,
When February's winds pipe loud, pipe low,
Comes laden with his gifts so quaint, so dear,
And 'tis his mission, rare, to bless and cheer.

He wakens tender hopes, and visions start,
He sets to pulsing every quiet heart,
And like the springtime, tells each waiting one—
"Rejoice, for see, the world is glad and young!"

ALIX THORN



HOME IDEAS & ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

The Poultry of Old Neptune

By Josephine Wright.

SINCE the high cost of poultry has made of it a luxury, no substitute has been accepted with the favor that is accorded tuna, the turkey of the ocean. Its flaky white meat, in appearance and flavor very like the breast-meat of turkey, may be used to advantage in nearly all recipes calling for the meat of poultry. It is eaten and enjoyed by many who dislike other fish in any form. It is being canned and sent into the interior where its sale is rivaling that of salmon.

One of the most popular methods of experimentation in things culinary is in the making of sandwiches.

Tuna Sandwiches

1 cup flaked tuna, fine-chopped	1 teaspoon lemon juice
2 teaspoons creamed butter	1 teaspoon, each, tarragon, chervil, gherkins

Put into a bowl and blend lightly, adding a dash of paprika and one of nutmeg, before spreading the mixture on very thin white bread. A paste better suited for dark bread sandwiches may be made as follows:

3 hard-boiled eggs	½ cup tuna
2 tablespoons butter	1 teaspoon chopped capers
½ teaspoon dry mustard	

Make a paste of the fish and the yolks of the eggs. Chop the whites very fine and add with all other ingredients. If the paste seems dry, add a little vinegar and sweet oil.

Tuna Soufflé

2 tablespoons butter	¾ cup milk
3 tablespoons flour	1 cup tuna
½ teaspoon salt	3 eggs
Cayenne	

Melt the butter in cooking dish; add flour, seasoning and mix thoroughly. Add milk, stirring constantly until sauce is thick and smooth. Remove to asbestos mat and add well-beaten yolks and tuna. Cool. Add stiff-beaten whites, turn into a buttered baking-dish and bake for half an hour in a hot oven. Eat at once.

Tuna Toast

6 blocks dry bread	½ cup Hollandaise
2 cups flaked tuna	1 tablespoon butter

Cut the center from each block of bread, leaving a thin layer on the bottom. Sauté the bread-cups thus made in butter. Heat the tuna in the Hollandaise and serve in the hot crisp toast. Garnish with parsely.

Tuna Loaf

1 cup bread crumbs	1 egg
1 cup flaked tuna	Salt and pepper
1 cup sweet milk	Onion juice

Beat the eggs until it is light. Put all the ingredients into a bowl and mix well. Press the mixture into a buttered loaf-pan and bake twenty-five minutes. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs and serve with drawn butter.

Drawn Butter for Tuna Loaf

1 cup hot water	1 tablespoon flour
¼ cup butter	1 tablespoon lemon juice
Salt and pepper	

Melt butter and add flour, Add

gradually all other ingredients. Bring to a boil.

Tuna in Peppers

2 cups tuna	1 cup sweet milk
1 cup bread crumbs	6 bell peppers
4 eggs	Salt and butter

Cut the peppers in halves, lengthwise. Remove the seeds and put peppers to soak in very cold water. Beat the eggs slightly and add the milk, the tuna, bread crumbs and seasoning. Pack the mixture into the peppers and sprinkle over the top bread crumbs and a little butter. Brown in the oven and eat hot.

Tuna Salad

3 cups tuna	1 cup thick mayonnaise
1 cup diced celery	½ cup French dressing
1 hard-boiled egg	¼ cup chopped olives
1 green pepper, shredded	

If this salad be properly made, it will prove more delicious than the most inviting chicken salad. Several hours before it is to be served, mix the tuna, celery, chopped egg and green pepper lightly together, adding the French dressing gradually. Just before serving add the chopped olives and toss lightly again. Put it into its salad bowl and arrange the thick mayonnaise over the top.

Chop Suey with Tuna

1 lb. fresh pork	1 cup chopped peanuts
1 cup tuna, flaked	1 can mushrooms
1 cup diced celery	1 tablespoonful butter
1 cup chopped onions	Salt and pepper

Put the butter into a deep iron frying-pan. Sauté the pork, celery and onions. Cut the pork into small pieces. Cover with a cup of water, the mushrooms and the liquor from them. Boil slowly for an hour. Add peanuts, tuna and seasoning and cook half an hour longer.

Tuna Cache

1 quart tuna salad	1 cup flour
½ cup butter	4 eggs

Put the butter into the water and bring to a boil. Beat the flour into this and take from the fire. Stir this dough until it no longer sticks to the sides of the pan. Beat in the eggs, one at a time. Drop the mixture onto buttered paper in long fingers. Bake in a moderate over until thoroughly done. When cold, split open with a sharp knife, put a spoonful of tuna salad into each cache and replace the top.

Tuna in Shells

2 cups flaked tuna	½ cup cream
4 eggs	1 lemon (juice)
3 tablespoons butter	Salt and pepper

Parmesan cheese

Hard cook two of the eggs. Cream the butter and rub into it the yolks. Add now, in the order given — lemon juice, salt and pepper, tuna, chopped whites, cream and two beaten eggs. Mix well and turn into buttered baking-shells. Cover with Parmesan cheese and brown in the oven.

It must be remembered, in the foregoing recipes, that the flaked tuna is the meat as it comes prepared in cans Of course, if the fresh fish be used, it must be cooked.

In some of the recipes salmon may be subsitiuted with success, but not in all. Tuna is free from the oily, fishy taste that salmon has and might be undesirable in some of the dishes.

* * *

A New Way to Cook Eggs

A FRIEND long resident in France and familar with the various omelets and soufflés made there recently tried an experiment in her American home, which proved a marked success.

It is a dish of eggs resembling both baked omelet and a soufflé. She takes fresh eggs and breaks them together, adding a tablespoonful of cold water for every two eggs, a little salt and some rather fine-chopped parsley. This combination is whisked a very little, perhaps, about six times, and poured into a buttered agate dish. For six eggs she uses one about the size of a large coffee saucer. This she places low over the burners of her gas oven, lighting two burners after she has put the

dish in. As soon as the eggs have risen well up to the top of the high dish, turn off one burner, and as soon as well set, turn off the other, leaving the eggs in a few minutes longer. They must not remain over twenty minutes at the most, and often fifteen will be enough, depending upon the flow of gas.

The lower crust is tender, not firm, and the center is flaky, neither like scrambled egg, — nor is it wholly like omelet.

The parsley gives it a good taste; pepper may be added, also, with the salt, and red pepper, for those who like it, mixed with either white or black pepper.

Also, one may add a chopped red or green sweet pepper, some onion, or chives; or rub the bowl in which the eggs were beaten with garlic. Sweet herbs may be used according to taste; and since families and persons vary so much in their likes and dislikes no set combinations are given.

Chervil mixed with the parsley is nice, and sweet basil, summer savory, thyme, etc., may be used.

To make a sweet course for a luncheon, add some candied cherries and make a sauce of the liquid to serve at the table. Add sugar to sweeten, if desired, or sprinkle the top with sugar and score with a hot iron in the foreign and old-fashioned way, if desired, but the crust of this dish on top is very attractive.

Potato Cups Instead of Timbales

Oftentimes, for one's family or the sudden arrival of friends to luncheon, there is sudden consternation as to "What we can fix quickly that is attractive?"

Should there be large potatoes on hand, cut these in halves or thirds to make cups; pare them, of course, and cut off ends so they will stand. All pieces cut out of the centres for cups, or from the ends, need not be wasted. Boil in salted water. Take any bits of cold vegetable, such as peas or cauliflower, and make a rich cream sauce. Use this for filling the potato cups. A little "goes further" and looks more attractive this way. A mixture of vegetables may be made, such as one buys in the foreign macedoines and American combinations of ten or more; lima beans, string beans, pease, carrot, turnip or kohl rabi, etc.

Garnish with celery leaves, parsley or watercress, if possible.

J. D. C.

* * *

New Ideas for St. Valentine's Day

THE revival of the celebration of St. Valentine's day, with its quaint old customs, has given an opportunity for girls to use bright and original ideas in giving luncheons and other social festivities.

One young hostess, who entertained a girls' embroidery club at luncheon, prepared for each guest a valentine, which was a square card, with a hand-painted cupid or a cluster of rosebuds for decoration, and an original verse. These cards were enclosed in envelopes bearing the names of the guests and laid on the table to designate the places.

Another girl, who was away from home, sent to a group of her girl friends love tokens which she had made herself. These were simply sheets of heavy writing paper, with original verses, and tiny cupids and hearts, cut from red paper in silhouettes and pasted on irregularly as a border.

One young woman, who was in college and often homesick, was delighted when she received a number of Valentine postals from her home town. These were sent by her high school chums and each one bore an original verse or pretty quotation suitable for the fourteenth of February.

N. F. M.

QUERIES & ANSWERS

THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit $1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Hungarian Goulash

QUERY 2122.—"Recipe for Hungarian Goulash."

- 2 pounds of lean beef, shoulder steak
- 2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar
- 2 tablespoonfuls of fine-cut onion
- 2 tablespoonfuls of butter or suet
- 1 level tablespoonful of flour
- ½ a cup of cream, sweet or sour
- 1 teaspoonful of salt
- ¼ a teaspoonful of caraway seed
- ¼ a teaspoonful of sweet marjoram
- Paprika to taste
- ½ a cup of hot water or broth

Cut the meat in half-inch cubes, put in a granite dish (not tin), add vinegar and salt, and let stand an hour or two. Heat the butter in a porcelain-lined iron kettle; add the onions and cook until tender, not brown; add meat and spices, and cover close so the steam will not escape; let simmer slowly until the moisture is absorbed and brown, stirring often. Add half a cup of hot broth or water and the flour mixed in cold water. Just before serving, add the cream and shake in paprika to taste.

QUERY 2123.—"Recipe for a Relish made of pepper and onions. The relish is served with meat and fish dishes."

Pepper and Onion Relish

Peel six white onions; cut six red and six green peppers in halves and remove the seeds; chop fine the onions and peppers with half a cup of parsley leaves, cover the whole with boiling water, set a plate above and let stand five minutes; drain, add one cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of salt and two cups of vinegar; let boil half an hour; seal in small cans.

QUERY 2123.—"Recipes for Plain Griddle Cakes, Griddle Cakes made with white cornmeal and Buckwheat Griddle Cakes made with yeast overnight."

Plain Griddle Cakes

- 1 cup of sifted flour
- ½ teaspoonful of salt
- 1 level teaspoonful of baking powder
- 1 cup of thick sour milk
- ½ a teaspoonful of soda
- 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter

Sift together the flour, salt and baking powder; sift the soda into the milk (measure the soda rather generously), mix thoroughly and stir with the butter into the dry mixture. An egg, beaten light is an improvement. A little sweet milk may be needed.

White Cornmeal Griddle Cakes

- ½ a cup of white corn meal
- ½ a cup of flour
- 2½ level teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ¼ a teaspoonful of salt
- 1 tablespoonful of sugar
- 1 egg, beaten light
- 1 cup of sweet milk
- 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter

At night scald the milk and pour over the corn meal, mix, cover and let stand until morning; sift together the dry ingredients and add to the meal with the butter and egg. Mix and bake. More milk may be needed. These are often made with sour milk and soda in the same manner as Plain Griddle Cakes. Sour cream gives choice griddle cakes.

Buckwheat Griddle Cakes

Scald one cup of milk; add

of boiling water and pour over one-fourth a cup of cornmeal) not granulated); add half a teaspoonful of salt, mix, cover and let stand until lukewarm; then add one-third a cake of compressed yeast, mixed with one-fourth a cup of lukewarm water, one cup and a half of buckwheat flour and one tablespoonful of sugar. Beat until perfectly smooth; cover and let stand overnight. The first thing in the morning stir down and set in a warm place. When ready to bake, add one-fourth a teaspoonful of soda mixed in a tablespoonful of water; beat again and bake.

QUERY 2124.—"Recipe for Potted Cheese and how best to keep it."

Potted Cheese

We have had no experience in potting cheese. One might try the following method, with a very small quantity and see how it worked. Press the cheese, while soft, into an earthen or glass jar; use a pestle in putting the cheese into the jar, that no small air space be left; pour on melted butter or other choice fat to the depth of half an inch; cover with a stout cloth, tying it on close. Store in a cool place of even temperature.

QUERY 2125.—"Supper Menus containing inexpensive and nourishing dishes suitable for nurses and employees in a hospital are desired."

Supper Menus for Nurses in Hospitals

I

Creamed Corned Beef
(Cream sauce flavored delicately with onion and celery)
White Hashed Potatoes
Bread and Butter
Stewed Prunes
Tea

II

Cheese Pudding or Custard
Celery
Graham Bread and Butter
Hot Apple Sauce
Cookies or Gingerbread
Tea

III

Scalloped Tomatoes
Whole Wheat Baking Powder Biscuit
Chocolate Nut Cake
Cocoa Tea

IV

Cream of Corn Soup
Browned Crackers
Bread and Butter
Apple Sauce
Tea

V

Creamed Salt Codfish
Baked Potatoes
Corn Bread White Bread
Butter Pickled Beets
Tea

VI

Cold Corned Beef, Sliced Thin
Creamed Potatoes
Graham Bread and Butter
Water Sponge Cake
Dried Peaches, Stewed
Tea

VII

Stewed Lima Beans
Rye Meal Muffins
White Bread
Marmalade
Tea

VIII

String Bean Salad with Hard-Cooked Eggs
Bread and Butter
Gingerbread
Tea Cocoa

IX

Fresh Fish Chowder
Crackers
Sliced Oranges (February)
Coffee

X

Tomato Bisque
Browned Crackers
Sliced Oranges, Dates and Bananas
Bread and Butter
Tea

QUERY 2126.—"Recipes for Stuffed Heart and for cooking Tripe."

Stuffed Heart

Wash and cleanse the heart. Wipe dry, and fill the cavities with bread dressing. Draw the sides together at the top with a needle threaded with twine, to hold in the dressing. Set on a rack in a steam kettle, and cook about three hours or until nearly tender, then dredge with flour, salt, and pepper. Cook in the oven about half an hour, basting three or four times with bacon or salt-pork fat. Serve hot, surrounded with buttered string beans or peas, or with tomato sauce. To serve, begin at

the pointed end, and cut in thin slices. Serve, also, cold with salad; or cut in cubes, in cream sauce; or with potatoes, green peppers, and bacon as hash.

Dressing for Stuffed Heart

Mix one cup of soft bread crumbs, one-third a cup of butter and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt, black pepper and thyme.

Baked Tripe, Spanish Style

Boil four pounds of fresh tripe until tender; drain and sprinkle with salt and pepper, and arrange in a well-buttered dish. Pour over it one quart of chopped tomatoes, one large onion, sliced very thin, one-half a cup of chopped parsley, skin of one large red pepper, minced fine, one-half a cup of chopped olives and one teaspoonful of Tabasco sauce. Pour over all one-half a cup of melted butter, and bake one hour.

Broiled Tripe with Bacon Rolls

Simmer fresh tripe in boiling water until very tender (it will take five or six hours of cooking); add salt during the last of the cooking. Drain, and set aside in a covered dish until ready to use. Brush over the portion to be used (honeycomb tripe is considered the best) with partly melted butter or bacon fat, and set to cook over the coals or under the gas burner. Let cook three or four minutes, then remove to a hot platter, season with a little salt, if needed, and spread over the top as many slices of broiled bacon as there are individuals to serve. Bacon rolls may replace the broiled bacon. To prepare these, run a toothpick through each slice of bacon, rolled up like a jelly roll, immerse all at once (in a basket) in hot, deep fat, let cook a minute, then drain, and use as specified. A quarter of a lemon should accompany each portion.

QUERY 2127.—"Recipes for Cooking Crab Meat."

Cooking Crab Meat

Crab meat may be served in cream sauce or tomato sauce; in the form of timbales, soufflés, mousse, mousselines, salad or croquettes. We have given it in these pages, deviled, in shells and au gratin; it has also appeared as crab flake mousse. For the latter dish use the recipe given in this issue for Ham Mousse and serve with Hollandaise sauce. For soufflé use the recipe for Ham Soufflé.

Crab Meat Timbales

Chop fine one solid cup of crab meat, beat into it four eggs, one after another, then three-fourths a teaspoonful of salt and one pint of cream; beat in the cream gradually. Butter about one dozen small molds and fill with the mixture. Set the molds on many folds of paper in a baking dish and surround with boiling water; let cook, without boiling the water, in the oven, until firm in the center. It will take about twenty minutes. Serve, unmolded, with Hollandaise or drawn butter sauce.

Crab Meat Croquettes

⅓ a cup of butter	1 egg, beaten light
½ a cup of flour	½ a teaspoonful of salt
1 cup of milk	1 teaspoonful of lemon juice
⅓ a cup of cream	

1½ cups of crab meat

Melt the butter, add the flour, salt and a dash of pepper and cook until well blended; add the milk and cream and stir until smooth and boiling; add the egg and let cook without boiling, until the egg is "set;" add the lemon juice and crab meat. Mix thoroughly and turn on to a plate, cover with a buttered paper and let chill. Shape as desired, cover with a beaten egg diluted with about four tablespoonfuls of milk, and then with soft, sifted bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat.

QUERY 2128.—"Please publish something about the value of Lentils as food, also recipes for using Lentils."

Value of Lentils as Food

Average chemical composition a

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A Table Necessity

ON EVERY PIECE

So inexpensive you can enjoy it every day.

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394 OIL

394 DOM. SUGAR

367 DECANTER

393 ICE TUB

393-2hld. JELLY

393 HASTY PUDDING DISH

393 FRAPPE

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393 GRAPE FRUIT

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chased (Atwater).

	Water	Protein	Fat	Carbohydrates	Ash	Fuel Value per lb.
Beans, dried	12.6	22.5	1.8	59.6	3.5	1.605
Lentils, "	8.4	25.7	1.0	59.2	5.7	1.620

Lentils, Egyptian Style
(Golden Rule Cook Book)

Wash two cups of lentils, let soak several hours or overnight, then drain and set to cook in boiling water. Let simmer until tender (about forty minutes) then drain. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and add one large onion, chopped fine; stir and cook over a slow fire about ten minutes; add the lentils, two scant cups of boiled rice and stir with a large fork until very hot; dredge well with salt and pepper before serving.

Lentils, German Style

Soak as above, drain and cover them and one onion with boiling water, and let cook until tender but not broken. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan; stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour, and continue to cook and stir until well-browned: then add two onions, chopped f[illegible] of [illegible]

Cake. How may it be cooked to insure a moist cake"?

Recipe for Very Black Fruit Cake
(C. F. L., Washington, D. C.)

1 lb. of butter
1 lb. of brown sugar
1 lb. of flour
12 eggs
1 teaspoonful of baking powder (rounding)
2 teaspoonfuls of cinnamon
1 teaspoonful of cloves
2 nutmegs, grated
1 cup of brandyor whiskey
6 lbs. of seeded raisins
3 lbs. of currants
2 lbs. of citron
2 lbs. of candied cherries
2 lbs. of apricots
2 lbs. of pineapple

Cut the citron in large pieces, use cherries whole, cut apricots and pineapple. To make cake, put all the fruit in a large pan, then sift half a pound of flour on it, mixing well with the hand. Mix together one pound of butter and one pound of sugar until creamy, then add the beaten yolks of the eggs. Next, add to half a pound of flour the baking powder, and add, alternately, with beaten egg-whites to the cake. Add spices and brandy, and mix all with the fruit. Steam five hours in a steamer, then bake in a very slow oven one hour. This is only to dry the cake a little. Make in loaves to suit convenience. Tins with tube in the centre are very convenient. A tablespoonful or more of [illegible]ured charcoal may be added [illegible]ur to make a blacker cake.

– Recipes for Grapefruit Cock-
[illegible]e dressing made with whites

ruit Cocktail

rapefruit for each ser-
ruit in halves, then,
ted knife, cut around
tion and remove each
t, to a cocktail glass
similar shape; add
glass. Serve plain,
sent to the table,
ful of powdered
. A maraschino
ed, either at the
above the grape-
ful of sherry or
ded at discretion.

Imported Absolutely!!

Only the best and purest malt vinegar—made in our own breweries, on the banks of the River Stour, Worcestershire, England—is used.

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Stickney & Poor's Flavoring Extracts conform to the same strict standards that govern the manufacture of their spices and mustards. You may be sure that every bottle will do credit to the time-honored name it bears. 10c and 15c sizes at almost all grocers. Be sure to ask for Stickney & Poor's.

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Mayonnaise with Egg-Whites

We see no reason why mayonnaise dressing should be made with whites of eggs. If white mayonnaise be desired, the color can be secured much better by the addition of whipped cream. Add the cream with additional seasoning, according to quantity of cream added, just before serving. From half to an equal bulk of cream may be added.

QUERY 2132.—"Kindly give simple recipes for cooking rabbits, inclndiug among them "Hasenpfeffer" Style. Rabbits are reasonable in price and as some of my family eat no red meat, rabbits make an agreeable change.

Larded Rabbit Baked with Milk

One rabbit will serve from four to six people. Cut off the head on a line with the shoulder bones. Remove the rib bones and as many layers of skin from the outside as is possible. Cut off the feet and scrape the flesh from as many tendons as are in sight, discarding the tendons. Wash in several waters, then wipe dry. Lard the whole upper surface with pork lardoons or, to save time, spread over the rabbit in the pan thin slices of larding pork. Set into a hot oven, baste, at first, with the fat in the pan, then lower the heat and baste with hot milk; dredge with flour after each basting. Let cook from one hour to one hour and a half, or until tender. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook one-fourth a cup of flour, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, then add one-fourth a cup of cold milk and the milk drained from the baking pan. Dispose the rabbit on a hot dish. Set around it from four to six cup-shaped, rice croquettes, each holding a teaspoonful of currant jelly; between the croquettes set rolls of bacon, fried in deep fat or cooked in the oven. Run a wooden toothpick through each roll, to hold it in shape while baking. Serve the sauce in a bowl.

Rabbit à la Marengo

Separate a carefully washed-and-dried rabbit into eight pieces, four legs and four body pieces. Discard rib bones and all tendons possible. Season the pieces with pepper and salt and roll in flour. Heat equal parts (about three tablespoonfuls, each), of clarified butter and olive oil in a frying pan; put in the joint of rabbit and let cook, turning when needed, to a golden brown. Drain the fat from the pan, add one-fourth a cup of Sauterne and let this reduce. Heat three tablespoonfuls of fat from the pan, stir in three tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth of pepper, then add three-fourths a cup, each, of tomato purée and rich brown stock, flavored with vegetables and herbs. Pour this over the rabbit and let simmer forty-five minutes. Dispose a flat bed of mashed potato on a serving dish; on this set the pieces of rabbit; skim all fat from the sauce and strain it over the rabbit. Set some crescent-shaped croutons of bread around the edge. Peeled mushroom caps, with a bit of butter in the center of each, baked ten minutes, may be set in groups between the croutons.

Rabbit, Hasenpfeffer Style

Divide the forelegs and the lower part of the body into pieces; wash all, including heart, liver and lungs, thoroughly; have ready in a saucepan fat from salt pork; in this stir and cook one or two onions, cut in very thin slices; cook until yellowed, then add two rounding tablespoonfuls of flour; and, finally, about a quart of water or veal broth, and continue to stir until boiling; add a teaspoonful of salt, a small bit of bay leaf, half a teaspoonful of black pepper, four cloves and the prepared rabbit; cover and let simmer until the rabbit is tender. Add a generous tablespoonful of butter, half a cup of claret and two lumps of sugar. The sauce should have a spicy, sweet-sour taste, and should not be too thick.

DIRT
Hasn't a
GHOST OF A SHOW
with —
Old Dutch
Cleanser
Chases
Dirt

Serve with plain boiled potatoes. Dumplings are sometimes cooked in the ragout five or six minutes before serving.

Dumplings for Ragouts

Chop exceedingly fine half a pound of veal or beef steak. Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream and gradually beat the meat into the butter; add the yolks of two eggs beaten light, half a cup of soft, sifted bread crumbs (good measure, two ounces), a grating of nutmeg, half a teaspoonful of salt and, at least, the whites of two eggs beaten dry. Mix very thoroughly to a soft batter. Shape in a tablespoon and let cook five or six minutes.

QUERY 2133.—"Recipe for Flora Dora Buns, given some time ago in this magazine."

Flora Dora Buns

1 cup of scalded milk
1 cake of compressed yeast
¼ a cup of lukewarm water
2 cups of flour (about)
½ a cup of sliced citron
2 egg-yolks
½ a cup of sugar
½ a teaspoonful of salt
⅛ a cup of melted butter
Flour for dough
½ a cup of cocoanut

Mix the yeast with the water, cool the milk, then add the yeast and first portion of flour; beat until smooth, cover and let become light; add the other ingredients, then knead until smooth and elastic; cover and set aside until doubled in bulk. Shape into balls of about two ounces, each; cover with the mixing bowl to avoid the formation of a crust. Roll under the hands into oval shapes. Set close together in a baking pan. When very light and puffy bake about twenty-five minutes. Brush over with thin cornstarch paste and sprinkle with granulated or coffee "A" sugar. Return to the oven to set the glaze.

QUERY 2134.—"Recipe for Chicken Sandwiches."

Chicken Sandwiches

Chop, separately, cooked chicken and ham or tongue. For each three-fourths a cup of chicken take one-fourth a cup of the other meat. For each cup of meat chop, fine, one canned pimiento, rinsed and dried on a cloth, or its equivalent, in bulk, of olives stuffed with pimientos; mix with these enough mayonnaise dressing to make a mixture that will spread easily. Cut the bread into the desired shape, the slices should be about one-fourth an inch in thickness; do not spread the mixture quite to the edge of the bread.

QUERY 2135.—"Suggestions for Teas and Card Parties where light refreshments out of the ordinary are desired.

I.
Gnocchi à la Romaine
(individual dishes)
Endive, orange-and-White Grape Salad
Macaroons Coffee

II.
Mayonnaise of Cream Cheese (Neufchatel) and Pimientos
Rye Bread and Butter Sandwiches

III.
Mexican Rabbit on Toast
Olives
Fruit Cup
German Creaps
Coffee

IV.
Sliced Brioche Rolls, Toasted
Grapefruit Marmalade
Cocoa, Whipped Cream

V.
Hot Palmerston Eclairs
Lettuce, Grapefruit, Orange-and-Cherry Salad
Tea

VI.
Mayonnaise of Chicken, Artichoke-Bottoms
Truffles
Southern Beaten Biscuit
(reheated)
Coffee

VII.
Artichoke Bottoms, St. George Style
Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Tea

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The Odorless Disinfectant.
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have an **Ash Hod** with a Coal Hod beside it (patented). The **Ash Hod** is deep and catches **all** of the ashes. It is easy to remove and carry and doesn't spill. Both hods free. The old, clumsy ash pan is hard to remove and strews ashes over floor and stairs.

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Cooking Rice

DIRECTIONS for cooking rice usually say that the water should be boiling, when the rice is added, and that it should be cooked fast, but that is not the way it is done in Brazil, where the perfectly cooked rice is one of the chief articles of diet. The Brazilian cook uses one part of rice to four parts of cold water, salted. It is brought to a boil and cooked very slowly for three hours. Every particle of water is absorbed, the rice is thoroughly cooked, and each grain stands by itself. Rice cooked in this way is very different from the mushy dish usually served in this country. A fireless cooker is ideal for cooking rice, for it simplifies the long slow cooking which is needed. Since I returned from Brazil I have been interested to hear a celebrated specialist for babies recommend this Brazilian method as the ideal way to prepare rice for babies. None of the nutriment is wasted, as it is when the water is not all absorbed. The brown, unscoured rice should be used, if possible, and fortunately it is getting more common in this country.

E. S. E.

* * *

Canned Chopped Meat or Sausage

Old Mason or other jars may be used for keeping sausage or other meat potted in fat. When cooked in their own lard, as sausage is, or meat or fish potted in melted butter, simply fill the jars, cover and *invert them*; thus the melted fat closes the old can well, and the contents will keep in a cool place.

Honey from Hymettus

Every lover of the Greek life of old recalls the wonderful honey of Hymettus. It has not passed away, as has that Greek life. The mountains of Hymettus may be seen from Athens, and from them still is brought that sweet product of the busy bee. With our present out-of-door life we should get back to the simple sweets, such as honey and dates for breakfast, with a wheaten loaf and a beverage, with cheese and eggs as the heartiest dish *permissible*.

Our so-called "currants" for Holidays come from Corinth in Greece. They grow on grape vines, at Corinth, just as they doubtless did in St. Paul's time. Only now they have been brought to California, and the vines flourish there; but "currents" they are still called, — a corruption of the name Corinth, perhaps.

J. D. C.

"I say, do you think that Wiggins is a man to be trusted?" "Trusted? Yes, rather. Why, I'd trust him with my life." "Yes; but with anything of value, I mean."

Did you get your free copy of Mrs. Rorer's new recipe booklet?

MRS. Sarah Tyson Rorer's new book of Tabasco recipes met with instantaneous success on its first appearance last spring, and still continues in great demand. If you have not already sent for yours do so now before you forget it.

Every man or woman interested in good cookery should have one of these booklets. It contains directions for making many unique and delectable dishes involving the use of McIlhenny's Tabasco Sauce.

It is now a well established fact that a pure liquid pepper, such as McIlhenny's, is a direct aid to digestion and does not irritate the mucous lining of the stomach like cayenne or black peppers.

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115 suggestions for new and dainty desserts will be sent you free if you will mention your grocer's name when writing.

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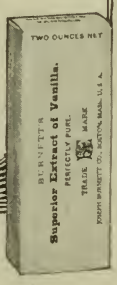

Western Package
Eastern Package

Seasonable Recipes

(Continned from page 536)

centers with the cream mixture, letting it show on the open side. Set a little bar-de-luc currant preserve (or currant jelly beaten a little) on the top of each cake and sprinkle with a little fine-chopped pistachio nuts.

George Washington Wafers

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of granulated sugar, the grated rind and juice of half a lemon, the beaten yolks of two eggs and the white of one, beaten dry, and, lastly, flour to make a dough. Take the dough on the board (magic cover is best), a little at a time, knead slightly, then roll into a thin sheet. Cut into any shape desired. Set into baking pans, brush over with beaten white of egg, decorate with maraschino cherries, cut in halves, with strips of the outer rind of candied citron for stems and leaves; dredge with granulated sugar; bake in a moderate oven.

Mental Medicine

Dr. Edward Sanger, who has abandoned his post as assistant to a celebrated Chicago specialist because he dislikes the latter's methods, said in New York:

"We should not announce cures unless they are real cures. Imagination plays too great a part in a patient's feelings. "Imagination must always be reckoned with in medicine — sometimes as a friend, sometimes as a foe. I know a doctor who treated an old woman for typhoid, and on each visit he took her temperature by holding a thermometer under her tongue. One day, when she had nearly recovered, the doctor did not bother to take her temperature, and he had hardly got 100 yards from the house, when her son called him back.

"'Mother is worse,' said the man. 'Come back at once.'

'The doctor returned. On his entry into the sickroom the old woman looked

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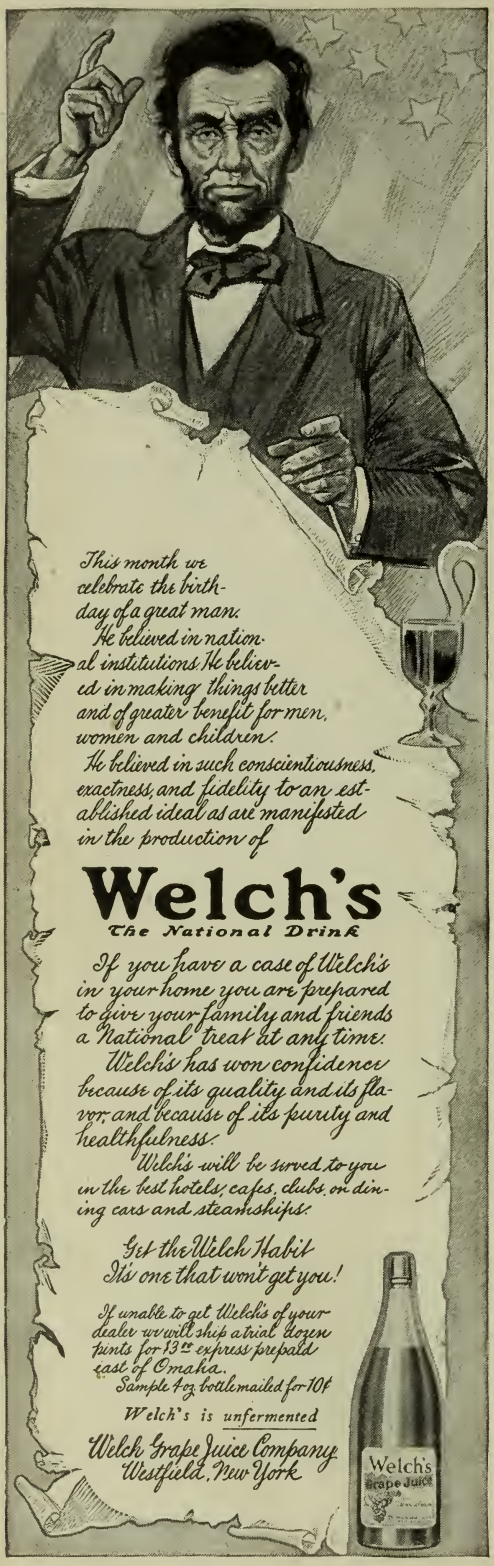

up at him with angry and reproachful eyes.

"'Doctor,' she said: 'why didn't you give me the jigger under me tongue today? That always done me more good than all the rest of your trash.'"

He Went To Walk

There is a story of a French dog whose breakfast was forgotten, whereupon he ran out into the garden, and, returning with a sprig in his mouth, deposited it at his master's feet. It was a sprig of forget-me-not. The truth of this story is perhaps open to question, but a story almost as remarkable comes from a Florida correspondent whose veracity is undoubted. Jack is a handsome Newfoundland dog. Every evening at nine o'clock he is taken to walk by his master, who has an orange-wood stick which he particularly likes and usually carries.

Every evening on the stroke of nine Jack rushes to the hat-rack in the hall, noses about among the walking-sticks and umbrellas until he finds the orange-wood stick, and immediately afterward appears before his master carrying it in his teeth. He wags his tail and prances delightedly about, and shows as plainly as possible that he will be a broken-hearted dog if his friend and master omits the usual evening stroll.

One evening the family were in the sitting-room with some guests. A shower had come up, and it was raining hard when the clock struck nine. The strokes had hardly died away when Jack danced gayly into the room with the orange-wood stick in his mouth.

"No, Jack," said his master, "we cannot go to-night. It is raining too hard. We should get wet. Just listen to it rain, Jack."

With that the host turned his attention once more to his guests, and presently they heard Jack pulling over the things in the hat-rack. They supposed he was putting away the walking-stick, like the clever dog that he is.

A few moments later a beseeching little

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SPARKLING
GELATINE

soon gains an enviable reputation for her table. She uses it for

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Puddings Ice Creams
Sherbets Salads
Mayonnaise Salad Dressing
Candies

Serve this New Ivory Jelly

Soften one envelope of **Knox** Sparkling Gelatine in ½ cup of cold milk five minutes; scald 3 cups of milk and dissolve in it ¾ cup sugar and softened gelatine; strain, and when cool add a teaspoonful of vanilla and turn into a mold. Serve with currant or other jelly, with cream and sugar, or a boiled custard. When desired candied fruits or nuts may be added. The dish may be flavored to suit the taste.

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Vine ripened tomatoes, from selected seed, grown under our personal supervision, carefully handled in sanitary kitchens, same day as picked; cooked but lightly so that the natural flavor is retained; seasoned delicately with pure spices; placed in sterilized bottles—this is Blue Label Ketchup.

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THE MILK OF GREEN CORN

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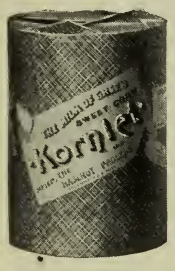
Kornlet is the milk of green sweet corn of most delicious variety, separated from the hulls while the corn is most juicy. This milk of the corn is boiled down and concentrated to make Kornlet; a natural food, containing all the nutriment of succulent tender corn.

There are no hulls in Kornlet—no waste.

In using Kornlet, dilute with milk, cream, pulp, soup stock; or combine in other agreeable ways.



Kornlet soup serves eight or ten people liberally, or twenty if cups are used. Kornlet Gems are a delightful breakfast treat. Our free recipe book tells many ways of serving Kornlet—sold by grocers at 25c a can.

If you will send us the name and address of your grocer with 25 cents in stamps, we will send you a full sized can by Parcel Post, prepaid; also our Kornlet Recipe Booklet free.

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is always of the same high quality. Prepared according to our own recipe—always uniform. Housewives have known this for the past 71 years.

No Benzoate of Soda or other artificial preservative is used in **Atmore's Mince Meat** *to cover up* inferior materials, for **"Atmore's"** is perfectly pure, carefully prepared.

"Ask Your Grocer for Atmore's'"

ATMORE & SON
PHILADELPHIA

bark was heard. There in the sitting-room door stood Jack.

He had an umbrella in his mouth. Every one flew for the rubbers, water proof and hat of the man of the house, and that gentleman, bearing the umbrella so persuasively offered him, took Jack out to walk without further delay. — *Youth's Companion.*

Caustic Sacrasm

If you want undistilled sarcasm, read this anecdote related by Henry Miller, whose performance in "The Rainbow" is so convincingly strong.

"We were going along at an awful speed," he said. "I didn't see the dog, but I heard his 'ki-yi,' so I ordered the chauffeur to stop. Going back, we found an irate lady standing over her dead dog — one of the ugliest dogs you ever saw. She met us with a tirade of remarks, telling us in no uncertain terms what she thought of us and automobilists in general, finishing up by calling us the murderers of her dog. It was then that I thought I would pacify her. 'Madam,' I said, 'I will replace your dog.' 'Sir,' she said, in a freezing tone of voice, 'you flatter yourself.'"

WE have two great Hebrew lawgivers — Moses and Christ. The former justified vengeance — an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. The latter said, "Overcome evil with good." We hold to the latter doctrine. Our ultimate goal in the salvation of men can never be through force, violence and vengeance. Yet is not that the final result of jails, stripes, iron bars, and degradation? Consistent with the concession, therefore — and we must concede it — that the days of force have not passed and the necessity for jails and prisons is still very acute — we must, nevertheless, keep constantly in mind that men eventually must be saved through love. It is not inconsistent with a faithful adherence of Christian ideals.— *Hon. Ben. Lindsey.*

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A Perfect Knife for Grape Fruit

THE EMPIRE GRAPE FRUIT AND ORANGE KNIFE

The blade of this knife is made from the finest cutlery steel, finely tempered, curved just to the right angle and ground to a very keen edge, will remove the center, cut cleanly and quickly around the edge and divide the fruit into segments ready for eating.

The feature of the blade is the round end which prevents cutting through the outer skin. A grape fruit knife is a necessity as grape fruit are growing so rapidly in popularity as a breakfast fruit.

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Step-Saver-the Wheel Tray

This table on wheels makes housework easier because it goes just where needed. Taken in turn to refrigerator, pantry, stove and table, it serves the meal by one trip, another clears it away. Stands beside sink while washing dishes and puts them all away at once. Saves thousands of steps daily. Beautiful permanent black gloss finish. Height 31 inches. Two extra heavy oval steel trays 23 x 28 and 21 x 26 inches. 8 inch rubber tire wheels. Price $10, express prepaid. Pacific Coast $12. Booklet free.
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Women and Education

THE difference in the education of the sexes in the human family never abates for a moment from the cradle to the grave. The tiniest girl is exhorted to behave in accord with the proprieties that shut her out from the activities open to her brother. All that youth acquires before the age of maturity becomes the inheritance of the race; and thus the manacles which society has imposed on its women, as well as the progress it has instilled into its sons, are inherited equally by both men and women. The marked ability which women are showing in public work along philanthropic lines, in utilizing the power of organization, proves nothing if not that it was a direct inheritance from generations of men. The isolation in which the work of women has always been carried on could develop no such ability for transmission to posterity. To what an extent the progress of human society has been retarded by the prolonged damming up and diverting of the powers of half the race, it is, of course, impossible to estimate. But, at least, the lesson is plain for any discriminating observer of social evolution, that most of the so-called sex distinctions between men and women are merely the inevitable consequences resulting from different conditions; and just in proportion as men and women work side by side in the battle of life, submitting to the same handicaps and stimulated by equal opportunitiy, will the truth emerge, that sex distinctions have been vastly overemphasized, and that the physical differentiation necessary for the propagation of the species is strictly limited in its field and leaves untouched the larger area of human qualities, which has been developed in consequence of man being a social animal.— *Anna C. Etz.*

The Quest of Humanity

IT is undeniable that the great quest of humanity is happiness. But was the world created to be happy?

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Dromedary Dates

Sent Free—Dromedary Cook Book
100 Different Date Dishes

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Comparative Food Values

as obtained from Government Reports and other reliable sources

Food	*Calories*
Dromedary Dates	1552
Round Steak	950
Boiled Eggs	680
Bread	1215
Potatoes	385
Honey	1520

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CLOTHESLINE REEL

A round Steel Ball — dust proof, nickle plated — warranted 40 ft. line, tested to 180 lbs. — takes present clothespin. Use out-door or in-door. Hangs anywhere. Two spreading rings. Positively the best made at any price. By parcel post for 50c.

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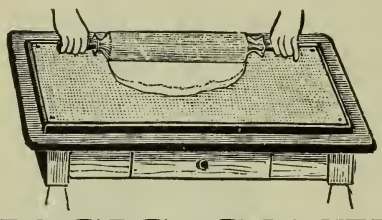

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B. F. MACY
Formerly of F. A. WALKER & CO., the Oldest Kitchen Store in New England
410 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

How many are truly happy? I've studied people in all classes and conditions, and everywhere I have found, when you get below the surface, that it is mostly the insincere individual who says, "I am happy." Nearly everybody wants something he hasn't got, and as things are constructed, what he wants is money — more money than he has in his pocket

But after all, money can buy only a few things. Why should any one envy the captains of industry? Their lives are made up of those vast, incessant worries from which the average individual is happily spared? Worry, worry, that is the evil of life.

What do I consider the nearest approximation to happiness of which the present nature is capable? Why, living on a farm which is one's own, far from the hectic, artificial conditions of the city — a farm where one gets directly from one's own soil what one needs to sustain life, with a garden in front and a healthy, normal family to contribute those small domestic joys which relieve a man from business strain.— *Thomas A. Edison.*

I SEE the day coming when Man, with his infinite aptitudes and capabilities, joyously creating for himself good things out of the infinite resources of the universe, will live in a world in which youthfulness, wealth, abundance, peace, progress and happiness will be supreme.— *Arthur W. Newcomb.*

Little Dinners for March

I.

Clear Green Turtle Soup
Olives Radishes
Scallop Croquettes, Sauce Tartare
Larded Fillet of Beef, Garnished with Artichoke
Bottoms Stuffed with D'Uxelles
Green Peas in Potato Patties
French Endive Salad
Pineapple Bavarian Cream, Pompadour
Coffee

II.

Beef Broth with Noodles
Lobster Cutlets, Sauce Tartare
Dinner Rolls
Chicken Fillets, with Ham and Mushrooms
Endive and Gapefruit Salad
Toasted Crackers
Roquefort Cheese
Coffee

III.

Strained Chicken Gumbo
Olives Radishes
Lobster à la King in Ramekins
Crown Roast of Lamb, Mint Sauce
French Fried Potatoes
Orange-and-Romain Salad
Maple Parfait
Coffee

A DINING-ROOM IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

The

Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XVIII MARCH, 1914 No. 8

Women of the Pushcart Markets

By Jeanette Young Norton

STREET peddlers are known the world over, but in no other city do the so-called pushcart markets flourish as they do in New York. In fact, they are recognized as great factors in the economical question of how to make the market money go farthest, in the poor man's household.

The woman's place in this out-door market world is quite as important as that of the man himself. He rises before day break to be at the wholesale market centers in time to get the best bargains. He goes to one of the dealers who rents pushcarts by the day, 10 cents on ordinary days, 25 on big holidays, gets his cart and trundles it away in the murkiness of early dawn. Few peddlers own their own carts, though they are inexpensive, for the reason that they have no place to store them nights.

And again the "garages," where they are rented, charge ten cents a day storage, so it is just as cheap to rent.

When the peddler comes back with his cart loaded, he leaves it at the dealers where it is watched and goes home where the wife has breakfast waiting, then he fares forth for the day. The wife, after the children have gone to school and her household put in order, takes a luncheon and possibly the youngest one or two children and goes to the cart.

Here she stands and waits on customers all day, cares for the stock, arranges the stuff attractively and is, in every way, a valuable assistant. In many instances the man hires an extra cart and she goes in to another section of the street with other wares, taking with her after school an older son or daughter for a helper.

The range of merchandise which may be purchased from pushcarts varies with the season, and the time of day or evening one visits the markets. From clothing, jewelry and furs, to carrots and onions is but a step in the pushcart world, and a short one at that. Women frequently manage the dry goods, kitchen utensils, toys, china and knick-knack carts entirely themselves. At the fruit centers they polish and arrange the fruit as well as sell. At the vegetable carts they clean, cut and freshen the bunches, constantly scrubbing the stalks of celery and fenuchi until they are temptingly white. While at the horseradish cart, where this tear inducing relish is grated fresh for each customer, it is the woman who turns the wheel wiping her eyes patiently erst while.

The pushcart merchant is his own boss, his goods are his own, bought and paid for before he offers them for sale; he pays no rent, makes no deliveries, has no "charge" customers, he can afford to sell at a fair market price. He does

no advertising and has many sharp competitors, so his only salvation is to "buy cheap." This he is ever on the altert to do, taking advantage of all that he can hear, see and read about, and no exertion or sacrifice is too great to make to accomplish his object.

There are specialists among the push-cart merchants, as well as in the richer markets, and they are unique enough to be interesting to the sight-seer. The "snail" seller has by way of a sign at the back of his cart an upright board with the snails in their shell houses clinging to it; the rest of the stock is in the boxes below, and they find many purchasers at the modest sum of twelve cents a pound.

The celery cart has every grade and sells from a single stalk to the large bunches familiar to general market-goers. Unusual fruits are another specialty, and include the tropical fruits seldom seen on the corner stands.

The sweet herb-and-pepper cart has a sweet savory smell, and is a joy to the beholder in its riotous coloring.

The cabbage vender, who has them red and white in all sizes, adds to his stock "Brussels sprouts" and the aristocrat of the cabbage family, cauliflowers. Another unique cart load is formed of beans; they are dried in several varieties, some already soaking in cold water so to be ready for the purchasers use almost immediately; others are pickled, salted, even sugared, in oil, and mashed into cakes to suit all tastes.

The peddler of the leatherette market bags strolls leisurely up and down, knowing full well, if the bargains are great, he will sell plenty of bags to carry home the overflow from the ones brought from home.

The purchasers do not go in for variety, but quality, quantity and satisfactory price are first considerations. Having no place to store extra supplies, the vender buys only enough for the day's trade; should stock remain over,

A BUSY CORNER

GREEN-COODS MARKET

the late comers secure many bargains; should trade be very lively, then the vendor sells out early, in which case, if the crowd warrants it, he goes home and loads up with a little dry merchandise he has stowed away under the bed; it may be china, socks and ties, oil cloth, furs or clothing of some sort. The rent for the cart has been paid for the day, so it might just as well be kept working.

One would scarcely expect to find a bridal veil on a pushcart, but, nevertheless, behold there it is, with slippers, gown, gloves and lingerie; even the wedding ring is at hand, all for the amazing sum of ten or twelve dollars; and let it be known that cupid is very busy in the pushcart sections, where race suicide is apparently unknown.

And with all their hardships these are happy people; a whirr of busy tongues, and merry laughter greets one on all sides. The tradesmen have a smile on their faces and cultivate ingratiating ways to bring customers into their wiles. And one comes away with arms full of bundles done up, not all in brown paper, but in the gay sections of the Sunday weeklies that have been blown that way; the venders smile and the cheer banishes pride, and clutching the parcel one throws back a smile and gay remark to the merchant or his wife; for these children of sunny skies, quick to anger, quick to smile, are not to be taken seriously, and it is all part of a pushcart market lark and evening's adventure into an almost strange land. At night the weird flaming torches glare fitfully on the gay head-shawls of the women and the more somber wear of their companions; purchasers of all ages congest the space between the carts and stands, yet all is orderly in the apparent disorder, and the blue coated embodiment of the law, at the corner, has little to do but to keep the crowd moving.

Now comes a hint from the powers that be that the pushcart markets

are doomed; "traffic regulations" are disturbed by their presence, and they have been chased from one spot to another, restricted to a certain number of blocks in a section where they are least in the way, and it looks like the beginning of the end. But the question is what will the poor people do without them? Public markets will charge more for food and they must live, no matter how colorless their existence may be, and they bear burdens enough already. Instead of banishing them from existence, why not devote one or more open squares to their use, or short sections of broad streets, where they will not be in the "system's" way. It is safe to say, education is fitting the children of these merchants for other occupations in life, and the young married women are not likely to go the way their hard-working mothers have gone. They will become Americans.

A SNAIL-SELLER

Service

Though small your candle-light of love may be
In this great world, its worth do not decry;
Remember that its little flame may serve
For other hearts to light their torches by!

ARTHUR W. PEACH.

Two City Girls Pioneering in Arizona

Indian Surroundings—Cattle Ranges—Caves—Pleasures—Scenery—Cookery—New Fruits and Nuts

By Julia Davis Chandler

PART SECOND

THE girls who dared are "making good;" they are very happy as related in the January issue of this magazine; they have let their Eastern friends hear from them, from time, to time, sending most interesting accounts of their life, of which the following is a condensation:

"This is a very strenuous life we are living. I do not know whether I can make things real to you, but since you wish to turn us into the heroines of a story, surely life here will afford the material.

We are not real pioneers, as in the olden times, still we are near enough to that condition to see just how it was. We have the railroad, with a post-office and small grocery store within six miles. One family, who are our most intimate friends, lived here over thirty years, when their only communication with the outside world was through the fort about twenty miles away. This fort is still occupied and is now being made into a regimental post. We were there about a month ago, driving out and back in a day, about fifty miles, over the worst roads imaginable, for no roads are made. They just drive the most direct route possible and if a way cannot be followed any more, they drive somewhere else. The hills were almost straight up and down, and coming back we lost the brake on our wagon. There were six of us in the wagon and the horses could not hold it down the hills, so they would start and run over rocks and gullies until we thought we would never get home alive.

BEFORE WE HAD A HOUSE

It is exceedingly thrilling and interesting as one goes along to have your friend say: "Now right here I helped gather up the stage driver, and he was scattered all over the bushes, after an Indian attack." The one daughter of this family had married and was living about ten miles from the post, when a notice was sent around that the Indians were on the war path. She was alone with a baby and her nearest neighbors were about six miles away; she started for the post on horseback with the baby, but as she rode up the side of one of these hills she saw a band of Indians between her and the

OUR FIRST MEALS

THE THREE SISTERS WITH THE PRECIOUS BABY

post. They had not seen her, so she turned and went back home and remained hidden in the cellar for days. One of the boys escaped from a band of Indians almost where our house stands.

This country was thickly populated with Indians, but they seem to have been mostly peaceful as the grinding stones are found by the dozen. We found a very nice piece of pottery near the house not long ago. However, there are no Indians here now, and the nearest reservation is some distance away.

The cowboys are still here, though, and are very interesting. Their stay, however, we think, is short, if the people make a success of farming. The cattle men were very much opposed to having settlers come in and treated the first comers very badly, cutting their fences, etc., but they have had to give way. There are two large cattle ranches in the valley and many private people have cattle on the range. The most important thing lacking is water and no one can take land and get the right to any natural springs. The only running water near is at Papago Springs, which is about a mile and half west of our claim. This was one of the last strongholds of the Indians. It is beautiful there; very heavily wooded, but full of gulleys, canyons they are called. A small "canon" or "canyon" is a "draw," and in the draws we find "water holes." These were interesting things to us before we came and found that they were only holes in the ground in which the water collects and remains indefinitely. They are usually in a low place and, then, the cattle stamp in them, and thus make them deeper and the bottom solid. Estelle has some quite large ones on her claim, but we have only one small one. There have been thousands of cattle taken off the range within the past year; we had two large "round ups" near, when they took out the yearling steers and branded the small calves.

This valley must be the crater of an extinct volcano, probably before it was thrown up from the water, as the rocks are full of fossils of shells like those found at the sea shore. The stones are of a great many varieties, with five or six different kinds within so many feet, often two kinds melted and run together. The hills near are limestone and are full of caves. One cave is about three-fourths of a mile distant, but no white man has been

A HAPPY COUPLE

in it. My neighbor, Mr. M—, discovered it, not very long ago, when he was riding down a canyon and saw the skull of a man hanging in a tree on a hill; he went to investigate and found under the tree the entrance to this cave. It is very deep; the boys think about a thousand feet straight down. We have been in one very pretty cave to which they have never found an end. Two men staid in for two days and couldn't find an end, but two skeletons have been found; one was removed to some museum, because it was not an Indian skeleton. Once some men got lost in there and it took a regiment from the post to find them.

They are taking onyx from a cave west of this. At one place we saw the lime is pure, such as is used for plastering, only there is so much salt in it the cows eat it. There are many kinds of minerals, but the mines are about twenty miles distant; but this has all been prospected. The Huachuaca Mountains are full of gold, with large paying quantities, right on the surface, but the Government has that all reserved for their post. One of my best friends is just opening a copper vein two hundred and sixty feet wide, which he says is the largest vein in Arizona. There is silver here, too; sometimes gold, silver and copper are all taken from the same mine.

During May and June it never rains, but the rainy season started with July, and it has rained eight inches since. The plains are covered with grass, which cures on the ground and keeps the cattle all the year; it is now the most beautiful emerald green. Earlier in the spring there were dozens of varieties of the most beautiful wild flowers, all brightly colored, the most vivid yellows, oranges, streaked with black, blues and purples. We had none during the dry weather, but they are beginning to come again. The three nuisances to be rooted out are the bear grass, the sagatones and mescals; all somewhat related to the cactus family, though not thorny.

We have a few mescals; these grow about the size of a tub and it takes them seven years to mature, then they shoot up a stem about ten or twelve feet high, blossom, fruit, and then the stalk dies; we have very little mesquite and sage brush. The principal trees are white and black oak and juniper, also, walnut, ash and cotton woods along the streams — and once in the mountains we saw a little white pine.

No trees are allowed to be cut without permission from the forest rangers and, then, only the dead trees; the juniper is used for fence posts by settlers. We have a hundred or more trees on our place, so we don't care; they are all oak except one large juniper. The mistletoe grows plentifully on the oaks. In Arizona the mistletoe has red berries in December and January; at first they are pearly like other mistletoe. Around Phoenix it used to be abundant.

It is like spring, although we have had hot weather, and sometimes too cool to sit in the shade — the altitude you know! The nights are always cool. The sunsets are simply gorgeous and the sunrises, when we are up early enough to see them!

Several times we have come home from dances after daylight and it was glorious beyond description. The moon and stars, too, are brighter than at home; and one can see so far — we saw a fire on a mountain a hundred miles away and it seemed near. We can see to the East, some hundreds of miles, five mountain ranges, each of a different color. The view is surely fine, one range of mountains beyond another! We are a mile high here and, in going to the post, we were eight thousand feet. The highest peak is ten thousand feet and we are very anxious to climb it.

We have a trip in prospect for next month of one hundred and fifty miles on horseback. We shall be gone five days and there will be twenty or more in the bunch. This will take us up this peak and include a dance going and coming. We are quite enthusiastic over it. We ride horseback a great deal, but often I go behind a splendid team, and Rosa and her escort accompany us on horseback.

We girls have a horse of our own now and the dearest colt a year old. Dolly is a mustang pony, the best and easiest horse I was ever on. Mr. John M— has five or six saddle horses and they are at our disposal at any time; we had two of his horses in our pasture last week. Rosa is out with John — planting our farm, incidentally having a good time. My friend will harrow it again, so you see the boys are some good.

We have five acres in beans; they are the best and surest crop and net twenty-five dollars per acre.

Yesterday I was at our neighbor's and made him bread, pies, and a pudding, washed his dishes and cleaned up his house; so we work together. Both of these boys ranch alone.

"A year ago this month I kissed the shrine of St. Anne of Beau Pré, at Quebec — I, a member of a Pennsylvania German sect,— and asked her to send me some one to love me. Then I had never even heard of this town or thought of Arizona; but within the year she has sent me here, where it was just waiting for me. We four surely do have delightful times.

We attended a barbecue the Fourth of July, the old cowboy custom of roasting a beef whole in the ground. We then went to a dance twenty miles away and got home the next forenoon.

When going down Rosa and her John had gone on ahead and we got in a thunder storm. We had not seen a house for about ten miles, but, at last, we came to an old adobe house, and went in. It was partly filled with hay. After the storm was over, Mr. M— went for the horses. As he would be gone some time, I decided I could put on my dancing clothes right there, since it would be dark when we got in. Just as I had my dress off, three Mexican men came to the door. They could not understand me, nor I them, and I surely was scared, but, at last, they made me understand that they wanted me to be sure and shut the door when I left. And I made them understand that all I wanted was for them to go away, and then we were happy.

Our housekeeping is not very hard, as you may judge by all this fun. One week Rosa cooks and I wash dishes, and the next week we change work. Rosa has been doing all the baking of bread so far and has had good luck; we wash about every other week, but we *never* allow work to interfere with pleasure.

We now have a house on each claim; mine is a wooden house of just one room, twelve by fourteen feet, with four windows and a door. Rosa's is even smaller and is built of tin, but then she only sleeps there. They are about a quarter of a mile apart. She takes her lantern and trots off at bedtime. The reason we live in my house is because I have trees on my claim and the house is built under a tree.

We have two hundred and forty acres fenced. We tuck in our married sister and the baby, when they come, and her husband and his father sleep outside in western fashion. The baby is a true westerner, for she creeps at five months and sits alone. Before she was three months old we took her off on a mountain jaunt of eight miles.

About our food supplies, we have to buy everything, nearly, the first year. Everyone eats a great deal of bacon and becomes expert in cooking it, and baking-powder biscuits. It is hard to get fresh meat even with cattle everywhere on the range. We eat a great

deal of fruit, which we get from a family that has lived here thirty years and raise every kind; but all kinds sell for five cents a pound.

About the only native things, I know of, that we eat are acorns, which are smaller than the eastern, but taste more like chestnuts. Walnuts are very plentiful but are rather small. We gathered about five bushels last week. Wild grapes are also very abundant and are just getting ripe, now in July. We shall gather some for jelly. They are like "chicken grapes" at home. Early in the year we made jelly from the manzanitos berry. These grow on a bush resembling laurel, but the bark is bright red and the wood is as hard as iron. The bushes are beautiful and the jelly tastes something like currant. The Mexicans make a whiskey and a candy from the stalk of the mescal, and preserves from the fruit; also from the fruit of the round cactus, but I have not yet eaten it."

Cactus Candy sells for a dollar a box when mailed. It is quite nice and resembles crystallized pineapple, somewhat.

An enterprising firm sends out the following lines:

"Across the world we'll send it
And pay the parcel's post,
The daintiest confection,
The one 'She' likes the most.
Crystallized cactus candy —
Garnered sunshine sweet,
Grown from virgin soil,
Child of light and heat;
Dollar will buy the box,
We'll send it charges paid;
Win thanks for something different
From your own delighted maid."

If I can not give you much new information about cooking, I can tell you how I made an awning for a window from a strip of tin and two boards, and a refrigerator out of a sack and a box. It is a peculiar thing here, that to keep anything cool one puts it in a pail, or jar, and wraps a wet cloth around, and places it in the wind; soon the contents are so cold as to make the teeth ache. We are getting an Indian bottle for our drinking water, which I suppose you have seen? They are not glazed and allow enough water to seep through the crock and evaporate fast enough to keep the contents cool. People have no cellars, only "dug-outs" for vegetables. We shall have one, when we have vegetables to put in it.

We draw all our wood and cut it, and draw our water nearly a mile. The boys would do it for us, but we prefer being independent. We have four kegs holding about twelve gallons, each, and they just fit into our small wagon.'

Thus are these plucky girls making a homestead where not long ago Indians roamed; they prefer doing this work to the strain of civilization and are assaying the heaviest work without even a Mexican or Indian, for a Caliban, to "scrape trencher and wash dish, and fetch in firing at requiring."

The Lady of the Angel Cake

By Frances Campbell Sparhawk

IT'S very nice — yes, delicious. I wish you would taste it. This was my pick at the picnic," he laughed, standing before Amy Hastings who had wandered away — although only a short distance — from her hostess, for she was sure the latter would enjoy a few words alone with the young man to whom she had been betrothed that very month. Miss Hastings had been making an uncomfortable third, and she had tactfully dropped out and seated herself under one of the great pine trees where the sighing of the wind through the boughs, the sparkle of the river flowing by a few yards below and the brilliant sky overhead was giving her enough to look at and enjoy. She had been talking merrily all the morning and liked being by herself for a few minutes. Yet, when the tall stranger had appeared with a plate of her cake in his hand, the very cake that she had made early that morning to help out the friends whom she was visiting, the interruption had been pleasant to her, probably because she found this same tall stranger so agreeable.

His flattery was all the more delightful, because he was so unconscious that she herself was the maker of the cake he eulogized so warmly. It was a pleasurable embarrassment to listen to his merry laugh as he declared:

"Now, if I were the prince of a fairy tale, I should not choose my Cinderella by her slippers, no matter how dainty her feet might be, although dainty feet are a great charm! And he had glanced slyly at Amy's small and very pretty foot. "I should choose my Cinderella from her angel cake," he had added, looking straight into Amy's eyes and smiling with an amusement that was still unconscious.

The girl sprang up. "How the sun follows one in the woods," she said. "I've been enduring it until I'm roasted, because the view of the river from this spot is so lovely. Have you noticed it?"

And if her companion observed the flush that her greatest effort could not control, he attributed it to the hot sun and the sudden motion. And yet the strange part of the incident was that he began to call her to himself, "the lady of the angel cake", because the two had come to him together; and, in his very frequent thoughts of her hereafter, he continued to call her so.

"Only a half slice more," he said the next moment. "Do take it. How I wish you would taste it. No? Then here goes; it's too good to waste." And he proceeded to eat it himself. "Try the river from this point," he said. "The view seems to me even better." And at his suggestion she seated herself on the projecting roots of a near-by tree; he dropped down at the base of another, a few feet away.

After a few appreciative comments from both upon the scene before them, he began to tell her of one of the scenes on the Canadian Pacific road, which this view recalled to him in miniature. "But perhaps you have been there?" he asked suddenly. Learning that she was no traveler, he told her of an adventure on that road. From this he passed to other adventures, in which, although he prefaced them by, "I knew a fellow", or "Some one told me" of such and such a thing, Amy suspected that he had had more part than he confessed. If it were so, he was a traveler of courage and experience. The former he looked and, although young, he might have had wide experience.

From these incidents and escapes, as some of them certainly were, they came to talking of many things. How interestingly he talked, not to exhibit his knowledge, but because thoughts came to him and he had found some one who could respond to them.

"Well! At last!" cried a girl's voice.

Amy looked up, to find her hostess smiling down upon her with eyes so mischievous that she suddenly wondered how long she had been sitting there with the stranger? Ten minutes? Half an hour? From all that she had heard and felt, it might have been days. It was not an hour. Yet it had marked her life.

The stranger avowed that he had been striving to entertain this unknown woodland princess. He gave his name, Henry Wallace. He was visiting friends in the town, as Amy was. But neither family was known to the other. He bowed himself away, although with reluctance.

The acquaintance was at an end. He would never think of it again. It was a mere episode. Yet to her it had been a revelation of what that man must be like who could ever be all in all to her. While he was with her, she had been desperately afraid that in some unimagined way it would come out that it was she who had made the angel cake. But, when he had gone, she knew that a joy had gone out of her life with him. Her only comfort was that no one dreamed of her folly. For Amy's beautiful lips had shut in closely all reference to the episode.

A year went by. And all the while the angel cake, which she made many times, continued to suggest the prince, seen and forgetting, if to her own folly, not forgotten.

The following summer found her with her father and younger sister — all her family — living in a different city and taking up the duties and pleasures of life with a heart, not broken, although she secretly felt that it was seriously impaired. It was a beautiful June morning that her sister Katherine turned from studying her summer gowns, with some criticism but more satisfaction, and ran down into the kitchen.

"Now, Amy," she began, her young face bright with eagerness; for she was only seventeen, three years Amy's junior, and everything as it flew into her mind seemed of vast inportance to her, "are you too busy to listen?"

"Try me," answered the other glancing up with a smile from the mixture she was industriously beating. The girls were motherless; to Amy her younger sister was very dear, and to Katharine Amy's beauty, her graceful carriage, her charm of voice and manner were fascinations to be perpetually admired, and imitated so far as possible.

"Let's return some of our visits this afternoon,' she went on. "WE have had a good many, considering that we've been here only a little more than a month. But if we want them to go on, we must be prompt, you know, in paying back those we have had."

For a moment Amy did not answer. She poured out her cake into the pan and smoothed and smoothed it there with the air of being miles away from her sister and the kitchen in which they both were standing. For it was a year ago that very day that she had sat with the stranger in the beautiful woods, with the murmur of the river at their feet and the sounds of merriment coming to them from the distance. And now again she seemed to be seeing him before her and it was his voice to which she was listening while Katharine waited.

"Amy!" cried the other at last. "Do you have to put your mind into your cake as well as your spoon? But perhaps that's the reason it's so good," she added with a laugh. "Yet it seems to me you might be able to answer a simple question."

"To be sure I will, Katie, dear," and

exactly the way you want to have me do it."

This was how it happened that Nana Brown, in her cool kimono and her luxurious chair, glancing up from her novel out of the window of her bedroom, immediately dropped her book into her lap and spoke to her sister in the next room.

"Come here this instant, Rose," she called softly, "and tell me who these two girls are? I never saw them until this moment. But they're making straight for our front door. One of us must know them."

"It's not I," retorted Rose. "Perhaps they're agents," she added the next moment.

"No, agents don't hunt in couples. Besides, these girls have not that cut. Well, we're bound to find out, for they're coming up the steps now. There's the bell."

After a minute of silent listening, the maid entered with cards.

"What effrontery!" cried Rose. "They honor us both, it seems. The name doesn't help me at all — Hastings! The idea of trying to force themselves upon us in this way. It's outrageous! Delia," she began, turning to the maid, "tell them they've made a mistake; they've come to the wrong house; we don't know them."

"No, no! Hold on a minute, Delia," cried Nana. "Don't say that, Rose," she added to her sister. "They've come to the wrong house, of course. But I know it's anything but effrontery. From the glimpse I had of them, they are ladies. I'm very sure it's their mistake, not their pushing. I have it now!" she cried, with another glance at the cards. They are the two girls who came to town with their father this spring. He bought the Armstrong house, so, I suppose they mean to live here; I've heard of them. To be sure, we decided not to call; but that was only because we had so many acquaintances now. When we see them we may change our minds."

"I shan't, retorted Rose. "But I suppose we musn't snub them too hard. Say we will be down, Delia." And she began to get into her gown, a procedure which Nana promptly followed. "After all," she added to her sister, "when they see us, there'll be nothing to explain; they'll know instantly that they've made a mistake, which will be much pleasanter than if we told them of it.

'Yes," answered Rose. "And if they are ladies, as you insist, they will bow themselves out of the nearest door."

"But things did not turn out in that way. For as Rose advanced to greet the strangers, Amy said to her:

"We are so sorry to have been out when you and your sister came to see us, Miss Brown. We are very glad to find you both at home."

Rose did not dare to glance at Nana; but holding Amy's hand in her own, she agreed with her sister as to the status of the visitors. How beautiful the elder was; and the younger if not beautiful was very wideawake and charming The situation was saved; and they should never find out their mistake, at least, not until all four had grown to be such friends that it wouldn't matter.

But things did not turn out even according to this reckoning.

In five minutes, they were talking like old acquaintances. In ten, they had discovered mutual friends. Nana was secretly delighted at the advice she had given; the Hastings girls were so bright and interesting, they would be an acquisition. She and Rose would return this visit very soon. That would put matters right if anything should leak out; but it would not.

But the next minute, glancing out of the window, she saw coming up to the house one of the Misses Brown whose visit Amy and her sister evidently believed themselves to be at that instant returning.

Nana would run and meet her at the door and explain matters in a breath and warn her. But Katharine held her by something she was saying to her. Delia answered the ring promptly, and then it was too late. She threw a flashing glance at Rose, which said: "Hold tight! Fight it out on this line!"

But Rose could not see how.

Then the catastrophe arrived. For as the strangers rose to greet the new arrival, and, also, to take their leave, Miss Brown, the second, hearing their names — for they were all at too close quarters to allow them to pass without a word — turned to them and said with marked emphasis:

"I was so sorry you were both out, when my sister and I called the other day. We had heard of you, and we wanted to meet you, not merely to leave cards."

Nana and Rose held their breath. The puzzled look, which had dawned in Amy's eyes at the sound of Miss Brown's name, deepened into conviction and dismay. While she paused an instant, breathless also, the speaker added to the desperation of the situation by saying with a smile at Rose and Nana:

"You see, girls, you were wise to change your minds. You remember you told me you were not going to call, you had so many friends already."

As the five stood grouped together, in a mesh from which for the moment no one could extricate herself, for even the speaker perceived that she had made a break of some kind, Katharine's sense of fun was so great that in spite of her embarrassment she giggled. But the flush risen on Amy's face deepened to crimson; and the sternness of mortification was in the eyes she fixed upon her hostesses.

"We have come to the wrong house," she said, and her voice sounded choked. "But we are strangers; perhaps you will not understand us. Neither of you called her sister by name. That might have helped us."

"We did not want to!" cried Nana eagerly. "Of course we understood exactly who it was. And we were delighted to see you. We meant — "

"Oh, how amusing!" cried the other Miss Brown, who, at first, had been piqued that this visit, which must have been later than hers, had been returned before her own. But it had been intended for her? It really was very amusing.

"I beg — " cried Nana, still more eagerly breaking in where she had been interrupted. We were so — one moment, Miss Hastings. Let me explain to you — "

For Amy, her color still high and trying to keep her quivering face stern, had turned to the door and was about to pass through it. But at the words, and especially the tone, she paused and looked back at the speaker.

"Then you do understand," she said, that "my sister and I came to the wrong house by mistake?"

"Why, I — " began Nana once more.

But still again a voice broke in — this time a new one.

For while they had all been too much occupied with each other to see or hear anything outside, a step had sounded on the porch and then in the hall, and a man had stood gazing into the room with amazement, at first, even bewilderment, then as his eyes fastened upon Amy, with a joy approaching rapture.

After all this weary time he had found her again, at last — and here — here, of all places! It was no wonder that he interrupted and threw back Amy's assertion with vigorous denial.

"The wrong house, my lady of the angel cake?" he cried. "Never! Never! And so I've found you again, at last!" he went on coming forward to her with a lightness in his tones to hide the emotion in his heart. For he, too, had waited and longed, and also, he had sought.

Amy, looking up, gazed in silence at

the tall stranger of the day of the picnic. And Nana and Rose greeted their half brother, returned sooner than he had been looked for from his trip to the West.

"Just a year this very day — but you wouldn't remember. Perhaps you do not remember me at all? he questioned Amy, still striving to keep the joy out of his tones in the presence of others. This lady and I have met before," he explained to the wondering group. And again he looked at Amy.

But her fleeting smile of recognition and her demure tones, as she acknowledged that the sky and the river and the stranger's interesting stories still held a place in her memory, betrayed nothing that she would have hidden.

He began to tell the others the episode of the picnic. "But you surely would have remembered a good deal more," he said turning to her, again," if only I could have persuded you to taste that delicious angel cake I was devouring so greedily — "

"Why!" interrupted Katharine proudly, "has the fame of Amy's angel cake gone as far as that?"

"What! Was it your sister's cake?" he cried, wheeling about upon the girl.

"Very likely," she responded promptly; "I remember she told me she made some for her friends that morning."

"Oh, the speech about Cinderella and the slippers and the cake, if he had been the prince! But he must have long ago forgetton such nonsense. No! He was saying it to her over again — with his eyes!

"The wrong house," she repeated in her farewells to the sisters.

But in her heart she knew it had been the right one.

The Sweetness of the Hour

By Eleanor Robbins Wilson

"Our victories are in our daily work."

A FEW warm sunny days of May had coaxed the apple and pear trees into paradisiacal loveliness. Boughs, which a month earlier, sere and sullen looking, had buffeted with roistering winds, now, suddenly seemed to sense some fair white dream of immemorial Springs. And anon the orchard was sweet with original bloom.

Simultaneously, swarms of great golden honey bees hovered in and out among the blossoms, till the air fairly thrummed with their advent. From what far hives they had journeyed no voice foretold, yet guided by subtle fragrances they had found their way to these beckoning branches of sweetness and of service.

A week later, the shifting pageantry of Maytide lured with fresh signals. Under the blossom-rifled fruit trees lay light drifts of mimic snow — and the bees were gone. Here they had worked and sung and garnered the sweetness of the hour. I wondered, if the owner of the orchard could say as much.

The trouble with most of us is we are too prone to linger regretfully over the blossom-drift of past endeavors and ignore the beckoning flower of the present. We watch our apple-bloom dream wither, forgetting, unlike the bee, the fresh signals. And herein is where we lose the trail of happiness, and the tang and zest of living grow stale and profitless.

There is, indeed, a strange analogy between a happy man and a honey bee. Both have learned to look for the sweet things in life, have cultivated the required acumen to recognize such when they appear, and devised a way to treasure them afterward, till the whole

honey comb of memory is filled with their sweetness. In short, they have both striven for that which has "survival value."

"Actions", says one of our modern thinkers, "have survival value according to the degree of good that grows out of them." "Survival value" is a new phrase, but in it we recognize the only satisfactory mental yardstick for measuring the deeds of past and present. Its use is profitable to humble and great alike. Luther Burbank, with wizard touch creating the spineless cactus that is changing Western arid deserts to fertile pasture lands, and the woman making a happy home, are thereby sharers of a common guerdon by thus shaping that which is dedicated to the future

Some years ago, a noted optimist confided to his followers that the secret of happiness lay "in never allowing one's energies to stagnate." And, one by one, as we measure the happy people whom we have known with this statement, we are obliged to confirm the truth of it. Without exception they have been men and women wedded to progressive ideals and consecrated to action. And somewhere back in the workaday pathway of rigid endeavor they have mastered a touch and go blitheness of spirit, a sort of co-ordinating resilience of mind and body that enables them to pass lightly from one finished task to the next in the sheer joy of accomplishment.

"The difference in men", says the sage of East Aurora, "is largely in the way they use the hours that are their own. Tell me what a man does between seven and ten o'clock in the evening, and I will tell you what he is. Also I will tell you where he will be ten years from now." To which I should like to add that the difference in women is due to precisely the same cause. While the determining evidence of a woman's character may not be found between seven and ten in the evening, the way she spends her morning and afternoon hours are without question eloquent of her destiny.

The Twentieth Century woman, in search of Ponce de Leon's fabled fountain, is learning to look for perennial rejuvenation in her own mind, and finding the price of youth is to keep vitally interested in something. We have no more convincing proof of this than is found in the refreshing personality of Mrs. Amelia Barr, who, at the age of eighty-three years, has given us an autobiography — "All the Days of My Life" — almost eclipsing with charming interest any of the sixty novels from the pen of this versatile author. Closely following this talented young-old lady might be mentioned the names of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and Lillian Russell, neither of whom has ever allowed her interest in life to flag.

No one grows old so fast or so unattractively as those whose minds are inactive. Just try allowing your mind to become passive for a short time and note how the jaw drops, the facial muscles sag, and the eyes grow lusterless. One can readily imagine the indelible effect of prolonged inactivity while sensing more acutely the wisdom of Cowper's lines, —

"Absense of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

It is an unpleasant picture. Let us erase it and turn to the illumined face of the worker.

"Happy is the man who has found his work," said Stevenson, which means the work that makes the strongest appeal to one's delight in doing. For, not only is it "to business that we love to rise betimes and go to it with delight," it is unfailingly this chosen work in which we do or shall excel.

And, by the way, it is just this selfsame joyousness, felt in honest labor, that has lifted household drudgery to the dignity of domestic science, and that is daily furnishing the Efficiency Expert,

in every line of useful trade.

The leagues lying between the plodding path of the artisan and the glowing heights of the artist ever must be traversed in the winged sandals of rapture, for "Art is but expression of a man's joy in his work."

Maytime of long ago came over the morning hills and one who had labored long and diligently was haunted by her beauty and, because of this, to-day there hangs in the mellowing light of a great art salon a wondrous painting breathing the fleeting rapture of Spring-tide. One other worker there was who also saw and listened and now down the years there floats the melody of a marvelous Spring Song. And there was yet another master whose joy in his work was equally great and he bound the happy meaning of Maytime in rhyme. And you and I, who come after, taste of their treasured sweetness.

But far removed from these happy workers, who excelled in the domain of literature, music, and art, I like to think of a few rare souls who from the ordinary wayside trifles of life, the everyday common tasks and hardships, have extracted an incomparable sweetness. Rare souls indeed, the "survival value" of whose example lights your life and mine to finer issues.

Work is the spirit's talisman. And thrice happy is he who like the bee journeys in the direction of promise, toward "some glad to-morrow of the mind." His song is the "open sesame" of hope. And we who watch marvel not that he harvests richly. He has attained a phase of spiritual abandon that enables him to extract the gold from the heart of each day's privileges. He has learned to work, and sing, not only to garner, but to perpetuate the sweetness of the hour.

The Burned Florentine Meringue

By Ladd Plumley

MR. UPJOHN jammed his forefinger against the press button to the elevator. He was frightfully late and he wondered what had happened. Again he jabbed the button, and as he did so he heard a tinkle somewhere skyward.

Presently a gruff voice from a far region above came down the shaft.

"Car out of order — stuck!"

Upjohn jumped for the stairway. He had lost five precious minutes. The six long flights were leaped upward as if he were a chamois frolicking on the Matterhorn.

"How terribly late you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Upjohn, as her breathless husband yanked open the door of the front cubical of the little apartment.

"Trial balance out — subway block — elevator busted!" sputtered the tardy one, grabbing a futile kiss.

"The woman never came. I cooked the dinner," blurted out the flushed Mrs. Upjohn. "And the most horrible thing, Beverly! My lovely Florentine Meringue is burned to a cinder. You'll have to dash out to the bakeries — you'd better dress first."

"Drop down, you mean — the fire escape would be the quickest," said Upjohn, diving toward his room for a lightning change into dinner clothes.

It was a quarter to seven as he shot past the clock in the dining-room. He could see that he must be the swiftest in the evolutions that were to come.

Two dextrous minutes, and he was in his patent leathers. He had intended to shave, but he would have to shirk that. He went through the performance as a soldier grabs together his accouterment in the face of a night attack. And while he was still screwing his

mouth before the mirror, yanking at the loops of the satanic tie, the bell clattered the warning that some of the guests had come. His wife's voice came, as she sped from her pans to the door, — "Beverly, do hurry!"

The Upjohns had not been the Upjohns long. This was the second year of the combination. Generally they took their dinners in the restaurant of the apartment house. This little dinner, with their own pretty dishes and new silver, was in return for dinner invitations from two couples who lived in a far less modest manner than did the Upjohns. Naturally, Mrs. Upjohn wanted everything to go just right. It was most trying that the woman who helped at private dinners should not have come; it was more trying that the Florentine Meringue should have been burned.

After waiting what seemed an endless time for his wife to come to the kitchen and instruct him in the nature of his purchases, Upjohn raced from the door and to the elevator. He might have known it. Blows of hammers toward the roof told that the repairs on the car had not been completed. If, on the way up, Upjohn had been a frolicking chamois, on his way down, he dropped almost as if he had been a mountain climber in the Alps and had lost his footing.

As he rushed into the street he was not clear as to what he would substitute for the meringue. One thing was certain: He would not buy chocolate eclairs. Among apartment dinner-givers, eclairs are the resource of the shiftless. What he decided upon was Napaleons. He himself considered Napoleons delectable. There was something distinguished about Napoleons. And after Napoleons the tale of the meringue might possibly be told and bring a laugh.

There was a crowd in the first bakery, and, until his turn came, Upjohn fidgeted.

"Sorry!" said the saleswoman. "We've sold the last Napoleon. We have — " and she named many things, letting her voice linger on "chocolate eclairs."

Upjohn dashed from the store. There was an excellent bakery two blocks further down the avenue.

Again a crowd; Upjohn wondered if everybody had burned their meringues. His turn came at last.

"Napoleons!" said the girl. "We never bake Napoleons on Friday. Now we have chocolate — " but Upjohn was diving toward the door.

On the run he visited three other bakeries, two above the street where he lived and one five blocks below the first. His mind refused to consider other things; it held firmly to Napoleons.

But in the last store his common-sense mastered him. He saw that there was a Napoleon famine in his part of the city. Perhaps he had better take charlotte russes. But when he asked the woman, he was amazed to discover that charlotte russes had been sold out. Away he ran.

The jeering face of a clock, as he leaped past the window of a jeweler's, pointed a warning finger at the half hour. He could not have believed that time was such a sprinter.

He had been a sprinter himself in his college days. He turned on full steam and raced back and forth along the street. But to his horror there were no charlotte russes to be had. And on the return to the bakery of his first defeat he woke up to the fact that he must get something. By this time the saleswomen probably thought that they were trying to satisfy a crazy customer.

"Give me two dozen chocolate eclairs," said Upjohn firmly.

"Only three left," replied the woman. "You see — "

"For heaven's sake, give me the three!"

Now there had come a sudden and

unprecedented famine in eclairs. In a frantic condition, here and there, Upjohn garnered together seven, and in almost as many paper bags. Beyond this fateful number nothing could avail. At this final place of effort he joyfully took another bag containing a dozen spice cakes — and if there was anything that he loathed, it was spice cakes.

Into his grilled door, in a street of grilled doors, he plunged, paper bags pressed to his bosom. He knew that he was destroying the eclairs, but he was beyond caring for that or anything.

Of course, they were still tinkering with the elevator. And if it was a frolicking chamois that had first mounted the stairs, the second time it was a perspiring lunatic laboring upward with an infinity of paper bags.

"My goodness!" exclaimed his wife, as Upjohn dashed his purchases to the top of the stationary tubs. "I don't know what they think. I told them that you had been called out for a moment. And I hope that you didn't get chocolate eclairs."

There is no need to repeat what Upjohn said. And when he staggered into the front room, the guests probably thought that something liquid was responsible for the dazed eye and purple face of their host.

As has been said, the Upjohns generally take their dinner in the restaurant, but Mrs. Upjohn cooks their little breakfasts. Every morning Upjohn goes out and buys warm rolls.

The morning after he had managed to preserve a degree of calmness, when his wife brought to the table a platter of squashed eclairs and shattered brown abominations, he stepped into the nearest baker's shop for the rolls. And there on the counter lay a full tray of an infinity of charlotte russes, and in a rack near him was an assortment of dozens of pleasing little cakes. As he turned toward the door, a baker's boy was entering with a giant tray that filled up almost the entire space between the counter and the wall. Upjohn glanced within, there lay in ranks enough Napoleons to give indigestion to a regiment.

"Send all those Napoleons to my place," ordered Upjohn. "I'm going to eat two after my dinner forever."

He Careth

"The good God always builds the blind bird's nest!"
So runs a Turkish proverb, sweet and wise.
How calmly may she fold her wings in rest,
Knowing his touch upon her shadowed eyes!
Thou, who has known his love so strong and grand,
Rest, too, in his right hand.

"Behold," he crieth, "I will bring the blind
By ways they have not known," — assurance sweet,—
"Straighten the crooked path, make life more kind,
Turn darkness into light before their feet."
Is thy sight darkened, friend? Thy God can see.
Let that suffice for thee.

Unsheltered birds his providence shall shield.
The helpless soul shall lean upon his strength.
Our need, grown great, to greater love shall yield,
And help, though long delayed, shall come at length.
Wait for him, doubting not. He knoweth best
Who builds the blind bird's nest.

FLORENCE FOSTER *in The Christian Register.*

Meeting the Problem of Living

By Eva J. DeMarsh

IN this day, when we hear so much about the high cost of living and view with wonder and dread our depleted pocketbooks, what can we who are possessed of but moderate means do, not only to make ends meet, but, as well, to provide for the inevitable rainy day?

Well, for one thing, we can live simpler lives. Two of the happiest, most intelligent people the world has ever known lived in a garden and wore a nondescript dress of fig leaves. Of course, we have journeyed a long distance from that Garden, in more ways than one, yet has it its lesson for us. Not until Adam and Eve grew in knowledge and their wants multiplied even as their desires, did their troubles begin. How about us? Do we really need all the things we think we do? Of course, we know much of which our ancestors never heard, a considerable number of us think we must have an extensive and expensive wardrobe, live in two or more houses, be waited upon by servants, and eat a great many kinds of foods, served in as many courses, which is all very well in its way, but how about those who can only follow in varying stages of weak imitation. Does not commonsense demand that they be themselves, live their own lives, in their own way, worship God from their hearts, without so much form and ceremony, govern themselves, their families, their church, their State, their nation, along simple, straightforward lines. Life has many phases, and one phase may be as good as another.

Few of us in this day and age know what simplicity means. Even our babes have a multitude of toys, many of them intricate in design and expensive in price. Are they any happier than you were over your rag doll or first pocketknife? Not long since I saw in the ward of one of our city hospitals a beautiful little boy only four years old, under treatment for double rupture and ringworm. The children's ward being full, he was placed in the women's ward. During all the days of his treatment and convalescence twice only did he complain, and that was when he was operated on and when the stitches were removed. And what do you suppose were his sources of amusement? Lying flat on his back, to handle over and over some coins in a box, open and shut a fan, look at the pictures on it, eat his meals, and, now and then, talk a little with a nurse or a patient. Few grownups, methinks, could have been as sweet and brave as he. Suppose little Willie had been the pampered darling of a family who scorned simplicity and gave him everything he wanted, do you suppose he would have been the same quiet, cheery little soul he was? Hardly, methinks.

Complexity and artificiality make of life a bugbear, instead of a blessing. They promote neither health, longevity nor happiness, and, to meet their demands, men squander time, money and strength that had much better be bestowed elsewhere. God made the world full of sweet, simple things; to man He gave one life, one body, one soul, one brain, one pair, each, of the vital organs, and one, each, of the senses which contribute to his happiness and well-being, and, yet, we crowd heart and life, brain and stomach, to the limit, in the mad effort to have as much, or more, than our fellows, and then we say it costs. Why, so it does. A few serviceable, attractive pieces of clothing for each season, a

(Continued on page 628)

THE
BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL
MAGAZINE
OF
Culinary Science and Domestic Economics

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MARCH

Snow-laden branches of the pine
Drip softly in the mild sunshine;
And gentler airs now bring
A faint foretaste of Spring.

On the horizon, leagues away,
The forest trees are etched in gray,
And vauge and misty lie
Against the melting sky.

Below protecting banks of snow
The little streamlets swiftlier flow.
The frozen womb of earth
Foresees the pangs of birth,

And in a hollow cup of mould,
Green-rimmed and sheltered from the cold,
Born or these softer days,
A single windflower sways.

HELEN COALE CREW.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

OUR magazine year begins with June. With the coming issue of that month we propose to introduce a change in the name of the magazine. The Boston Cooking School, in connection with which we engaged in starting this publication, was merged into a department of Simmons College some years ago, leaving this publication entirely independent. Now we have concluded it will be advantageous in every respect to carry a more comprehensive name. The name long considered and finally decided on is AMERICAN COOKERY. This will appear on our cover page as follows: "AMERICAN COOKERY," formerly THE BOSTON COOKING SCHOOL MAGAZINE of Culinary Science and Domestic Economics."

We wish to state plainly, here and now, that no other changes, save in the way of natural growth and inprovement, are in contemplation. The management, editorship, as well as the character of the magazine all are to remain the same as in the past, and, though the cost of most things, in the last decade, has nearly doubled, our subscription price will not be changed. That we are now giving more in actual value for money received than any publication with which we are acquainted is generally conceded. In a word, then, the magazine will be identically the same, a special periodical of the highest class, only carrying, we believe, a broader title.

We wish to repeat and let it be clearly understood that, in reaching our conclusion and taking this step, our single object is to be regarded as an endeavor to increase the circulation and enlarge the scope and usefulness of a culinary publication that has been received far and wide with distinct favor.

In our April and May numbers we will print on this page a facsimile o the new title just as it will appear at the head of our first cover page.

CONDITIONS OF HEALTH

A CHAPTER in Ralph Waldo Trine's latest work, "The New Alinement of Life," shows well how far we are getting away from the old idea of the necessity of subduing the body in order to keep paramount the things that pertain to the spirit. "Health," he says, "is the natural and the normal — unquestionably it is the God-intended; it should not, therefore, be so hard to preserve it," "Its opposite, physical debility, sickness, suffering, comes through the violation, either on one's own part or on the part of others, of the laws of our being, or of the laws of the Universe about us. This violation may be made intentionally or unintentionally, knowingly or inadvertently — the results are primarily the same. For the body is of material structure, and gets its food, its sustenance, its continued life, from material agencies, such as food, air, water. It demands the right kinds and the right proportions of these material requirements, the same as it demands right directing and regulating through the channel of the mind.

To keep the body clean is one of the essentials, from the physical side—definitely and habitually, rather than spasmodically, clean; as, or even more, essential perhaps is it, that our surroundings be kept clean and free from all types of refuse. To give the body the food it requires is a prime requisite — the nourishing and the sustaining, rather than the fancy kinds, not too much of it, and the less of flesh-foods the better.

It is a well-established fact that the majority of people eat too much. They take more food, especially with under-exercise, than the body can assimilate, and the result is superflous fatty deposits. This is especially true around middle age, when the body is no longer growing, and hence does not require the amount of food it required when the process of growth as well as of waste was going on. The result is the taking on of superfluous flesh, the tendency to exercise still less, degeneration of the heart muscles, hence impaired breathing, which deprives the body of one of its greatest sources of strength and energy.

An abundance of pure air, full, deep breathing, and especially out-of-door air, is one of the first essentials of sound health and of unimpaired vitality. If this can be combined with adequate daily exercise in the open, whether it take the form of work or of play, and if the exercise is as simple even as that of walking, so that it is done regularly and with the right spirit and purpose back of it — an alert and purposeful mind — so much the better.

Sleep is nature's great restorer — one of the great rebuilders of both mind and body. When we rob them of the re-required amount, we are thereby contracting bills that will present themselves for settlement sooner or later, but without fail. It may seem for a while that no account is being kept — but, believe me, it is.

"To thus wisely order the material side of life, realizing the value of moderation, and the wisdom always, and in all things, of the 'middle ground,' will lead to that sunny, peaceful, healthy, and serene old age that should be the natural outcome of every life.

We will not, then, think ill health, disease, weakness, or loss; we will not talk them — we will not expect them. We will think health, we will talk health — but not too much — we will expect it. The subconscious mind is powerful in its workings. It follows suggestion. If we continually suggest to it health and strength, it will work for us along these same lines. No man or woman is a failure in health, the same as in anything in life, who keeps cheerful and buoyant and expectant. They alone fail who give up and lie down."

USE YOUR MAGAZINE

REMEMBER this is your magazine. Our desire is to make it better, of more use to you. Freely write us suggestions regarding what you would like to see in its pages, whether it be more recipes, more menus, or more lessons for beginners, etc. We want ideas and we want to know what your needs are.

If you see anything new or inviting, why not send it to us? Possibly, too, some of you could write for publication an article on some phase of home life with which you are especially familiar. We are pleased to read articles of this kind. The more material we have to choose from, the better the contents of the magazine will be.

We have just gotten out a new premium list; also, we are glad to sell by mail the articles included in this list. If you are interested, send for it. In each article we offer the best there is in the market. We are prepared to correspond about these things as well as the books we carry on our page of Books on Domestic Economics. Large mails are very acceptable at this office.

DR. GRENFELL has recently stated a truth which is beginning to be accepted by all intelligent people. He says, in substance, that the ability to do something worth while for the benefit of society is a more valuable gift than anything which money can buy. It is sometimes asserted that men like Rockefeller, Carnegie, *et al.*, take up works of benevolence in order to turn aside the public disapprobation of the methods by which their vast fortunes were created. Most people know that no one man has the right to accumulate and administer such fortunes as they hold under their control; but as they are men of intelligence, it is only fair to suppose that, after they have made their many millions, they become aware of the fact that there are opportunities for creative work for the common good which are much more honorable and deserving of fame and honor than any fortune that can be made by the ordinary methods. They missed their opportunities in their youth, but in their old age they recognized the greater glory of unselfish work for the common good in the banishment of disease and the spread of knowledge. Their later work is wholly good. Let them have the credit of it, while we deny that they have any right to control such vast resources. C. R.

ON these editorial pages we are wont to give items culled from various sources. We intend that these items be timely, interesting and suggestive, and always such as we can approve and commend. How people are living and what they are thinking about the present conditions of life can never be uninteresting. To give expression to the thought of the day on a single subject is no easy matter. In a wilderness of ideas, few there are that have not been expressed far better than we could do ourselves.

AMONG our notices of new books this month may be found several books of special interest and value. The Art of Living Long, by Cornaro is a curiosity. It gives the experience of a remarkable character, who lived about three hundred years ago and rounded out a century and more of active life and healthy enjoyment. The perusal of this book makes us feel poor. How much have we gained in knowledge of living in the course of centuries? Cornaro's secret of living long was "temperance in both eating and drinking". We heartily commend his rule of life. He acted in accordance with the proverb, "Not to satiate one's self with food is the science of health". As a people we should give heed at once to the temperate life and begin to practice the only sure course that leads to health and longevity.

OLD NORWEGIAN TEA-SERVICE

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

Vegetable Consomme à la Royal

WASH two cups of lentils, drain, add two quarts of cold water and let stand overnight. In the morning set the lentils over the fire in this same water, and let gradually heat to the boiling point; skim, then let simmer very gently, skimming occasionally, half an hour; add three-fourths a cup, each, of shreds of onion, and carrots, two cups of sliced tomatoes, five branches of parsley, one-third a cup of celery leaves (fresh or dried) a bit of mace (very small) half a teaspoonful of thyme and three cloves, tied in a bit of cheese cloth, a chili pepper with seeds removed, and two teaspoonfuls of salt. Heat to the boiling point, then let simmer very gently one hour. Strain off the broth; let cool; then add the thin yellow rind of a lemon, the whites of three eggs, slightly beaten, the crushed shells of the eggs and such additional seasoning as is required. Stir over the fire constantly until the soup boils; let boil, without stirring, three minutes, draw to a cooler place and let settle; skim and strain through a sieve set over a colander holding a napkin wrung out of boiling water. Serve with figures, cut from royal custard, in each plate. For a higher flavored soup, sauté the vegetables in clarified butter before setting to cook.

Royal Custard

Beat one whole egg and three yolks; add one-fourth a teaspoonful (scant) of

salt, a few grains of paprika, and half a cup of rich milk or thin cream. Mix and let cook in a buttered mold. When cold, cut in slices and stamp from these such shapes as desired.

Cream of Spinach Soup

Scald one quart of milk with an onion in which three cloves have been pressed. Cream three tablespoonfuls of butter; into it beat three tablespoonfuls of flour, a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper; dilute with a little of the scalded milk, mix, and return to the milk over the fire; stir until smooth and slightly thickened, then cover and let cook twenty minutes; chop, fine, half to three-fourths a cup of cooked spinach, then, with a pestle, press it through a fine purée sieve; dilute with a little of the hot soup, mix and return to the rest of the soup. Finish with a cup of hot cream; strain through a fine sieve, if needed. Serve at the same time halves of rolls, toasted, buttered, sprinkled with grated cheese and returned to the oven to melt the cheese.

Smelts, Italian Style

Wipe the carefully cleaned fish with a damp cloth; set, side by side, in a buttered baking pan, and pour in half a cup or more of Sauterne or other white wine, the juice of half a lemon and enough hot water just to cover the fish. Heat to the boiling point, then set into the oven to cook very gently about six minutes. Lift the fish to a hot serving dish and let the liquid reduce by slow cooking. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook one-fourth a pound of fresh mushroom caps peeled and broken into pieces; add three tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until absorbed, then add half a cup of rich brown stock, one-fourth a cup of tomato purée and the liquid in the pan, of which there should be a generous cup; stir until boiling and pour over the smelts.

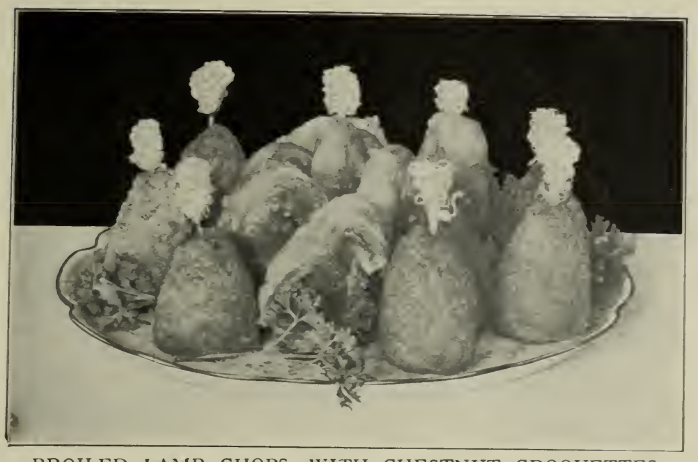
Broiled Lamb Chops, with Chestnut Croquettes

Have the chops cut from the loin evenly, that each may stand upright on the bone; remove superfluous fat, coil the flank end against the bit of tenderloin and skewer it in place; cook the chops in the oven, turning once, or broil directly over coals, turning often. Set them in the center of a hot chop-dish, each resting on the bit of back bone attached to it, and dispose hot croquettes around them. Serve a green salad dressed with French dressing on separate plates.

FRESH MUSHROOMS, PLENTIFUL AND CHEAP THIS SEASON

Chestnut Croquettes

Shell and blanch about a pint of large chestnuts; let cook in well-flavored broth until tender, then let cool and cut in slices. Melt one-fourth a cup



BROILED LAMB CHOPS, WITH CHESTNUT CROQUETTES

of butter; add one-third a cup of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper, and stir and cook until the flour is absorbed; add one cup of rich, highly-seasoned broth and half a cup of cream and stir until boiling; then add about one cup and a half of the sliced chestnuts; mix and turn on to a buttered plate. When cold shape into croquettes, egg-and-bread crumb and fry in deep fat.

Chicken Fillets, with Ham and Mushrooms

Remove the breasts from chickens. Young chickens or chickens up to a year old may be used for this dish. Allow half a chicken breast for each service. Trim each half neatly on the edge, set the fillets, side by side, in a buttered agate baking dish, pour in a little hot cream, cover with a buttered paper and let cook in a moderate oven until tender. The length of time will depend on the age of the chickens, and will vary from fifteen minutes to one hour and fifteen minutes. Baste each ten minutes with the cream or a little melted butter. Broil a thin pear-shaped piece of ham for each fillet; let the ham be half an inch larger on all sides than the fillet of chicken. Peel a mushroom cap for each service, drop a bit of butter in each and let cook in the oven, with the chicken, or in a separate dish, about ten minutes. Have ready a slice of hot, buttered toast for each service; set the ham on the toast, the chicken on the ham and a mushroom above the chicken; season the cream with salt and pepper and pour around the toast. This dish might be served as an entrée.

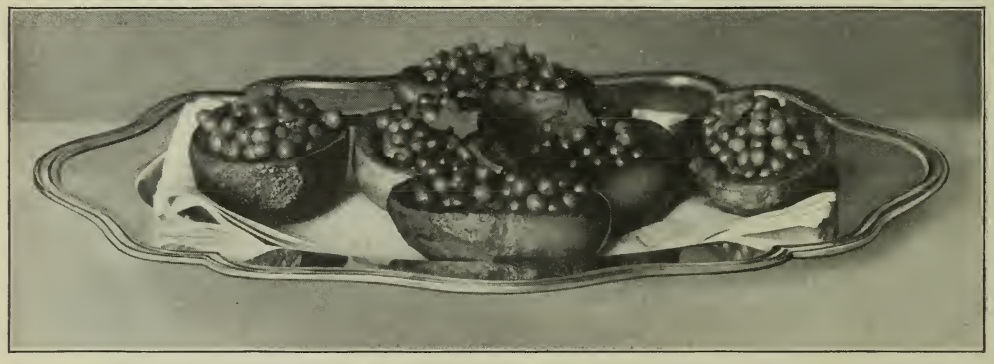
CHICKEN FILLETS, WITH HAM AND MUSHROOMS

Potato Patties, with Peas

Select potatoes of uniform shape and size; pare, cut off a slice, then hollow to make cups or thin shells. Let stand in cold water till about ready to serve, then wipe dry and fry in deep fat. The shells should cook until tender, from six to eight minutes. Drain on tissue paper at the oven door; sprinkle the inside with a little salt and use as receptacles for cooked peas, seasoned with salt, sugar, black pepper and butter. Creamed fish, chicken, or almost any variety of vegetable may be served in these patties; the patties are to be eaten with the contents.

Baked Potatoes, Yellowstone Style

Select smooth, large potatoes, scrub well and bake till done; make two cuts



POTATO PATTIES, WITH PEAS

Creamed Pimientos and Cheese

Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook one-fourth a cup of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a teaspoonful of paprika; add two cups of rich milk and stir until boiling; add one cup of squares cut from canned pimientos and one cup and three-fourths of mild, soft cheese, cut in half-inch cubes; set over boiling water and with a spoon and fork lift the cheese, to mix it evenly through the sauce. Serve very hot, but before the cheese melts, on toast or hot crackers.

Oak Hill Potatoes

Cut five hard-cooked eggs and five cooked potatoes into slices a scant quarter of an inch in thickness. Make a sauce of one-fourth a cup, each, of butter and flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful of pepper and two cups of milk. In a buttered baking dish dispose the eggs and potatoes in layers, covering each with sauce. Have the last layer of sauce. Mix half a cup of cracker crumbs with three tablespoonfuls of melted butter and spread above the last layer of sauce. Set into the oven to make very hot and brown the crumbs.

across the top of the potatoes, at right angles one to the other, take up with a clean, heavy towel and crush the potato in the hand, to loosen the pulp and lift it up a little. Set the potato on a hot napkin, folded to proper size and laid on a hot plate. Dispose a generous piece of butter above the opening in the potato and fleck generously with paprika. Serve at once.

Spinach, Italian Style

Cook half a peck of carefully washed spinach in the usual manner, drain and chop fine. Melt one tablespoonful of butter; add one tablespoonful of flour and half a teaspoonful, or less, of salt and stir until blended;

SPINACH, ITALIAN STYLE

add half a cup of rich milk or thin cream and stir until boiling; add the spinach and from half to a full cup of grated cheese and stir until the cheese is melted and the whole very hot. Turn on to a hot dish; garnish with slices of hard-cooked eggs and lemon.

Apple Sauce Cake

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar, then add one egg beaten light, one cup, each, raisins and currants, one cup and three-fourths of sifted flour, sifted again with one level teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and half a teaspoonful of cloves, and one cup of hot strained apple sauce (thick purée). Beat thoroughly. Turn into a tube-pan lined with buttered paper. Bake in a moderate oven nearly one hour and a half.

Baked Apple Tarts

Make flaky pastry with three cups of pastry flour, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and baking powder, three-fourths a cup of shortening and three tablespoonfuls of creamed butter; fold and roll in the butter at the last. Core and pare six or eight tart apples, then cook until tender, in a cup, each, of sugar and water, boiled to a syrup. Turn the apples often to keep them whole. When done set them aside to become cold. Roll the pastry into a thin sheet, cut it into rounds of a size to cover nearly the apples;

MAKING BAKED APPLE TARTS

cut out also as many small rounds — two inches in diameter — as apples. Set a chilled apple on one of the large rounds; cut out three or four "gores" or triangles of paste, brush one side of each with cold water, then bring the paste up to enclose the apple, pressing the dry paste on the paste wet with water, to make a smooth covering for the lower three-fourths of the apple. Brush the top of the paste with cold water; cut two or three slits in one of the small rounds of paste and press this over the top of the apple, down upon the paste. Brush the paste with cold water and dredge with granulated sugar. Bake about half an hour. Serve hot with hard sauce, flecked with cinnamon, and the syrup in which the apples were cooked.

Strawberry Sherbet, with Preserved Berries

Boil one quart of water and one pint of sugar twenty minutes; let cool, add one cup and a half of lemon juice and one cup of strawberry preserves pressed through a fine sieve, and freeze as usual. When frozen tint with red color-paste; add one or two tablespoonfuls of kirschwasser and mix thoroughly.

Pears Cardinal

Cook canned pears about five minutes in a syrup of sugar and water, flavored with vanilla. When cold set on oblong pieces of sponge cake and coat with raspberry sauce, to which a little of the reduced pear syrup has been added. Sprinkle with shredded-and-blanched almonds.

BAKED APPLE TARTS, WITH HARD SAUCE AND APPLE SYRUP

Apple, Date- and-Celery Salad

To serve four, pare one large, choice apple, quarter, core and cut it into small pieces and squeeze over these the juice of half a lemon. Cut five choice stalks of celery in small pieces. Pour boiling water over half a pound of dates, stir the water through them, skim to an agate plate and let dry in the oven. When cold cut each into four or five lengthwise pieces. Mix together the apple, celery, and dates, then add a generous half cup of mayonnaise dressing and mix again. Serve at once.

Parsnips Fried in Fritter Batter

Scrape or pare several parsnips and cut into pieces about two and a half inches in length; cut these into lengthwise halves or quarters, according to size; let cook in boiling water, *without salt*, until tender; drain and sprinkle with salt and pepper; add a generous piece of butter and shake the pan to coat all the pieces with butter; add one or two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and shake again. Let stand half an hour. When ready to serve dip each piece in fritter batter, or in beaten egg

and fine bread crumbs, and fry in deep fat.

Fritter Batter

Beat the yolks of two eggs; add one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of olive oil or melted butter and three-fourths a cup of milk; gradually stir this into one cup of sifted flour, let stand an hour or more, and when ready to use beat in the white of one egg, beaten dry.

Prune Pie

Line a pie plate with plain pastry. Fill the plate with three-fourths a pound of prunes, cooked tender, stoned and cut in halves, a cup of sugar, juice of half a lemon, the prune juice, two tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of butter, in little bits, and if desired one or two tablespoonfuls of orange or grapefruit marmalade; brush the edge of the paste with cold water and set around of flaky paste (a pattern marked in the center) above. Press the edges together. Bake about thirty minutes.

Peach Tarts, Flower Fashion

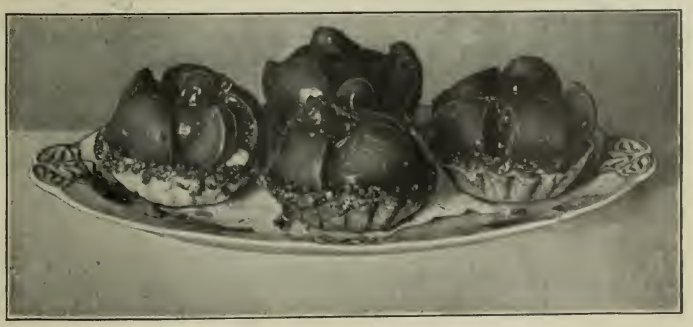
Line small (individual) tins with puff or flaky pastry; put about a tablespoonful of dry rice into each and let bake until done; turn the paste from the tins and the rice from the paste. Brush the edge of each tart with white of egg, then roll it in chopped pistachio nuts. Set about a table-

PRUNE PIE

spoonful of pastry cream in the bottom of each tart, then dispose four or five small halves of preserved or brandied peaches in the cream, as a lining to the sides of the pastry, one overlapping another, entirely around the paste. Cut green gage (preserved) plums in quarters down nearly to the stem end; remove the stone, and fold the ends of the sections in towards the center; set one of these inside the peaches in each tart; set a cherry in the center of the plum. Serve on the day of making.

Pastry Cream

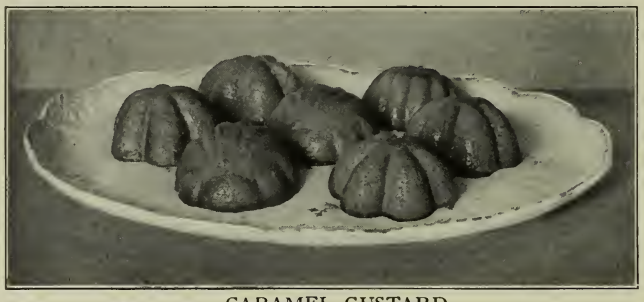
Scald one cup of milk; stir one-fourth a cup of flour with three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt until thoroughly mixed, then stir into the hot milk; stir until thickened, then cover and let cook fifteen minutes; beat two egg-yolks; add one tablespoonful of sugar and stir into the hot mixture. When the egg is set, remove from the fire, let cool, add half a teaspoonful of vanilla and use as above.



PEACH TARTS, FLOWER FASHION

Caramel Custard

Cook half a cup of sugar to caramel; add one-fourth a cup of water and let stand to dissolve and reduce. Beat three whole eggs and two yolks; add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, the caramel and two scant cups of milk. Turn into small molds, buttered and dredged with sugar. Let bake on many folds of paper, in a dish half filled with boiling water, until firm in the center. When cold turn from the molds.



CARAMEL CUSTARD

Pecan-Nut Marguerites

Beat two eggs very light, without separating the whites and yolks; beat in one cup of sifted brown sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one-third a cup of sifted flour, sifted again with one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and baking powder and one cup of pecan-nut meats broken in two or three pieces, each. Bake in well-buttered Marguerite tin five or six minutes.

PECAN-NUT MARGUERITES

Peach Pie

Spread a round of pastry over an inverted tin or agate plate, prick the paste repeatedly with a fork; set the paste-covered plate on a tin sheet and let bake until done. Then set inside the plate. Press cooked peaches — canned or evaporated—through a colander, and let heat in a double boiler; beat the yolks of two eggs, add sugar as needed, about half a cup probably, and stir into the hot fruit, continue to stir until the mixture thickens; add a tablespoonful of butter, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and a grating of nutmeg and turn into the pastry. Beat the whites of the two eggs dry; beat in two rounding tablespoonfuls of sugar and spread over the filling. Set into a moderate oven to cook about twelve minutes. The meringue should not color until the last two or three minutes of cooking.

Menus for One Week in March

The ancient Fathers lived on frugal fare—roots, cresses, herbs—avoiding viands rare.—Gualdo.

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Grapefruit
Scrambled Eggs
Delmonico Potatoes
Cocoa Cornmeal Muffins Coffee

Dinner

Vegetable Consommè, Royale
Fillets of Fresh Fish, Crumbed and Fried
Sauce Tartare
Creamed Cabbage
Lemon Sherbet Pecan Nut Wafers
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Hot Baked Potatoes
Smoked Halibut or Salmon, Shredded
Stewed Rhubarb
Dry Toast
Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Eggs Shirred with Tomato
Parker House Rolls (reheated)
Fried Cornmeal Mush, Honey Syrup
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Cream of Spinach
Fresh Fish-and-Potato Cakes, Sautéd
Scalloped Tomatoes and Onions
Cocoanut Soufflé, Custard Sauce
Half Cups Coffee

Supeer

Macaroni (with tomato and cheese)
Fruit and Nut Rolls
Tea Cocoa

MONDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Eggs Cooked in the Shell
Date Muffins
Coffee Orange Marmalade Cocoa

Dinner

Cream of Tomato Soup
Cheese Souffle
Lettuce, French Dressing
Baked Apple Tarts, Hard Sauce
Apple Syrup Half Cups Coffee

Supper

Eggs Poached in Cream on Toast
Canned Fruit
Apple Sauce Cake
Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Spanish Omelet
Baking Powder Biscuit
Coffee Honey Cocoa

Dinner

Truffled Fish Mousse, Hollandaise Sauce
Boiled Potato Balls, with Parsley Butter
Creamed Salsify au Gratin
Endive Salad Scalloped Rhubarb
Half Cups Coffee

Supper

Mayonnaise of Lettuce and Eggs
Boston Brown Bread
Baking Powder Biscuit, Toasted
Rhubarb Marmalade Tea

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Creamed Salt Codfish
Small Baked Potatoes
Pickled Beets
Coffee Ryemeal Muffins Cocoa

Dinner

Boiled Fresh Fish, Egg Sauce
Boiled Potatoes
Spinach, Italian Fashion
Prune-and-Lemon Jelly Cream and Sugar
Half Cups Coffee

Supper

Fried Oysters
Philadelphia Relish
Parker House Rolls
Oatmeal Macaroons Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Oranges
French Omelet
Creamed Potatoes
Coffee Waffles, Maple Syrup Cocoa

Dinner

Salmon made hot in Can,
Caper or Pickle Sauce
Boiled Potatoes
Canned Asparagus on Toast, Cheese Sauce
Orange Sherbet Drop Cookies
Half Cups Coffee

Supper

Creamed Pimientos and Cheese
Hot Spider Corn Cake
Baked Apples with Meringue
Sponge Cake Tea

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Curried Finnan Haddie
White Hashed Potatoes
Pop Overs
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Grilled Mackerel, salt or fresh
Creamed Peas in Potato Patties
Lettuce, French Dressing, with Olives
Oatmeal Bread
Ginger Bavarian Cream
Half Cups Coffee

Supper

Sardines
Potato Salad
Baba, Wine Sauce
Coffee

Choice Lenten Luncheons and Dinners

LUNCHEON I.

Cream of Spinach
Smelts, Italian Style
Peas in Potato Patties
Cloverleaf Biscuit
Asparagus-and-Egg Salad
Orange Sherbet
Pecan Nut Wafers
Coffee

LUNCHEON II.

Strawberry-and-Pineapple Cocktail
Fried Oysters
Lettuce-and-Endive Salad
Lady Finger Rolls
Cream Cheese Bar-le-duc
Toasted Beaten Biscuit or English Muffins
Cocoa, Whipped Cream

LUNCHEON III.

Halves of Grapefruit
Cream of Kornlet Soup with Timbales
Browned Crackers
Cheese Croquettes
Lettuce-and-Asparagus Salad
Lady Finger Rolls
Fresh Strawberry Tarts
Coffee

DINNER I.

Vegetable Consommé à la Royale
Pulled Bread
Olives Radishes Salted Nuts
Lobster Newburg in Hot Ramekins
Tiny Baking Powder Biscuit
Large Fillets of Fish Stuffed with Oysters, Baked,
Bechamel Sauce
Potato Balls, Maitre d'Hôtel
Cucumbers, French Dressing with Chives
Cheese Balls (fried) Toasted Crackers
Endive with Salt
Grape Juice Bomb Glace
Almond Meringues (Lady Finger Shape)
Coffee

DINNER II

Anchovy or Sardine Eclairs
Vegetable Consommé, Alphabet Paste
Lobster Cutlets, Sauce Tartare
Parker House Rolls
Puff-Paste Vol-au-vent
Filling of Fresh Mushrooms and French Artichoke Bottoms
Lettuce, Endive-and-Pistachio Nut Salad
Meringues with Strawberries and Cream
Coffee

Luncheons in March with Color Scheme

I.

(Color Scheme , Yellow)
Cleared Consommé, Custard Royale
Chicken Croquettes, Peas with Carrot Shreds
Mayonnaise of Lettuce and Sliced Eggs
Orange Sherbet
Cubes of Gold Cake, White Frosting

II.

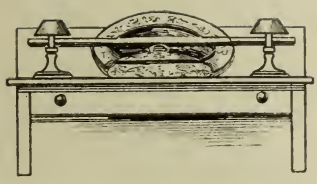
(Color Scheme, Green)
Halves of Grapefruit with Creme de Menthe Cherries
Fillets of Fresh Fish, Asparagus Tips
Cucumber Salad sprinkled with Chopped Parsley
Clover Leaf Biscuit
Baked Chicken Breasts on Broiled Ham
Broiled Mushrooms
Madeira Sauce
Endive, Green Pepper-and-Apple Salad
Sultana Roll, Claret Sauce
Salted Nuts, Candied Mint Leaves
Coffee

III.

(Without meat)
(Color Scheme, Green)
Cream of Spinach Bread Stitcks
Fish-and-Oyster Croquettes, Sauce Tartare
Potato Balls, Maitre d'Hotel
Lettuce and Asparagus Mousseline, French Dressing
Lady Finger Rolls
Pineapple Omelet, Pistachio Decoration
Chocolate Mints (green centers)
Coffee

IV.

(Color Scheme, Pink)
Scallop Cocktail
Anchovy Butter Sandwiches
Olives Radishes
Lamb Chops, Maintenon Style
Lettuce and Asparagus Tips, French Dressing
Maraschino Cherry Decoration
Dinner Rolls
Strawberry Sherbet
Pecan Nut Marguerites
Cocoa, Whipped Cream



Our Daily Bread, or Preparation in Detail of the Meals of One Day

Family of Two Adults and Two Children

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Ready-to-Eat Cereal, Thin Cream
Oranges
Calf's Liver and Bacon
Potatoes Cooked in Milk
Ryemeal Muffins
Dry Toast
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Boiled Shoulder of Lamb, Caper Sauce
Boiled Potatoes
Creamed Cabbage au Gratin
Prune Jelly, Custard Sauce
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Macaroni, with Tomato Sauce and Gnocchi
Rye Bread and Butter Toasted Muffins
Stewed (dried)Peaches, Thin Cream
Oatmeal Macaroons
Tea

FOR breakfast a ready-to-eat cereal is given and if the preparations for breakfast are made the night beforehand, the final cooking of the meal should not tax one. In serving let each choose an orange or the cereal as the combination of the two in the same meal is not harmonious. Broil the bacon over a dripping pan in the oven, while the oven is heating for the muffins. For the muffins use the recipe given for Graham muffins in the November number of this magazine, substituting ryemeal for the Graham flour. The rye meal makes an exceptionally sweet-tasting muffin. Note the directions previously given for heating the iron muffin-pan. Cut the liver in thin slices, pour on boiling water, then dry on a cloth and roll in flour, Heat some of the bacon fat in a frying pan and in this cook the liver until browned on one side, then turn to brown the other side. But half of the liver will be needed for breakfast, the other half should be set aside in the refrigerator, at once. If left in the kitchen until after breakfast, it will not be in good condition to keep for the next day. Melt two or three tablespoonfuls of butter in a sauce pan; into this turn the potatoes, cooked Tuesday and cut in small thin slices on Tuesday night. sprinkle on half a teaspoonful of salt (for about a pint of slices) then turn the potatoes over and over to distribute the butter evenly; add about three-fourths a cup of milk and let cook slowly; stir gently once or twice; then cover and set them on an asbestos mat until breakfast is ready.

As soon as possible after breakfast wipe the shoulder of lamb with a damp cloth, and set to cook on the rack in a steam cooker. Pour about three pints of boiling water into the cooker, let boil rapidly about ten minutes, then let simmer until dinner time. About

four pounds of lamb should be purchased and this should be sent home on Tuesday, to insure its being cooked for the dinner at noon.

After setting the meat to cook, make the prune jelly and the custard; pare the potatoes and let them stand in cold water until half an hour before dinner is to be served. The cabbage was left over from Tuesday; cut this in shreds, measure out the ingredients for a cup and a half of white sauce (three tablespoonfuls, each, of flour and butter and one cup and a half of milk); roll three or four crackers, and mix the crumbs with two or three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Cook the peaches (soaked over night) and make the macaroons; also break the macaroni into a sauce pan. Do not cook the macaroni until an hour before supper, as it will absorb the flavors added to it much more readily when hot. None of the work for the day is at all difficult, and it may easily be finished by half past ten or eleven o'clock and thus give an hour or more before dinner to spend in other parts of the house. At supper the cooking of the macaroni must be watched, the tomato sauce made and the muffins left over from breakfast be toasted.

The prunes are left over from Tuesday; about a cup of prunes, freed of stones, will be needed. If the quantity of prunes be small, add more marmalade or lemon juice or candied peel, cooked soft in boiling water. Sherry wine or orange juice may be used to increase the flavor. About one cup and a half of prunes and liquid are required. To this add from one-fourth to one-third a cup of sugar and one-fourth a package of gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water. If ice be not at hand, it is doubtful if the mixture will jelly in time for dinner. In this case, substitute Prune Whip for the Jelly. Press the prunes through a sieve (the same quantity as for jelly), add one-third a cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and let heat in a double boiler; when scalding hot fold in the whites of two or three eggs, beaten dry, and let cook to set the eggs, stirring meanwhile. Serve hot or cold, with the cold boiled custard.

For the custard, to be used with either dessert, scald one pint of milk in a double boiler; beat the yolks of three eggs, add one-third a cup of sugar and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and beat again; when small bubbles appear on the edge of the milk next the dish and the water is boiling vigorously below, pour a little of the hot milk on the eggs and sugar, mix thoroughly and stir into the rest of the hot milk; continue to stir until the mixture thickens a little, then strain into a cold dish. Perhaps you have only two egg-yolks for the custard. Scald the milk as before, stir one or two level teaspoonfuls of constarch or potato flour with cold milk to a thin, smooth consistency, then stir into the hot milk; continue to stir two or three minutes, then cover and let cook fifteen minutes; then add the yolks and sugar as before. Half an hour before dinner, put the potatoes over the fire; make the white sauce for the cabbage, add the cabbage, turn the mixture into a buttered dish, cover with the buttered crumbs and set into the oven. Make a cup of drawn butter sauce, using cold water or some of the lamb broth (freed of fat with tissue paper) for the liquid. This is the same sauce, with the exception of the variety of liquid, given for the fish on Tuesday. When ready to serve beat in the extra butter, two tablespoonfuls of capers and a teaspoonful of lemon juice or vinegar. Set the lamb broth aside in a cool place for use on Thursday. Broth is much better, if it be cooled quickly.

At five o'clock, set the macaroni to cook in rapidly-boiling water, and let cook until tender, adding boiling water as needed. When done drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. Have ready a cup of hot tomat the

gnocchi left over from Tuesday, cut in bits, and about one-fourth a chili pepper, chopped exceedingly fine. The sauce calls for two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour and one cup of cooked tomatoes pushed through a sieve. All of the tomato save the seeds should pass through the sieve. One-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper will season the sauce. To the sauce add the chopped pepper, mix thoroughly, then pour the sauce over the macaroni and the bits of gnocchi; lift the macaroni with spoon and fork to mix all evenly together, then let stand undisturbed over hot water, and covered, until the family are seated at the table.

The recipe for the oatmeal macaroons provides from twelve to eighteen little cakes. To make these, beat one egg light; gradually beat in half a cup of sugar, half a tablespoonful of melted butter, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and, lastly, one cup and one-fourth of rolled oats. Drop from a teaspoon on to a buttered baking sheet and shape in symmetrical rounds. Bake in a moderate oven. Lift from the tin to a wire cooler with a spatula. As these keep well, the recipe might be doubled.

A Villanelle of Left Overs

Distraught, I scan the ice-chest's mean array,
For guests have come to share the noonday meal —
A picked-up luncheon Fate decrees to-day.

Three boiled potatoes, saved for a *sauté*;
Too few, but I'll be artful when I deal.
Distraught, I scan the ice-chest's mean array.

This ham will make a slender *rechauffé*;
That parsley spray may add to its appeal —
A picked-up luncheon Fate decrees to-day.

A frugal dish of carrots, set away;
Drawn butter must the deficit conceal.
Distraught, I scan the ice-chest's mean array.

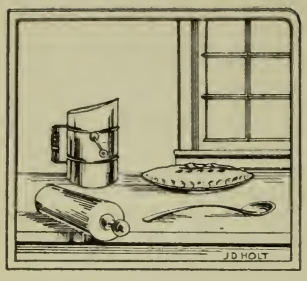
For salad, I assemble in dismay
Six leaves of lettuce, and a scrap of veal —
A picked-up luncheon Fate decrees to-day.

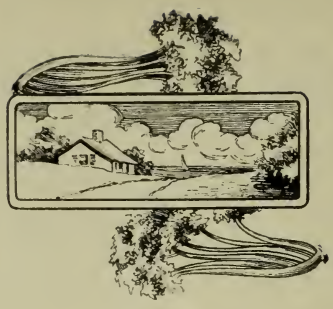
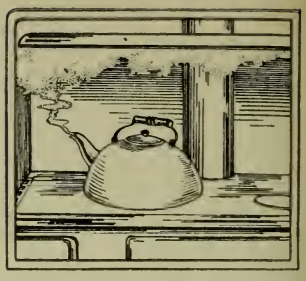
A lone banana, just a bit *passe*,
A lemon, and a dab of cold oatmeal.
Distraught, I scan the ice-chest's mean array.

A tin of soup I'll ope without delay;
Some pudding from tonight's supply I'll steal;
A picked-up luncheon Fate decrees to-day.

Alas, 'tis not a bounteous display.
Surveying it, a pang of doubt I feel.
Distraught, I scan the ice-chest's mean array —
A picked-up luncheon Fate decrees to-day.

CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN.



Reducing Time Spent in the Kitchen

By Jessamine Chapman Williams

NO homekeeper wishes to spend more time than is absolutely necessary in accomplishing the kitchen duties. There are many other fields for her time and efforts that are just as important and, perhaps, more interesting. Time saved in kitchen work will make these other duties and pleasures, otherwise impossible, a realization. It may be only a minute, here and there, in doing this or that, that time may be saved, but the minutes count up into hours, and it is then the housekeeper will be glad she studied the problem of kitchen economy of time.

With pencil in hand, then, let her enumerate the various methods to employ in saving time in doing the kitchen work. The first item on her list must necessarly be;

1. *A convient work-shop.* No efficient workman will endure an inconvenient place for business, if there is a way of avoiding it. The kitchen must be as near as possible a model workshop. Consider the relative positions of the necessary machinery of the kitchen, the stove, the sink, the work-table, and cupboards. Can a step or two be saved, were the table placed somewhere else? Is the table placed where there is a good light? Would it be more convenient to have the table a moveable one, placed on castors and moved near the stove during the preparation of a meal; near the sink during the dish washing; and in some out of the way place when not in use? And its construction is a consideration. Is it clumsy and heavy to move, of a height that does not cause backaches in working at it, covered with something easy to keep immaculately clean with little effort? A service plate, which is simply a sheet of tin about the size of the table top, is considered to be a labor and time saver by some. The cereal may be measured over it; the egg-beater, soiled utensils, cups with dripping sides may be placed on it, ingredients for a cake measured on it, vegetables and fruits pared on it, thus saving a constant wiping of the table. Is dish washing to be done at the sink or on the table? Batter mixed in the pantry or on the table? The table's use will determine its structure and position. A table built on the hospital order, iron, white enameled, with two glass shelves, light, of the right size and height, easy to clean, on castors to move near the stove at meal-serving time, near the sink at dish-washing time, is one of the best types of kitchen machinery.

Next, is it possible to save time at "sink duties"? Here again, it makes a difference what material the sink is made of, its height, its depth of basin, the convenience of drain-boards, and the methods of manipulating the faucets. One needs to work at a sink to test its efficiency. At first, one might not notice that a particular sink was built with so shallow a basin that,

when washing dishes in it, a slopping of water over the edge and on the floor would be an inevitable result. Be sure a dish-pan can set down flat in the sink, and not rock about, because the basin is too narrow.

Of all the kitchen implements there is none so important as the stove. Nine-tenths of the labor of the kitchen centers around it. To obtain a satisfactory stove is a problem. The kind, size, height, quickness in heating, ease in regulating, and ease in cleaning will have more to do with time-saving than anything else. Why are most stoves built with an oven so low that it is necessary to get down on one's knees to use it? And why are our kitchen ranges so decorated? Could not the nickle trimming be omitted and time be saved in cleaning? Why is the warming oven built so high that the average person has to stand on a chair to dust it? The energetic housekeeper will find the best stove on the market, knowing that it will mean a time and labor saver.

Discard all useless, unnecessary articles of furniture, utensils, and ornaments. If the modern kitchen is a work-shop, it can not be a sitting-room as well. The Boston rocker and the red, table-cloth, covered table may have had their places in the old New England kitchen, which was also the family living-room; but in the modern work-shop kitchen the high work stool must occupy the place of the Boston rocker.

A place for everything is obviously a path to time saving. The time lost in hunting for a paring knife, a certain kind of basin, or the pepper box can count up as fast as moments saved somewhere else, and hence no gain is made. Things are often just "dropped in" the table drawer or kitchen cupboard and then must come the "fishing" process to find a particular utensil. A drawer, divided into compartments, and like things put together is a saving of minutes and perhaps hours of time. Study the placing of equipment and tools in the tiny box of a dining-car kitchen, then think of the elaborate meals served to such numbers of people from it. Could such be accomplished without a careful study of economy of space, time, and labor?

Given, then, the most convenient work-shop and the most convenient tools for work, are there other means of saving time quite as possible or more so?

2. *The kitchen duties.* What are the kitchen duties? Nine-tenths of the work consists in meal getting, serving, and cleaning up after meals. Time can be *lost* or *saved* early in the day with regard to meal preparation. First, know the menu for the day; second, take an inventory of supplies on hand; third, order additional supplies. It is so easy to put off ordering the meat until late; then so easy to find fault because it wasn't delivered on time, then follows a scramble to cook some emergency dish as a substitute, or an unnecessary delay caused in serving the meal interfering with other engagements for the day. With a definite menu planned for each meal, and the supplies ordered and delivered promptly, a good start is made.

Now in the actual preparation of a meal, how economize? Before even going to the kitchen, know what the processes involved are and the order of procedure, the time requied to prepare food for cooking, the length of time needed in cooking, and the exact time when each dish must be started and finished. On entering the kitchen look first to the fire and get the heat required; second, see that there is boiling water to use; third, get out all the supplies needed for the cooking; fourth, begin the cooking according to the schedule of time for each dish; fifth, with the help of a large tray, carry to the dining-room the dishes, silver, glass and linen for the table or get these from the china closet and buffet. The table may be set dur-

ing the first stages of cooking, when the food requires less attention.

The finishing up of a meal properly is where the skill of housekeeper is tested and time and labor are lost and saved. Everything cooked and ready to serve at the same time, everything on the table in perfect order that is needed for serving the meal, everything cold that should be cold, everything hot that should be hot, no hurried scramble, at the last, or unnecessary delays, are problems worth studying. The last acts seem necessary to do, all at one time. The serving dishes are put to warm; the butter, bread, and water are placed on the table; the salad and dressing brought from the refrigerator and put on the side table; the chairs are placed and the the room heated and lighted properly, and then comes the taking up of the hot food. The meat is less apt to suffer from delay, hence is taken up and placed in the warming oven or gas oven, which is warm. Second, the vegetables are placed in the serving dishes, and put in with the meat. If hot sauces or gravies are needed, these should be made, and, lastly, the hot bread is placed in folded napkin ready to serve after the dinner has been sent in. The tea is put to steep or the coffee started as the main course goes to the table. If soup is served, all the meat-course can be kept warm in the oven. The soup should not be served until this is done. All this can be accomplished well by one person, if a system is followed.

Plan a schedule of the regular kitchen duties and set a time allowance for each. One can so easily loiter over the clearing up, after meals, but if just so much time be assigned to that duty and one "Works by the clock," minutes can be saved with little effort. Note the time when you begin washing dishes. Mark down the time it took to complete the task. Next day take a record and cut off a few minutes if possible. Set a definite hour, and a definite number of minutes, in giving the day's orders or marketing and delays in meal serving will be fewer. A definite time allowed for so small a detail as the daily care of dish towels will not prove a foolish consideration.

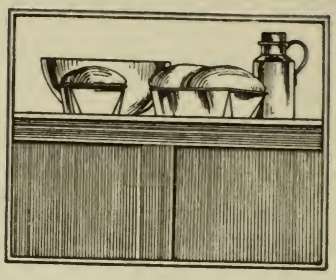
Decide just what duties are absolutely necessary to do in the home, in order to make the family comfortable and happy; then what duties can as well be eliminated. If you can find bread that is as good as you can make, there is little doubt that you can economize in time, labor, and money to use it.

The housekeeper may work out a splendid system for herself, but unless she can get the family into a routine system of living and especially in eating, it will avail little. Set and hold to it with tenacity of purpose, a definite time for each meal and, in some way, with tact, make the family realize what a help and relief to you such a system is. Have a definite understanding about cases of delays. How long should the meal be kept for that person? If there is a clear understanding about cases of the kind, time need not be wasted.

To sum up then, the housekeeper will find on her list at least ten ways of saving time in the kitchen. The key to her success lies in the last named method.

1. A convenient "Workshop". 2. A convenient *placing* of furniture and kitchen "machinery". 3. Convenient utensils or "tools" for work. 4. Discarding all furniture and tools but the absolute necessities. 5. A definite time in the day set for each duty, and a *time allowance* made for each. 6. Careful planning of meals, and economy of movements in their preparation. 7. A definite time *kept* for *serving* meals. 8. A co-operation of the household in carrying out a fixed schedule, especially regarding meals. 9. Elimination of all unnecessary duties, and duties which can as well be done outside the home. 10. A definite purpose or use made of the time thus saved as an incentive for progress along this line, and, with all a daring spirit for trying the experi

HOME IDEAS & ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

The Garden in March

G. H. Carol

CLOSE the door and shut out the draughts. Throw a birch stick on the dying fire, draw up a comfortable chair and let us be lazy and dream of walking in our garden in glorious June weather. While March winds blow, we will hibernate, and when April sun shines forth, we will glance outside, but only for a second, lest an April shower catch us peeping; but when May comes, we throw open the windows and take in long breaths of spring — and June arriving, we sally forth to enjoy our gardens.

Now were we all foolish enough to do this sort of hibernating, what sort of a garden would we find to enjoy in June? One who misses March and April in a garden misses all the great promise of nature, and, remember, nature needs our aid at this time to make perfect her fulfillment later.

Let us get to work at once — even in blustering March weather.

Spray the shrubs that the scale still linger on, not forgetting the fruit trees, if your garden is fortunate enough to possess any.

Look well to the lawn borders. Now is the time to make new or repair worn places. Remove all dead wood from trees, shrubs and vines. Cement holes in tree trunks and paint where ever a limb is cut. Save wood ashes as you value good flowers later.

Make plan of your garden on paper. Uncover the hardy roses and plant new ones.

Take a look at best collections of crocuses, giant snow drop and wind flowers — all March blossoms.

Train the berry bushes.

Make bird houses. Remember birds eat insects that will harm your flowers. Clean and sharpen tools and arrange just where small garden accessories are to be kept. — Scissors, dibble, tape, weeder, etc.

Get together the garden markers. Keep in close touch with the hot bed. Now is the time to raise the annuals — asters, zinnias, snap-dragon, etc. — to be transplanted later into the garden and border.

Take geraniums, dahlias, canna, etc. from the celler and look after the roots of each. Manure shrubs and vines.

Sow mignonette, also sweet peas, as soon as frost leaves the ground. Re-pot palms and ferns that have been in doors. Later they will beautify the garden, if cared for now.

Above all, order all seeds early in the month. Transplant from hot-beds to garden pansies and other hardy plants, if season is early. Are you interested in garden flowers for next winter? Then start coleus, heliotrope, oxalis etc., now.

Chose some new flower to try in your garden. It gives new interest and will often prove a valuable addition to your flowers.

Plan to have a bee-hive in your garden. The bees will be far too busy to molest you.

Make new paths and regravel old ones.

Decide on your garden border. Shall it be grass, nasturtium, sweet alyssum or what?

March is a good time to complete rustic work.

Hardy annuals—corcopsis, mari-golds, etc., may be sown out doors this month; thin as seedlings develop.

When we have completed the March garden labor, we shall find ourselves not so afraid of the April showers; we shall enjoy our well earned rest before the evening fire and our dreams of the June garden will not be shadow pictures only; for, like primitive man of old, we have been out and battled with the elements, trusting to nature for the harvest of our March seed time.

* * *

The Maid's Day Out

"DON'T you give a sigh of relief," said one housewife to another, "when the maid's day out is a thing of the past, at least for a week?"

"No," was the reply, "as a matter of fact, I find myself looking forward to that day as an opportunity."

"Well," her friend exclaimed in evident amazement, "that isn't the usual attitude."

"Perhaps not," the second housewife said, after a moment of reflection, but to me, at any rate, it seems the correct attitude to take.

"It is some satisfaction, I think," she went on, "to show my family that they are not dependent on the cook for a wholesome and appetizing meal. When I was married my mother gave me some advice which I have tried to follow. It was not to give my husband cause for thinking that anybody could cook a meal better, or set a daintier table than I."

"It is one of my ambitions to have the Thursday night dinner the best that I can prepare. I don't try to have it elaborate — I can't — but I do take pains with it, not only with the dinner itself but also with the table appointments. My idea is to have everything as nice as I can.

"The dishes may be simple, but I want them good, In a word, I am frank to say that I don't consider the preparation of a meal the day the maid is out as a disagreeable necessity to be disposed of as easily for myself as may be."

"I think, if every housewife would look upon the days the maid is out as ones that give her an opportunity to show what she can do, she would find herself truly anticipating their coming. After all, with this as with other things, it is largely a matter of attitude. If we desire success and feel reasonably confident of winning it, success is much more apt to be ours.

"Pick-up meals, when the maid is out, and cold uninviting left-overs on wash-days are two things which my mother never permitted in her home, and which I have tried to exclude from mine. It is only right that those who help in the housework should have their rest and recreation time, and because they do have this time, is no reason why the entire household should suffer.

A Serving Help

"My son was spending a few days with one of his friends recently," said a mother of a large family. "On his return he told of an interesting incident at Sunday night supper. It happened that he and his host, a boy of his own age, were by themselves for that meal, and sat at opposite sides of the table; it also happened that my boy's seat was at the mother's place, so it fell to his lot to press the button when the waitress was needed.

"When the time for summoning the waitress came, his friend said, 'Paul, press the button four times, will you?'

"'Four times?' my son queried.

"'Yes, that means that we want ice water and another helping of bread. You see, we have worked out a few sig-

nals so that the maid does not have to come in and then go out to get what we want. Mother has the key type-written and hung in the kitchen, so it helps all around; it avoids delays here at the table, and saves any number of trips back and forth for the maid.

"The scheme appealed to me, and I have worked out a simple system, that seems to suit our wants wonderfully well. I wonder we had never thought of it before."

And the listener resolved to try the experiment in her own house. J.M.

* * *

A Quaint Old Wedding

THE Scotch people have some of the quaintest notions or ideas that the world ever saw; among them is the old custom of the "penny wedding," found even today in a few of the most remote rural districts.

It is said that this curious custom originated from the fact that some couples were too poor to pay for the "fiddler" to play at the wedding dance. A day or two before the wedding, a friend, corresponding to the present-day "best man," would go from house to house telling of the event about to take place and cordially inviting the entire household to be present. With such an invitation was also an invitation to contribute a penny toward the expense of securing the fiddler. When the wedding came off everybody paid another penny, admission and sometimes it was the custom to pay a penny for the privilege of dancing with the bride. In this way it was possible to pay all expenses and, if the bridal couple were at all popular, it was not unusual for enough to be collected to give the newly married pair a good start in housekeeping. B. M. P.

* * *

Japanese Runners

SOME very inexpensive and effective runners, which have been used three seasons on a black walnut drop leaf, old-fashioned table in a country home, were made of blue and white Japanese toweling hemstitched on the ends.

Two pairs were made from a ten yard piece, which was purchased for one dollar and twenty-five cents.

An equally good grade can be found in the Chinese or Japanese shops of a large city for seventy-five cents.

Similar runners of the same length were made of Russian crash, hemstitched and with a single initial embroidered on each end. C. M. A.

* * *

Grandmother's Dessert

1½ tablespoonful melted butter
1¼ cup white flour
1¼ cup scalded sweet milk
¼ cup white sugar.

Mix flour and butter very smooth. Pour on the hot milk gradually. Have the yolks of four fresh eggs well beaten; mix in, then flavor with lemon, nutmeg and cinnamon.

Have thoroughly beaten the egg-whites and fold in. Into a well-buttered pudding dish pour this mixture and bake in an oven with moderate heat forty minutes. Serve at once with this sauce.

Beat one cup of powdered sugar into half a cup of creamed butter, then fold in the white of one egg, stiffly beaten. Then add fruit juice (strawberry or raspberry is best) to color and flavor.

FOR paring vegatables, putting cookies in the pan and many other household duties, sit upon an old-fashioned piano stool. I raise or lower it to suit the place where I am working and it saves tired feet and many a backache. F. C. L.

* * *

Pineapple-Quince

ONE of Luther Burbank's new creations in fruits is the pineapple quince, the only quince known in the

world that can be eaten enjoyably like an apple in the raw state. There is no puckery quality; it has a delicious flavor. It will cook tender in a few minutes and retain this unequaled flavor.

Of course, this quince can be used in the many ways that other quinces can be cooked, in preserves, puddings, confections, ices, etc. The quince is a very ancient fruit, taking its name of cydonia from Cydonia in Greece.

This quince resembles in form and size the Orange Quince, but it is sweeter and more globular and a lighter yellow. The average weight is about three quarters of a pound, each.

Tarragon

TARRAGON is a hardy plant with narrow little grasslike leaves of no marked beauty; but often found useful for foliage in light arrangments of flowers.

It may be wise to inform many that roots must be secured. Seedsmen do not sell tarragon seeds. In the December Delineater an article on herbs in cookery by Louise Rice mentions that the roots are used for making the vinegar. But this is not the general practice according to all available authorities and botanists. Probably the stress laid upon securing the roots, whereby to grow the plant at all, made it seem as if that were the valued part for infusing in vinegar; the leaves are very strong and fine flavored, almost too much so, since to many the odor is not as pleasing as the flavor.

In an increasing number of recipes tarragon is mentioned and always in foreign books by noted authorities and epicures.

A few drops of tarragon vinegar improves mayonnaise, and is fine on pickled beets; it adds the something lacking, or gives a greater zest. Garlic infused with tarragon in vinegar adds a French note to the harmony.

The fresh leaves may be added to potato salad, and many other fish salads, etc., but always use them in moderation in salads, "gravies" and "made dishes". A little goes a long way.

J. D. C.

Meeting the Problem of Living

(Continued from Page 605)

moderate amount of pleasures (and many of these inexpensive), a limited amount of substantial and dainty foods, bring the maximum of satisfaction and the minimum of regret.

Another mistake we make is to buy cheap imitations which cannot hold their own and must soon be replaced. Better one good article suited to your station in life than a dozen "shoddy" ones which satisfy but for a time. Plenty of people live shallow, deceitful lives, because they want other people to believe they possess something which they do not. Every one, for instance, knows you are a machinist, and a good one. People know you earn good wages and can afford a pleasant, comfortable home and a reasonable amount of the luxuries of life, and they respect you accordingly, but when you live beyond your means and wear or use shoddy imitations of what your employer has, you do not deceive them for a moment, and in their hearts they despise you. Never be anything but what you seem.

Then, again, too many of us are either so indolent or so vain that we think we must hire others to perform for us tasks which we could just as well do for ourselves. Often this extra service means a burden of debt or a going without a real necessity. The Lord gave you some wonderful natural instruments with which to help yourself. Why not use them?

In many homes, the garbage can and the rag bag claim too large a percentage of our earnings. Wise calculation, thrift and judgment in buying, would, in many cases, make the living problem a much simpler one. Not infrequently, too, "bargain d[illegible]" "[illegible]d mark sales,"

and catchy ads draw to themselves cash for a collection of adds and ends which are superfluous or of little use. Learn to resist, even while admiring, the attractions of the show window. Limit your luxuries to your purse. A woman, I once knew, clothed herself and two children on an allowance, the equivalent of that spent by the husband and father on luxuries unsuited to his income and obligations.

Some other little items, which soon mount into large ones, are ice cream, candy, moving pictures, theatres, and even books, magazines, concerts and lectures. Limit your indulgence, and the pleasures you do enjoy will be all the sweeter. Some people continually live in an unhealthy atmosphere of unrest. They think they must always be eating and seeing, doing and feeling. Not so. If such be your inclination, by all means cultivate a more sane and higher attitude toward life.

Again, how few wage earners carefully consider income and outgo. True, they know they earn a given salary or wage, must have certain things, and desire others, but do not really stop to consider where and how they spend. If they see a thing and want it, they buy. If there is no ready cash, it is charged. Now credit is a good and useful thing in its place, but "charge it" is a bad habit. Better sit down and make a rough draft of what you need during the month, together with its probable cost. Then allow a reasonable amount, each, for the luxuries, contingencies, and, if possible, the savings account. Keep this where you can refer to it from day to day, and when you have spent everything you can honestly afford, deny yourself until such time as your circumstances will permit further expenditure. All but the most meager incomes can save something. If your income will not cover your outgo, curtail expenses to meet that income or go where your income will at least provide for your needs. Do not starve or freeze: neither is economy.

In conclusion, permit me to say: be thrifty, not niggardly; be generous, but just, in your giving; study ways and means; keep tab on the little things, as well as on the large ones; use commonsense and judgment in your buying; do not allow your desires to run away with your pocket book; and joy in God's free pleasures, as well as in man's expensive ones; live where you can afford to; wear clothing that is serviceable, as well as beautiful; pay such prices as you can afford for what you buy; purchase nothing just because your neighbor does; cutivate your moral and intellectual faculties; worship God in sincerity and in truth; in brief, so resolve the high cost of living that of itself it will no longer be a problem, but instead only a phase of the high cost of living, a something which can be regulated largely by yourself; and, finally, win from life its sweetest and noblest and best, because into it you have put the highest and best of yourself.

Wisdom in a Garden

When things for a while have gone aisy,
An' sudden comes need for hard work,
'Tis mainly lest we should grow lazy,
Forgettin' 'tis shameful to shirk.

For that very labor an' achin',
An' toilin' that seems far too sore,
Is just what's been needed for makin'
Us ten times our worth o' before.

'Tis short-sighted ones be complainin',
When all o' the time they do know
That skies may be dark when 'tis raining',
But then things worth while start an' grow.

ALDIS DUNBAR.

QUERIES & ANSWERS

THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit $1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

QUERY 2136.—"Recipes for a rich Bortsh Soup and Sole Véronique."

Filets of Soles, Veronique

Remove the filets from a sole; trim all to the same size and shape, with pointed ends; fold each filet in the middle, to make half length; if desired each filet may be folded over a cubical strip of raw potato, thoroughly buttered. The potato is removed before serving and its use adds to the appearance of the dish. Butter a dish suitable for the table and in this set the prepared filets, each separately. To the bones and trimmings of the fish add half an onion, sliced, three branches of parsley, three slices of carrot, juice of one-fourth a lemon, half a cup of white wine and about a cup of cold water; cover and let simmer half an hour after the boiling point is reached; strain this broth over the filets and let them poach very gently about fifteen minutes. Lift out the filets, cover them and keep hot; reduce the liquid to the consistency of a thin syrup, and gradually beat into it three tablespoonfuls of butter and salt to season; pour this over the fish, set back into the baking dish to leave an open space in the center. Set the dish in a hot oven that a glaze may form on the fish. When ready to serve set a pyramid of skinned and very cold muscatel grapes in the center of the dish.

Beetroot Broth (Fillippini)

Boil four red beets fifteen minutes; remove the skins and slice the roots into a saucepan; add two pounds of chopped shin of beef, one sliced carrot, one sliced onion, two leeks, two branches of parsley, one branch of chervil, two bay leaves and two cloves; pour into the pan three quarts of water and season with two teaspoonfuls of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper; mix well and let slowly come to a boil, then keep simmering two hours; remove from the fire and strain through a double cheese cloth. Serve at once.

Barsh à la Polonaise (Déliée)

Rasp or pound a dozen red beet roots; put them into a stone jar with four quarts of cold water and a pound of rye bread crumbs, cover with a cloth and the jar cover and put in a warm place to ferment for a week.

Put into a soup-kettle two pounds of beef, a knuckle of veal, a duck, half a pound of salt pork, four smoked sausages, salt, a gallon of water and the water drained from the beets; set to cook, skimming well; add a carrot, an onion, two leeks, a bunch of parsley, three cloves, allspice and pepper covers; let simmer gently, taking up the sausages, pork, duck, and beef as each is done; let the rest simmer another hour, then skim off all fat and strain the broth

through a wet napkin; return to the stewpan to reheat; cut half the pork and part of the beef in small pieces, the sausages in thin rounds, and the meat of the duck in small collops; put these in the soup-tureen with a dozen, small, beef, sausage-meat balls, previously fried, and two boiled beets, cut in small shreds; pour over the boiling broth. The broth should have the tint and limpidity of claret wine.

QUERY 2137.— "In acting as a judge of pies entered at a prize contest at Farmers' Institute, what are some of the points on which a judgment could be based?

Points on Which Pies Might Be Judged

1. Color: well baked but not too dark.
2. Matter of leakage.
3. Condition of under crust (soaked or not).
4. Tenderness of crust.
5. Flakiness of crust.
6. Apple pies — tenderness and juiciness of apple.
7. Custard, squash and pumpkin pies — delicacy and texture of filling.

QUERY 2138.— "Give simple menus for one week for a family of six college boys."

Menus for Six College Boys

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Oranges
Cold Boiled Ham
Creamed Potatoes
Corn Meal Muffins
Dry Toast
Doughnuts
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Lamb-and-Tomato Soup
(Unthickened)
Chuck of Beef, pot-roasted
Baked Potatoes
Bananas, Sultana Sauce
Boiled Spinach or Beet Greens
Vanilla Ice Cream, Maple Syrup
Chopped Nuts
Cookies
Half Cups Coffee

Supper

Boiled Rice, Milk
Stewed Prunes
Cottage or Neufchatel Cheese
French Bread and Butter
Tea Cocoa

MONDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Pot Roast, and Potato Hash
Home Made Pickles
Coffee Griddle Cakes, Syrup Cocoa

Dinner

Veal Cutlets, Tomato Sauce
Mashed Potatoes, Spinach-and-Egg Salad
Prune Pie Squash Pie
Coffee

Supper

Crackers Fresh Fish Chowder Olives
Bread and Butter
Baked Apples Chocolate Cake
Tea

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Oranges
Hot Ham Sandwiches
Spider Corn Cake
Coffee Dry Toast Cocoa

Dinner

Fricassée of Fowl
Cranberry Sauce
Small Hot Biscuits or Toast
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Cabbage Salad
Tea

Supper

Boston Baked Beans
Lettuce, French Dressing
Boston Brown Bread
White Bread
Stewed Evaporated Peaches
Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Creral, Hot Dates, Thin Cream
Eggs Scrambled with Chopped Ham
German Fried Potatoes
Rice Griddle Cakes, Syrup
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Chicken Gumbo Soup
Mayonnaise of Apples and Dates, with Lecttuce
Whole Wheat Bread and Butter
Vanilla Ice Cream, Chocolate Sauce
Little Nut Cakes
Coffee

Supper

Rice Croquettes, Cheese Sauce
Bread and Butter
Canned Fruit
Cocoa Gingerbread Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Hot Cereal, Bananas, Thin Cream
Eggs Cooked in Shell
Parker House Rolls (reheated)
Cornmeal Muffins
Coffee Toast Cocoa

Dinner

Leg of Lamb (yearling) Roasted
Franconia Potatoes
Lettuce and Canned Asparagus, French Dressing
Tapioca Custard Pudding
Vanilla Sauce
Half Cups Coffee

Supper

Broiled Bacon
Mashed Potatoes
Graham Muffins
White Bread and Butter
Honey
Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Oranges
Salt Codfish Balls, Mustard
Yeast Rolls reheated
Cornmeal Mush, Fried, Maple Syrup
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Mock Bisque Soup
Lamb Croquettes or Soufflé Peas
Cabbage Salad
Cottage Puddding (baked in muffin pan)
Foamy Sauce
Half Cups Coffee

Supper

Creamed Fish in Shells, au Gratin
Rolls Bread and Butter
Pickled Beets
Chocolate Nut Cake
Tea

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Oranges
Calf's Liver and Bacon
French Fried Potatoes
Toast
Waffles, Maple Syrup
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Lamb-and-Tomato Soup
Hamburg Steak
Baked Potatoes
Buttered Parsnips
Apple Pie, Cheese
Coffee

Supper

Potato-and-Kornlet Chowder
Crackers
Pickles
Bread and Butter
Stewed, Evaporated Peaches, Thin Cream
Cookies
Tea

QUERY 2139. — "Recipe for Caramels made in Mrs. Hill's School last summer; the ones wrapped in waxed paper."

Choice Caramels

1 pound sugar (2 cups) ½ pound butter (1 cup)
1 pound glucose (¾ cup) 1 pint cream

Reserve one cup of the cream; put the rest of the ingredients over the fire to cook; stir until boiling throughout; then gradually stir in the rest of the cream. Let boil, stirring each three or four minutes, until the thermometer registers 250 degrees F. (pretty-firm "hard ball") Stir in one teaspoonful of vanilla extract and turn into two brick-shaped bread pans, carefully buttered. The candy should make sheets about three-fourths an inch thick. When nearly cold cut in cubes. The recipe is written for glucose; when using "Karo" or other similar syrup the quantity should be increased to nearly a full cup.

QUERY 2140.— "When grapefruit, cut in halves and served in its own shell-half, each section of pulp carefully loosened from the membrane, is served as a first course at luncheon or dinner, are finger bowls used?"

Serving Grapefruit at Dinner

There are no hard-and-fast rules for table service. If a finger bowl after eating grapefruit would add to your comfort or to that of any guest, use

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them by all means. At the same time, if the pulp of the fruit be carefully loosened so that it may be easily lifted with the spoon, it would not seem necessary to bring on finger bowls at this stage of the meal.

QUERY 2141.— "Recipe for Molasses Doughnuts; did not try the recipe given in the November number of the magazine because it did not sound right."

Molasses Doughnuts

The recipe for malasses doughnuts referred to is the only one at hand. We see nothing wrong with this recipe. The doughnuts are not rich, but, if the milk be unskimmed, the doughnuts are not tough; a second yolk of egg or a teaspoonful of shortening might be added. The milk must be thick and sour.

QUERY 2142.— "If Viscogen be added to condensed or evaporated milk, can the milk be then whipped to the stiff consistency of a double cream when whipped?"

Whipping Condensed Milk

We are unable to say whether the use of viscogen would enable one to whip condensed or evaporated milk in the same manner as cream is whipped. Probably the milk could be put into a condition for use in Bavarian creams, or as a garnish for desserts, but we doubt if it could be made firm enough to hold its shape for use with pastry bag and tube.

QUERY 2143.— "Recipe for Boston Brown Bread."

Boston Brown Bread

1 cup rye meal
1 cup corn meal
1 cup flour (either white or whole wheat)
1 teaspoonful salt
2 level teaspoonfuls soda
¾ cup molasses
2 cups thick sour milk
1 cup raisins, if desired

Sift together the dry ingredients. Crush and sift the soda before measuring, then sift into the other dry ingredients. Return the bran (freed of any refuse) to the ingedients that have passed through the sieve; add the other ingredients and mix thoroughly; turn into two well-buttered molds (pound size empty baking-powder boxes are convenient) and steam three hours. Use cold water to fill the steamer, and the mixture will have opportunity to rise before starting to cook. Replenish with boiling water. The water should boil continuously for two hours. Set to cook with all the water the steamer will allow; the supply will not need to be replenished during the cooking. The bread is at its best when the milk is *thick* and contains some *cream*.

QUERY 2144.— "Recipe for Macaroni Milanaise."

Macaroni Milanaise

Cook three-fourths a cup of macaroni, broken in pieces one inch in length, in rapidly-boiling, salted water until tender; replenishing with boiling water as needed. Drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. Cook half an onion, cut in slices, and half a green or red pepper, in three tablespoonfuls of butter until lightly browned; add about a cup and a half of tomato and let simmer until well reduced. Press through a sieve. There should be a generous cup of the pulp. Make a sauce of two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and the prepared tomato; add half a cup or more of grated cheese. When the cheese is melted, pour the sauce over the cooked macaroni and lift with two forks, to mix together thoroughly. Let stand over hot water to become very hot. Sprinkle with a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley. When convenient fine-chooped or diced ham or pickled tongue may be mixed through the dish, or broth may replace a part of the tomato purée.

QUERY 2145.— "Recipe for Squabs en Casserole."

Squabs en Casserole

Leave the squabs whole or cut in

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Ask for **free recipe book** tells how to make fine Lenten dishes. Free if you give grocer's name.

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halves through the breast and back. Wash and wipe, then roll in flour and sauté in clarified butter or salt-pork fat, first on one side and then on the other, to a golden brown color. Set into a casserole, pour in veal broth just to cover the squab. Asd for each squal two olives, pared round and round from the stone. Cover the dish and let cook very gently until the squabs are nearly done. Add a cup or more of green peas, salt and black pepper as needed, and a little more broth if necessary and let cook until the peas are done. Serve from the dish. For a more elaborate dish, add quarters of new carrots carefully scraped and washed, with the peas. Or add one or two peeled mushroom caps, cooked three minutes in butter, ten minutes after adding the peas. Pigeons may be cooked in the same way, but often take four hours' cooking. Squabs will cook in from half to a full hour.

QUERY 2146.— "Recipe for Whipped Cream Cake."

Whipped Cream Cake

Make a sponge cake of five eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour and the grated rind and juice of half a lemon. Bake in layers. Beat one pint of double cream, half a cup of sugar and half a teaspoonful of vanilla until firm. Use this between the layers and on the outside of the cake. Consult an up-to-date cook book for the mixing of the sponge cake,or see answer to Query 2106 in January number of this magazine.

Whipped Cream Cake No. 2

CAKE

1 cup sifted sponge cake crumbs
¾ cup fine-choped, blanched almonds
5 eggs
1 cup sugar
Grated rind 1 lemon

FILLING

½ cup milk
1½ teaspoonfuls cornstarch
½ teaspoonful salt
2 tablespoonfuls sugar
1 egg-yolk
1 teablspoonful sugar
¼ teaspoonful vanilla

COVERING

1 pint cream
¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoonful vanilla

The sponge cake crumbs should be dry; use these and the almonds as flour in making,with the other ingredients a sponge cake. Bake in two layers. To make the filling, scald the milk, mix the cornstarch, salt and sugar and sitr into the milk; stir until the mixture thickens, cover and let cook two minutes; beat the yolk, add the sugar and stir into the hot mixture; when "set" and cool a little add the vanilla and use. Beat the cream, sugar and vanilla till firm; spread a little over the outside of the cake, then pipe on the rest. Let stand in a cool place half an hour or longer before serving.

QUERY 2147.— "Is Brown Sugar ever adulterated, and if so with what?"

Adulteration of Brown Sugar

We think it extremely doubtful that brown sugar is adulterated. It is not as highly refined as white sugar. For this reason, probably, it is almost impossible to boil brown sugar and milk together without having the milk sep arate. The substance that then clings to the bottom of the dish is largely the solid portions of the milk.

QUERY 2148.— "Why is salt added to vegetables after they have been boiling ten minutes?"

Salt in Boiling Vegetables

The use of salt in cooking vegetables is worked out with much care under the cooking of vegetables in "Cooking for Two". Briefly all fresh vegetables are set to cook in boiling water. In general salt should be added to the water in which all vegetables except those containing much cellulose (as turnips and parsnips) are set to cook. We see no good reason why the addition of salt should be delayed ten minutes.

Sign-painter: Now, Missus Johnsing, what does you want puf on this yer sign?" Missus Johnsing (afrer a moment of deep thought): "I guess 'Goin' out scrubbin' done in here will do."— *Life*.

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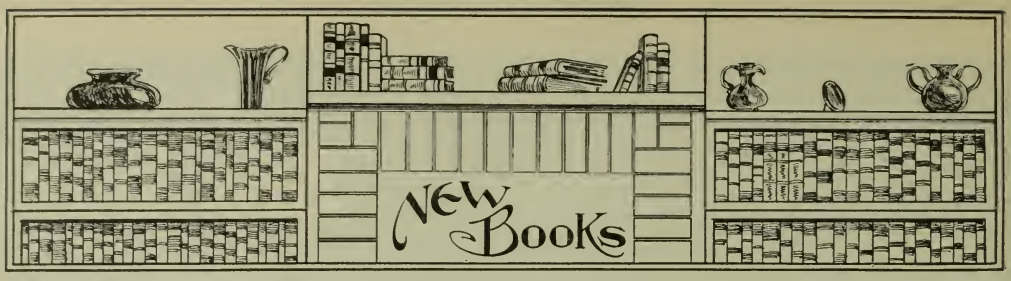

The Art of Living Long. By Luigi Cornaro. Cloth. Price $2.00. Milwaukee: William F. Butler.

This is a curious and remarkable book of a remarkable man, — the celebrated Venetian Centenarian. It contains the Treatise of Cornaro on the Art of Living Long, with illuminating essays by Joseph Addison, Lord Bacon, and Sir William Temple. Cornaro's rules of living are based on "temperance in eating and drinking." These rules remain unimpeachably correct, and in the future can only be elaborated and perfected.

This book, containing a minute account of his method of living — a work he finished at the age of ninety-five — has been translated into all cultivated languages, and will ever be estimated as a classic and a standard. He is the only man who, at the end of a century, ever wrote — was ever able to write — a statement, authoritative because based upon experience, of the means by which others could enjoy the unspeakable delights of a long life of uninterrupted, perfect health. There is ample warrant for this statement: "No man or woman ever fails to enjoy physical happiness, whose life is constantly ordered in accordance with Cornaro's teachings." To-day thinking men and women everywhere are trying to conform more and more to Cornaro's salutary rules for attainment and preservation of health.

"Health and Longevity Through Rational Diet." By Dr. Arnold Lorand. Price, $2.50 net. Philadelphia: F. A. Davis Company.

This is an important and valuable work. The subject, it may be noted, is equivalent, at least, to that of Cornaro, who wrote three hundred years ago, but it is here treated in a thoroughly scientific manner by one who is versed in modern investigation and research.

The book is translated from the original German. The author is a noted practitioner at the world's oldest health resort, Carlsbad. The book is free from the fads which render so many books, written on the subject for the laity, harmful. The highest scientific authorities have been consulted and their researches made comprehensible to the non-professional. Diet in relation to health is carefully treated from every point of view and made intelligible. Certainly, if proper nutrition is essential to health, a correct knowledge of food values is indispensable. For mothers, housekeepers, everyone interested at all in dietetics, this volume provides most, timely and valuable instruction.

For the general reader we are aware of nothing on the subject of diet superior to this work. Scientific in treatment, the practical experience of the author renders the contents readable even to the point of interest. We find here a fund of information—a work of constant value.

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The New Alinement of Life. By RALPH WALDO TRINE. $1.25 net. New York: Dodge Publishing Company.

Of this book a late reviewer says: "Every reader familiar with Mr. Trine's works will ask at once, how does "The New Alinement of Life" compare with "In Tune with the Infinite?" To those who fell under the spell of the earlier work the memory of its power remains a cherished possession. The appeal of the book was unique. It caught up and carried on the Emerson tradition when that tradition needed most to be carried on. People engrossed in scientific discoveries and commercial expansion were on the point of forgetting that there might be a spiritual side to life. Mr. Trine performed a remarkable service in insisting on the claims of the spirit in man. On this account, it is hardly just to compare the two books. Scientific discoveries have altered many of our points of view, and have in themselves done much to spiritualize even our material life and its problems. On this account the great work to be done to-day is to "aline" our life with the new world as we sense it, and to show how this alinement must proceed is the task Mr. Trine set himself in the present volume. His aim he accomplishes in a most efficient way, and his latest work to-day must be fully as valuable as that earlier one."

The content of this book is in keeping with the thought of the day. If there be gain in knowledge of truth, we must accept it. Civilization means looking forward not backward. A philosophy of life is an important matter; what is your philosophy? Every chapter in this book is suggestive of thought and indicative of how much of conduct and character is dependent on our ways of thinking. Thoughts are self-controlled and formed into habits. As we think, so we become. To many an inquirer of a philosophy of life, this book will be helpful.

Exercises for Women. By FLORENCE BOLTON, A. B. Cloth. 12mo. Illustrated. Price, $1.00 net. By mail, $1.10. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

The book should be useful to Physicians in prescribing exercises for their patients, to teachers of gymnastics for class and private work, to the college woman who has left gymnasium days behind, and to women everywhere who desire physical grace and power and the mental satisfaction consequent upon both.

The book contains helpful suggestions on matters directly and indirectly related to exercise and development, and an appendix with a wider range of work, briefly tabulated, for the use of teachers. It contains numerous illustrations giving details for mat exercises.

Evidently this manual of physical exercise has been thoughtfully planned out and prepared by a teacher of culture

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THE quality of the extract will be proved by the quantity, flavor and fragrance of the oil which will rise to the top of the water.

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and experience. As a guide in physical training it is excellent. Exercise systematically and persistently cultivated is an indispensible condition of sound health.

Things Mother Used to Make. By LYDIA MARIA GURNEY. Cloth. Price, 50 cents. New York: The MacMillan Company.

The material of this book was originally published in Suburban Life, where it obtained such recognition as seemed to warrant its preservation in book form. The original material has been amplified and now presented as one of the volumes in the series of Countryside Manuals. It is a collection of old time recipes which represent the best cooking of those times, the greater part of which the author has tested out in her own kitchen, to the end that the young and inexperienced housekeeper may have access to very simple and inexpensive recipes. To many such the book may prove a convenient and helpful manual.

Adjustment to Circumstances

MY mother always said that a lady could adjust herself to any circumstances and to any environment, but I felt some doubts about the practicality of her statement when I found that I had to fit a brand new baby, with all his belongings, into an apartment "built for two," and supply the needs of three from the small and uncertain income of a young architect who had not yet risen.

Not for long, however, did I wonder how I could raise a baby in such a small place, thinking with affectionate recollections of the two big nurseries at home, with "Mammy Easter" to take care of the littlest occupants — and there always were littlest ones — and eighteen-year old Mary to look after the ones just big enough to run around and get into mischief, and of all the lovely outdoors we had to play in. No one had to keep us out — we just naturally stayed out. For a short while I regarded with gloomy anticipa-

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tion the devoted mothers who spend so much of their lives on uncomfortable camp-stools in the parking on upper Broadway, in vacant lots and any place where a patch of green or a little space presents room enough for a baby-carriage and its occupant.

"Shall I have to sit on a camp-stool all day and embroider or read magazines," I asked myself, "so my baby can get the fresh air he should have?"

Then, having full knowledge of my circumstances, I began a close inspection of my environment. Just outside the south window of my bed-room was a big fire-escape, and, fortunately, the hole was outside my next-door neighbor's window. Here was fresh air a plenty, and much cleaner air than that of the dusty streets. Here, too, was sunshine and quiet, and here my baby, from his fourth week until his fourteenth month — that being his present mature age — has spent much of his time.

He was an October baby, and all winter, even on the coldest days, he slept in his basket on the sunny fire-escape, dressed in an eider-down robe, with the head covering attached, covered warmly and protected by an enormous umbrella. And right here, let me tell any one who wishes to profit by my example to purchase the cheapest umbrella she can find. They are made for protection from the elements, but none of them will stnad for long continual exposure to the weather. They split, curl up, expose their ribs and discard their handles, and do all kinds of unexpected things, after being anchored to a baby-basket for a couple of months.

When the weather became warm, my husband made an awning of green denim, which worked on a pulley and protected the baby from the hot sun, but I found that during the summer months the heat on the metal fire-escape was too great in the afternoon, so our son had his morning nap there and his afternoon nap inside — after which he was taken to the park.

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Cream your vegetables with Carnation Milk—it adds to the flavor and makes them simply delicious. Use Carnation Milk in your weekly baking and daily cooking—it is uniformly of high quality and flavor—and its use is also a household economy—less butter and cream are needed.

Use the following recipe to test—

Carnation Milk

From Contented Cows

Cream Tomato Soup Recipe

One-half can Carnation Milk, diluted with same quantity of water. One 2-lb. can tomatoes, two small onions, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon sugar, one-half teaspoon soda, one-quarter teaspoon pepper, small sprig of celery or dash of celery salt, dash of cayenne pepper. Boil all but the milk together twenty minutes, strain through a colander, add milk and let come to boiling point. Serve at once.

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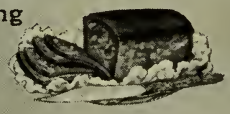

Veal Loaf

Soak 1 envelope of Knox Acidulated Gelatine and ½ teaspoonful of lemon flavoring found in Acidulated package in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes. Add 1 onion grated and 1 stalk of celery to 1 pint of rich stock well seasoned, and after boiling a few minutes strain and pour over softened gelatine. When jelly is beginning to set, mold in two cups of cooked and chopped veal, adding if desired, chopped parsley and pimentoes. Slice and serve on platter.

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CHARLES B. KNOX CO.
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My doctor approved so enthusiastically of my ingenuous plan that he recommended it to some of his other patients, who were complaining of the boredom of spending all one's time on the street. One, he said, was most scornful of me, saying that to keep one's baby on the fire-escape was entirely too much like the tenement dwellers. But why not emulate the dwellers of the tenements, when we can gain by doing so? B. R. D.

* * *

Clam Broth

(3 doz. clams make 1 qt.)

SCRUB the clams thoroughly with a brush. Put in a porcelain kettle and add one and one-half pints of water. Boil until the clams open. Remove the clams from the shells, put through a meat-chopper, return to the juice and boil for a few minutes. Strain through cheese cloth, squeezing well, to extract all the substance of the clams. Add a very little pepper. Serve with a spoonful of whipped cream in each cup. J. M.

Italian Recipes from Genoa

A TRULY Italian way to roast meat, especially lamb or veal, is to make a stuffing in the following manner with eggs, cheese and spinach. Grate the cheese, use either pineapple, plain dairy or Parmesan cheese, season it with pepper and a little salt, also a little garlic, and oil, if the cheese is not very rich, but oil is not essential. Have ready some chopped, cooked spinach, and into this mix the first ingredients, and add the two or three beaten eggs. The mixture should be a stiff batter, such as can be inserted in a pocket of lamb or veal. for a stuffing. After the stuffing is in place, take a few stitches to keep it in place. If veal is used, the outside should be rubbed with butter, to make it brown well, since veal is not a fat meat.

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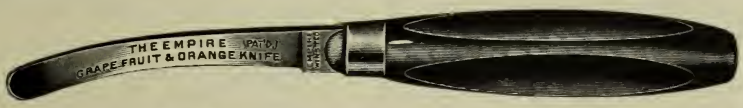

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The feature of the blade is the round end which prevents cutting through the outer skin. A grape fruit knife is a necessity as grape fruit are growing so rapidly in popularity as a breakfast fruit.

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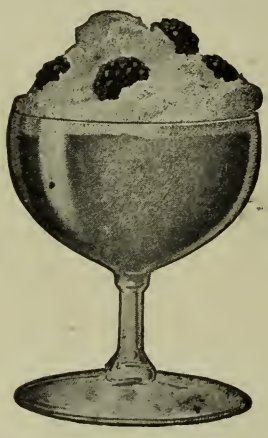

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N. Y.

Stuffed Onion and Egg-Plant

Parboil the onions or eggplant until suitable for stuffing, and then cut out the center and fill with the cheese and egg-mixture given above and set in the oven to bake. In both cases mix the center part that is scooped out with the cheese and raw egg. Finish by baking with buttered crumbs on top.

Raviolis

Make a needle dough and dot it evenly with the foregoing spinach, cheese and egg mixture. Cover with another piece of dough rolled out well, then with a glass cut out each ravioli. Have some chicken broth boiling and drop the raviolis in, one by one, like dumplings, and cook for half an hour, boiling quickly. In the meantime one must have some gravy from a pot roast of beef. Put about a pound and half of beef in a pot with some suet, and add a little water, but not to cover it; add garlic and a teaspoonful of the thick tomato paste found in all Italian groceries; the paste must be dissolved in a little water, it is caller Pomidoro, and is very inexpensive and useful for tomato soup, or sauce for fishballs, or chops, etc.

When the roast is cooked and you have a rich thick gravy from it, and your raviolis are done, you dish them on a hot platter covered with grated cheese; lift the raviolis, one by one, in a perforated ladle so as to drain them from the broth. Lay a spoonful of the trick beef gravy on each and sprinkle grated cheese over. On this lay another row of raviolis and repeat the gravy and cheese, and continue the layers of raviolis, gravy and cheese until all are dished.

The beef may be used another day in any preferred way; chicken broth can easily be made in the foreign quarter of our large cities since parts of a chicken may be bought, a leg, wing, or even a liver.

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Minute Tapioca

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mushrooms, soaked and added to roast beef gravy, make an excellent sauce for raviolis.

Fritto

A very hearty fritto can be made from the spinach, cheese and egg combination used for stuffing meat, only for the stuffing but a small quantity of spinach is used, perhaps one-fourth a peck would be enough to purchase. For a fritto take a large quantity of this filling, enough to fill a frying pan. Fry it in olive oil. When well cooked on one side hold a big plate down over the frying pan and invert the fritto upon it and return it the other side down, to cook on that side. This makes an excellent hearty luncheon dish. J. D. C.

Four miners in West Virginia, who had established records in the appetite line, sighed with contentment and agreed that the most appetizing and satisfactory meal they had ever eaten was one prepared for them by a cooking teacher at a cost of forty-two cents. The meal consisted of barley soup, six cents; brown stew (meat, etc.), twenty-three cents; dumplings, five cents; onions, parsley and seasonings, three cents; fruit-tapioca pudding, five cents.

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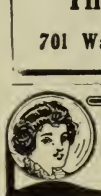

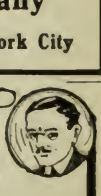

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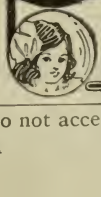

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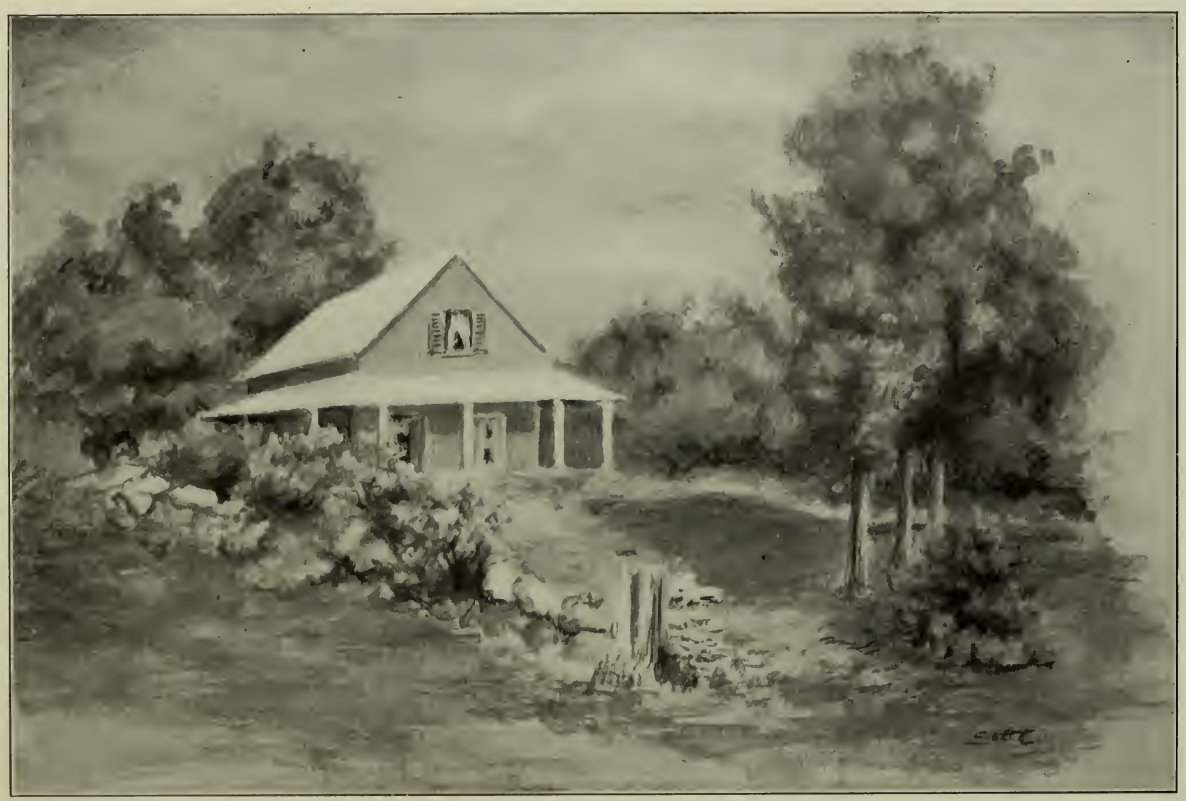
Little Dinners for Easter

I

Crabflake Cocktail
Consommé, Irma
Sliced Eggs à la King in Ramekins
Larded Fillet of Beef
Artichokes à la Barigoule
1914 Easter Salad
Kaiser Rolls
Dessert Torte with Strawberries
Little Sponge Cakes
Coffee

II

Halves of Grapefruit with Strawberries
Consommé, Celestine
Lobster, Cardinal Style
Lamb Chops, Maintenon Style
1914 Easter Salad
Peas in Potato Patties
Ham Mousseline à la Florentine
Dessert Torte, with Ice Cream, Melba
Salted Nuts Turkish Paste
Coffee



AS OUR HOME IN THE HICKORIES APPEARED WHEN WE FOUND IT

The

Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XVIII APRIL, 1914 No. 9

Our Home Under the Hickories

By Eleanor W. Coleman

IT was in a little fishing village that we found our home,— a village that felt itself neglected by an unappreciated world: for its neighbors nine miles north and south were blossoming into summer resorts and selling their rocky land to city folk for many dollars a foot, where it had formerly brought but a few dollars an acre.

The cottage itself, tiny and low-pitched, peeping out from a shelter of big apple trees, lured us from afar. Seeing no one about the place, I ventured up the grassy path to the front porch, where I lingered, trying to peer through the shuttered windows.

A thicket of hickories screened it on the northwest. On the south, a meadow drowsed in the sun until it lost its way in the shade of an old orchard. To the east, was a little sweep of tangled grass that made a steep drop of sixty feet to the onward stretch of the broad Atlantic.

Again was I lured to the spot with my sketching trap. A study of rocky headland where the waves dashed and broke in foam, and one of the upland meadow with dunes and the ocean beyond, to say nothing of the red-gabled barn peering through the trees, was made in the shade and quiet of the porches. Day after day found me there sketching undisturbed.

What a delightful spot in which to work and rest for a season!

There was no sign to say that the place was for sale or rent, but the tall grass and riot of wild things seemed to indicate that it had been for some time untenanted. Inquiries at the hotel brought no help. The apathetic landlord "Didn't know who owned it," in fact "didn't know anything about it, but there was a cottage to rent up the street." Glaringly fresh it was in new paint, white with bright yellow trimmings, and a red roof. Its stuffy little rooms were redolent of varnish and cheap upholstery. It was fitted up expressly for the summer people, who did not come.

Patient investigation finally discovered a leisurely citizen who confessed to being the agent of the little cottage among the hickories.

"Yes, it was for rent,— a dollar and a half a day." How much by the season? He did not know, but could give the address of the owner.

A party from the hotel went to the little cottage to inspect it. Quite out of the question they decided at a glance. Just a little barn-dwelling,— a big living room, fair-sized kitchen, two bedrooms and a shed. Unwashed windows and unswept floors, festoons of cobwebs from the rafters, and a few

pieces of dilapidated furniture covered with dust,— that was all,— yes, it was quite impossible, was the full-throated chorus.

But I was not so sure. The big double door in the sitting room looked out over the ocean and let in an intoxicating fragrance,— salt from the sea mingled with sunsteeped bay, sweet fern and briar roses. Every grimy window framed in a picture good to live with. No plaster in the house, not an inch of floor, wall or ceiling that could not be reached with soap and water, not a crevice where a germ could secrete itself from active pursuit, and a stillness, broken only by the song of a wood pe-wee, mingled with the south breeze.

No, not out of the question at all, and I took the owner's name and address. A few hours later we were in possession.

Our first purchase in the village store was five pounds of sulphur. The worthy who waited on us seemed much amused. The sulphur burned itself away in the cottage, for thirty-six hours, its fumes, meantime, laying any ghostly lingerings of former occupants.

New beds and beddings had been put in and the floors scrubbed, but when the sulphur had oozed through the pores and we entered into active possession, every wall and beam and rafter was scrubbed with hot suds. It was a warm day in June, and very pleasant was the smell of the clean wet pine drying in the blossom ladened air.

Some inexpensive couch covers of a stamped cotton, from a Japanese shop, cost one dollar each. Three or four packing boxes, fitted with shelves by the village carpenter and draped with chintz brought from the city, a coat of forest-green paint on some pine tables and a wash bench, dark red paint and more of the chintz on an old settee and the more dilapidated of the old chairs, a few bright Japanese lanterns, hung in dark corners of the rafters, and we had a very habitable "camp" at slight expense.

There were two of us and a maid. Luckily our Phyllis loved the country. Our meals were served under the hickories, when the weather was pleasant, and in the shelter of the porch when it rained.

We lived out of doors that summer, fairly "Soaking" in the bracing air, the beauty and the stillness, and went back to town in vigorous condition for the winter work and wear. Our four months in the little cottage had been a success.

SOUTHEAST CORNER OF HOME IN THE HICKORIES, SHOWING DETAILS OF WINDOWS AND SHRUBBERY.

After searching from the South Jersey coast to Murray Bay and back we had at last found what we wanted. Then we began to talk about buying it, instead of renting another season.

The price was reasonable, but why any one should want it at all, "way out in the fields," and so far short of standards of gentility, seemed an evidence of unsound mind. Even the thrifty villager, who was paid one dollar and a half a day for transplanting wild vines, and to add still more sweet briars and barberries to the already impenetrable tangle, felt called on to protest.

Before buying the place, we consulted with our carpenter who had done sundry odd bits of work for us during our first summer, and had proved honest as man and craftsman, and neighborly withal. He pronounced the house well built, solid in foundation and sills, and worth additions and improvements. After that our September evenings indoors were filled with the excitement of plans made, discussed, rejected and made over again.

More windows in the bedrooms, and a fire of logs in the sitting room, we decided we must have at once. The carpenter promised the windows,—two big ones, high and wide in each room, thrown out on the south slope of the roof, opening up to us light and breeze and glorious views. But the fireplace that was to cheer the chilly evenings and make perfect the glorious days of north-east storms, here we were sorely perplexed.

We had learned that chimneys could smoke and sulk. Rumor even whispered of one in the neighborhood that refused to burn when the front door was open. After much serious reflection we selected a certain Moses Jedediah Pilkins as the mason who seemed to have the most persuasive way with chimneys, and I went to him in becoming meekness of spirit.

The chimney was to be deep and wide enough to hold a half-cord length

NORTHEAST VIEW OF COTTAGE.

of wood, we had decided, and it was to have a draught that would defy wind, weather and open doors.

After seeing it in progress we again went north and left Moses Jedediah to struggle with his problem unaided.

We watched eagerly that winter for bills. It was only through this medium that we could follow the work going on for us in the little village by the sea. Conscientiously itemized bills they were, too, and we became learned in the prices and details of building. At first, we were sorely puzzled over such statements as "Teeming brick from York," until we remembered that in the local vocabularly every four-footed thing in harness was a team, and that we were seven miles from the nearest supply of brick.

Brick, blue tile, or field stone, had been the question that occupied sleepless nights and argumentative days; but a certain rich satiny brown, that time and closed shutters had wrought into the unpainted wood of the walls, decided us in favor of the dull red.

It was all very experimental, this building on our own responsibility so far from the scene of action. One of us was full of faith and buoyant hopes, the other shivering with dread, lest

the new windows let in the rain and the first fire on the new hearth reduce us to ashes.

We came down in a north-east storm. The kindling was damp, the logs, left over from the previous summer, were water soaked, but in fifteen minutes a blaze was roaring up the chimney, warming us to the heart, and settling all doubts as to the draft.

Now the building mania was upon us, we wanted another bedroom, and a studio was imperative! But there were two apple trees, a big balcony and a clematis that on no account must be disturbed. There must be a high studio window, yet the whole effect of the building must be kept low and sheltered under the trees. Again the carpenter was called in and the difficulties stated He had no suggestions to offer, but was calmly confident for his own part.

"You make the drawin's and I'll build it," he said, with the added reflection, "The trees'll grow and the house won't."

At last, all difficulties were met. A gambrel roof gave a window 12 ft. high, with a roof height of 20 feet, while a balcony thrown out over one end of the studio merged into a room that sprang like a low square tower from the junction of the studio with the main building and was fitted into the kitchen roof about half way down its southern slope. It was afterwards covered with hipped roof. This was a difficult piece of work to make weather tight, but it was successfully carried through without disturbing a twig of the big apple tree that thrust its fruit within reach of the new windows,— four of them on the south and one on the west.

During these years our village had found itself, and the city folks had come. It was already selling its waste places for many dollars a foot and our little corner of the earth found a more appreciative public. Costly houses sprang up around us and an occasional automobile broke the quiet of our lane. The nook under the hickories was no longer "way out in the fields" and a more retired dining-

A CORNER IN THE STUDIO.

room became desirable. So a Japanese screen was added to the one we already have of wild vines and shrubbery that closed in the south porch; and it soon became our regular dining room.

In the nearest small town, nine miles distant, we found a capable plumber, and a good supply of porcelain-lined fittings.

Our house was,at last, literally founded upon a rock. Nowhere about it could the stick of my sketching umbrella go deep enough to hold, though in some mysterious way vegetation flourished. Carpenter and plumber searched patiently for a spot where a drain was practicable, and, having found it, went their ways. I was left to find a man to chop through the layer of porous rock to the unyielding mass that formed its bed below.

Our water supply came through iron pipes from a river deep in the pine forest, far from human habitation and drainage, and never fails us. It is good for drinking and pleasant for washing.

Our shell was now complete. Each addition had been made to meet a definite need, and our home fitted us in all our modes and habits. Now our minds were turned to furnishings.

The living-room first claimed attention, as we sat by the log fire in the evenings of early September.

Our builder now became interior decorator, and fitted one corner near the hearth with an open china closet, the drawings for which were made in a seventeenth century house at the other end of the county.

Very convenient, this, to hold the bit of Japanese porcelain, the old china of many colors, the brass, copper, and pewter one gathers from so many places, and that stand for as many delightful adventures.

Very cheery it is, when the fire light flashes back from a brightRussian Samovor, and plays on the deep greens and blues of old dishes, a hint of warmth and color in a shadowed corner.

THE RED BRICK CHIMNEY.

A bookcase, with broad strong shelves built into the space between two windows, reached to the brown rafters, and the two roomy drawers at the bottom were fitted with glass knobs bought in an antique shop in a distant city.

Our color scheme starting with the golden glory of the time-colored walls, the new hard-wood floor was brought to a corresponding tone with a coat of clear oak stain that left the grain of the wood well marked under two coats of varnish.

More Turkish rugs are on the floor, and one of dark grey fur lies before the fire place. A pair of old English andirons, big and strong, were found, after a two years' quest, in the delightful little shop of an old Frenchman. They hold the logs, and in one ingle nook, on an old tripod unearthed in the garret of a deserted and crumbling house, sings a brass kettle, and in the other, a big copper jar from Russia holds a supply of pine cones.

The red brick of the chimney, that rises in a solid mass to the rafters, proved just the setting for my great-grandmother's tea tray, where the hapless Phaeton, in gold helmet and claret colored cloak, drives his fiery steeds and very expensive chariot, over a black laquer ground, straight for the sunbeam in the upper left hand corner. Easy wicker chairs are here, and a few bits of old mahogany. The room is shady and restful, as the breeze sweeps through doors and windows on a summer day, and it is snug and cozy in the fire-glint and lamp light of a chilly evening.

It was the carpenter who built the linen closet, reaching from floor to ceiling, with compartments to fit the different piles of linen. He, too, made the boxes with hinged covers, that we covered with cow hide and studded with brass nails.

Everything had been of our own designing, with much of our actual handicraft, and great had been the joy in the doing, while the expense had been absurdly small.

House and land	$800.00
Fireplace (labor and materials)	58.00
Roof and windows (labor and materials)	80.00
Plumbing	200.00
Carpenter's labor	100.19
Materials for Building	296.41
Paints and Painter's time	20.00
Total	$1,554.60

Now we turn gleefully to plans for preserving a tangle of Juniper here, and curbing the excess of sweet fern yonder, arranging a thicket of barberries where the long-tailed thrush, and catbird may be inclined to build their nests; to introducing a patch of old-fashioned garden flowers where they will not clash with the wild things that must always be paramount.

It is a perennial task in this world of out-of-doors, an unfailing interest and an unfailing joy.

INVITING CORNER ON THE EAST PORCH.

The Nerve-Cure

By Gertrude Clark Hanson

Chicago, March, 1911.

My dear Katherine:

IT is more than three months since your letter came and I know that you must have wondered, perhaps a little resentfully, at my long silence. But I am sure that when you have heard my tale of woe there will be nothing but sympathy in your heart for your old pal.

To put it in plain English, Katherine, I'm down and out. I've fought it off all the year, but, yesterday, when I went to pieces and cried before my class and the supervisor whom I most particularly loathe, I knew that it was no use trying any longer. I went to Dr. Drake and his verdict was sharp and uncompromising, "Get out of the schoolroom and out of Chicago and rest absolutely for a year." Sounds easy, doesn't it? How could I tell him that I had just fifty dollars in the world and nowhere to go for a year's rest?

Do you remember the air-castles we used to build back in the old college days? It makes me fairly weep when I look back. I didn't aspire to the presidency of my Alma Mater, but I did truly hope to do something worth while; and now, behold me, at the end of five years, with my college debt barely off my hands and nothing to show for the years but my fifty dollars and a worn-out nervous system. Life has been a succession of grades and tests and Teacher's Meetings and Supervisors, and, in the summers, a special course somewhere.

I didn't mean to whine, but 'Im not the Jean you used to know, who could laugh at anything and see the bright side of every worry. I am going to our old home town in Ohio where my sister, Peggy, is stenographer in a wholesale grocery. After I have seen her and planned something definite I'll write you again. Until then believe me your faithful but good-for-nothing chum,

Jean.

Fairhaven, O., June, 1911.

My dear Katherine:

You have been very patient to accept those postals instead of the long letters you deserved; and now you are to be rewarded, for this epistle is to tell you "all about everything" as you so plaintively entreat.

When I arrived in B— the last of March, I was too exhausted to do anything but lie around in Peggy's little room while she was away at work. Then, finally, one Saturday afternoon we took a trolley-ride out to the place which was left to us by my grandfather. It is a tiny place — only ten acres — and is ten miles from town and half a mile from the car-line. There is no tenant on it this year and Peggy said she thought we ought to go and look after it a little. It was a beautiful April day and the country was so fresh and green all along the way. When we got to the place, Grandmother's yellow Easter flowers were blooming under the front window and down by the gate the big lilac bush was in bud. The heavenly quiet seemed too good to be true and as we sat down on the porch, I heaved a big sigh. "If I could only spend the year here, Peg," I began, but she interrupted me with a quiet, "Well why not?"

She came over and laid her purse in my lap. "Count it." she said.

"Seven dollars and twenty-one cents," I answered, after a pause, "but what of it?"

"Just this," she answered, "I worked hard every day last month from eight o'clock till five and, after I had paid for my room and board and laundry and

carfare and a few other things, this is what I had left to show for it — except the trifle I manage to put by each month. I've worked seven years and I have about three hundred dollars saved out of it. How much have you?"

"Twenty-eight," I answered meekly.

"Good!" said Peg briskly, "That ought to keep us out here for a year and we can camp out beautifully." As we rode back to town in the dusk she outlined her plans; she insisted that the farm idea was an inspiration, but as I listened to her carefully laid plans, and especially when I found that she had resigned her position, tentatively, a fortnight before, I knew that the inspiration was one of rather long standing. But I was in the mood to accept the sacrifice gratefully and profit as much as possibly by it.

We brought Grandmother's furniture from town, where it has been stored in Uncle Ned's attic, and soon we had things looking like home. Peg, who is business manager, set to work gardening with the advice of a friendly neighbor and I help and enjoy it, too. But my special charge is a flock of fifty motherless chickens, which Peg bought of a poultry dealer in town and turned over to me to bring up. Say, Kit, do you remember the time that Dolly Martin came back for re-union and brought the twins? She flew around distractedly with a harassed frown on her face, in one hand a nursing-bottle and in the other Dr. Somebody's "Care and Feeding of Infants." Well, I'm Dolly these days, only my text-book is the "Practical Poultry-man". I've lost only five and I think they're over the worst now. Do you know, I think I'll establish a sanitarium for neurasthenics some day and give every patient a few lively chickens to look after. If a day of that exercise doesn't bring refreshing slumber, the patient shall be declared hopeless.

But Peggy has just reported a ripe strawberry and I can't talk to you any more just now. Don't worry any m about me. I'm eating and sleeping and working, and I'm happy.

Jean.

Fairhaven, September, 1911.

Dear Kit:

Once more I must say "Forgive me". Many tines I have thought of you, but the weeks have been full of things crying to be done. With this brief apology, I'll plunge at once into my quarterly report.

Item 1. Peggy and I have gone into business. You will remember that I closed my June letter with the announcement that strawberries were ripe; there were not very many for the patch had run out, but my child, you should have seen the currants and cherries and all the rest. When things began to ripen, Peg sized up the situation with her usual lightning rapidity and like the famous Col. Sellers she saw "millions in it". So one day she went up to town and came back joyful, with a lot of Jelly-glasses and jars and a long list of orders from leading citizens. We have made all sorts of delicious things, for she is a born cook and I have occasional moments of inspiration, myself. We work forenoons and rest afternoons and it is not nearly so hard as you might, and possibly do, imagine. And isn't it fine that I can help make money while I'm taking the rest-cure?

Item II. Peggy begs me to state that your solicitude as to our social life hit her funny-spot. She says it is very evident that you have never lived on an attractive farm within easy distance from a thriving town. To tell the truth, we could have a continuous house-party, if we chose, which we don't. We have some ideas along that line, which I will divulge to you as they mature. So far we have been busy cultivating our neighbors. They were a bit shy of us, at first, but many of them knew and loved Grandmother and that helped. And then nobody could long resist Peg's open-hearted advances. re is a little Sunday-school in the

school-house and we choose to help there rather than to pass by it and take the car in to town for church. I shall go as soon as I feel well enough, but Peggy is already established as organist and some of the girls are begging for a choir. Folks are beginning to drop in, in a friendly way, and it is so homey to feel that you really have neighbors.

Supper is ready and I must stop. No, I'm not a bit homesick for school as you thought I'd be. Jean.

Fairhaven, December, 1911.

Dear Katherine:

It is seven o'clock and supper is a thing of the dim dead past. All the children in the neighborhood are out coasting on Hunter's hill, and, if you knew my sister, there would be no need to tell you that she is with them, and I'm afraid that I, myself, cannot resist beyond tonight. After a while they will come in and after the cooky jar is quite emptied they will practise Christmas carols for the Sunday-school entertainment. I am alone with a cheerful baseburner and my thoughts. Lonely? No, not tonight. It would be folly, I think, to say that I have not been lonely at times since coming out here; but oh, my dear, the lonliness of the country is as nothing compared with the loneliness of the crowd. Last winter, when I was sick and among strangers, I used often to say to myself,

"I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me."

Of course, I was morbid, but after all among all my acquaintances there was no one to whom I mattered very much.

But to go back to tonight; I have been busy this evening working up a debate on Woman Suffrage for the Civics Discussion Club, which meets at the school-house on Friday nights. I was a bit fussed when they put me on the team, but acting on Peggy's principle of being neighborly, I accepted; and, being the only woman represented, I'm determined to do myself, my sex and my subject justice. We got an arm-load of books at the City Library last week and I have been digging into them with Peggy's help.

I almost forgot one important item, namely, my precious chickens have begun to lay. Don't you envy us our fresh eggs for breakfast? And I am working up a small private trade in town. I ship the eggs by parcel post the day they are laid and, of course, get the top-notch prices.

But here come the coasters and there will be no more letter-writing tonight,

With much love Jean.

Fairhaven, April, 1912.

We are going to stay for good, Kit, and my pen is almost too excited to write the news. We were talking over our plans last night and we found that neither of us could bear to go back. Peggy was born for this sort of thing; as for me, I am afriad to go back to the school-room, and, beside, I don't want to. I have been so happy here and am so well and strong. And most of all, Katherine, it's the home life that appeals to me. I am sick of hall-bedrooms and boarding-house meals and I want a home of my own with Peggy.

From a business stand-point we've made a success of this first year. We have made all expenses and our original fund would have remained intact, if we hadn't decided that we need a horse and wagon. Our hearts cried out for a phaeton, but common sense dictated a road-wagon; so when you come to see us you may go with me to deliver our orders. And unless you've changed greatly from the Kit I used to know, you'll revel in the experience.

We are going to enlarge the chicken business. B— has its first tea-room just started and we are to supply the eggs and various other things. Peg has a lot of new customers added to last year's list, so we will be busy and prosperous. We know a teacher in town who needs a home for the summer about as much as I did last year and she is coming to stay with us and help for her

board. So you see, nobody expects to work *all* the time.

We have lots of plans on foot — house-parties from town, week-ends for girls who need the change, and lots of good times for everybody. We are working hard for a County Young Women's Christian Association and Peg says that, if we can't get it, we'll make one of our own.

We are looking forward with much eagerness to June, when you are to come and be introduced to our farm. Perhaps you, too, will want to stay, when you see how altogether lovely it is.

Till then, Goodby, Jean.

The Marriage of Emily

By Helen Forrest

MY niece, Emily, was married to the Burton boy at eight o'clock this evening. There was nothing unusual about the wedding, only a lack of the solemnity which seems to me to belong to such an occasion. I feel that more dignity and less ostentation was due my mother's wedding veil which Emily wore draped cap-fashion over her blonde hair. I could have wished the Burton boy a shade less tall or Emily a trifle taller, that the difference in their height might not have been so obvious. I felt that their vows might well have been exchanged in a church and not in that great reception hall, but there is a charm in youthful romance and the lovers are so happy that we must rejoice with them.

Oh, the wedding was a credit to my capable sister, the bride's mother; it is my own position in the matter which makes me wakeful. In fact, it is one o'clock, and I have been for two hours in this comfortable room and I have just realized that I am still in my gala gown — I haven't even taken off my gloves.

Emily is my namesake, I brought up her mother, my youngest sister; the child is very dear to me, and it has been my desire to transmit to her some of our ancestral ideals, our literary and artistic ambitions, to engraft a touch from leisurely Farmington to this charming product of a rushing New York suburb. Thus it is that I view with a degree of disappointment her marriage with the Burton boy, whose family country place adjoins my home. I cannot share the unbounded satisfaction so plainly evidenced by the family connection. What ideals remain for little Emily, so merrily wedded to this cheerful son of money-makers, himself a surprisingly successful business man.

And here is my amazing position. I, Emily Whittington, am smilingly congratulated, jestingly greeted as a successful match-maker.

Cousin Mary Pells, always to me a most uncongenial addition to our family circle, actually told me she wished I would take her daughter abroad and find her a Billy Burton. My good brother-in-law, whose money overflows generously even in my unwilling direction, said, "Emily, I can't get over the killing fact that it is you and not Emily's mother, you, Emily, the dreamer, and not Mary, the schemer, who did this thing, so good a thing that I won't blame you for losing me my little girl."

Even the Burton boy, when with heart and eyes full I was led up to congratulate the two over whom the solemn words had just been said, lifted me off my feet, me, Emily Whittington, kissed me heartily and said, "Dear little Aunt Emily, you did this for us and we shall bless you all our days."

Actually my brain whirls and I have been trying to view the facts how and where did it come about, and what was my part in the marrying of Emily!

I must stop, just here and forever, the habit of referring to Emily's husband as the Burton boy. She requests me to call him Billy, but I shall compromise on William; really he is twenty-five, and I should forget the years in which he ran through my flower beds and raided my fruit trees. He really is and has been a good boy; his spirits have always been high.

Emily's parents had given me freely the joy of her presence; it was first coming to Grandpa's house, then too soon it was to Aunt Emily's house — for I was left alone. The Burton boy played condescendingly with her; he is six years her senior, and what boy of fourteen cares for a girl of eight! I remember that they broke several windows while playing ball; he was teaching her to throw over hand, and she invariably failed to catch the ball when it was thrown to her.

He was an only and a lonely boy, was Billy boy, how he disliked this name, which clung to him even when his little boy days were over, and so charming a child was Emily that he forgave her years.

It was absurd of the Burtons to have their son educated abroad; how seldom their big place was opened while Eton and Oxford were failing to make him an Englishman. I do not know a more thorough American than my recently acquired nephew.

But, once more, to attempt an analysis of my position as matchmaker, a term so suddenly and so gratefully applied to me.

When I asked Emily to visit me in June, shortly after her graduation from a superficial finishing school, it was my hope to stimulate her interest in the world of Art, which she and I were to enter in the autumn when we should go abroad together. I had no idea that the Burton boy, by which I mean William, was to be at home.

Emily and I were in the rose garden after dinner; I remember I was speaking of Nurnberg and Albrecht Durer, when the Burton boy stepped over the hedge, greeted me, then, before I could introduce her, turned to my niece and exclaimed "Why, you are Emily!" They hadn't met for four years, but she answered readily, "And you are Billy!"

As I look back on that fortnight I realize the significance of Williams sudden interest in Art. I frankly admit that, at that time, I believed his aesthetic nature, hitherto dormant, was experiencing a renaissance.

He joined us daily while I discoursed on my pet subject and, quite in the fashion of years before, Billy and Emily became fast friends, playing tennis "after lessons" and motoring over the country roads.

I recall, also, the fact that William's presence at luncheon became so accepted a fact that I habitually ordered what amounted to an early dinner instead of the light luncheon I prefer.

I imagine his presence at the sailing of our boat was due to the fact that he called upon me in Farmington sometime after Emily's departure and asked me when and by what boat we were to sail. The fact that my neighbor was on the pier to wish us bon voyage did not seem to me significiant, his fruit and flowers were like those sent by our other friends. I remember, now, that he asked me where we should spend our first month, but I gave an outline of our itinerary to many friends that day, to Billy Burton and to others. Cousin Mary Pells' suggestion that I had invited him to follow us is, of course, unworthy of consideration. As I remember that morning in Dresden, a week after our arrival, I find that I have relaxed in my chair, with the psychological feeling of rest which comes as a reward when one has arrived at the solution of a mental problem. The memory stands firm, in

bright tinting like a Dresden post card. How well I have come to know William; one of his phrases rises predominant in my mind, "just here I hit the trail."

Emily and I had walked, in the bright blue weather of October, from the friendly Pension where I had so often stayed, through the cheerful cosmopolitan throng that filled the Reichstrasse, down to the The Zwingler, Dresden's mighty gallery. Emily walked briskly beside me, her golf-trained muscels give her a springiness of motion and seeming tirelessness; her yellow hair crinkled under the edge of her Paris hat; her fair face seemed to glow with the joy of living.

I stopped at the entrance, the place worn by the feet of pilgrims to this shrine of Art seems to me holy ground. Emily's words broke in upon my mood. "To think, that horrid August the Strong, built this place just to have an arena for wild animals to fight. It's lucky for Dresden that he was diverted to collecting pictures."

We turned from the brilliant garden and the gray old palace of the Saxon kings, and climed the stone stairs of the gallery. Before us were two German women conversing in gutteral accents, behind us, I heard the crisp monologue of a French voice; I brushed the shoulder of a Japanese; truly many and varied were the worshipers at this shrine.

It was familiar ground; I went to my altar, the red hung room where the Sistine Madonna reigns alone, in calm majesty; the glory of motherhood shines in her face, beyond the child in her arms, and blesses her worshipers.

Emily stood beside me, but I had forgotten her until she whispered, "Well, I'm glad I've seen her again, she's one of the people you don't get tired of." My niece left me and turned into the adjoining room. I saw her sit down on one of the little couches, blessed of tired tourists, she opened the Museum catalogue, took out her gold pencil and began, after her own fashion, to study Art. Her charming head, bent over the book and absorbed in its contents, proved an interesting study to many who had come to gaze at pictures of another sort. I watched Emily, too, her study of Art was in deference to my wishes, the manner of procedure was an inheritance from her father, the business man. Emily's method was simple, I had observed it. First ascertain what room she was in, Room, A, B, C, or what ever it might be, then find by the catalogue the list of pictures hanging in this room. First, examine any picture which Baedeker had marked with a star (his book invariably accompanied her), then locate by number any picture that especially appealed to her, study it a little and put a line under it. On reaching home it was her little way to go over the marks made on her latest visit and recall silently, or to me, each picture as she remembered it. I sighed for my lost ideals. Emily was not to dream with me, but her system worked well, she was assimilating and learning in practical fashion as became her father's daughter.

As I watched my niece, a shadow fell between her and the sunlight; a man was speaking with her, and I hurried to her side, all the chaperone. As I remember it, I was not greatly surprised to see the Burton boy, and I noted in a sort of sub-consciousness that Emily seemed to find it the most natural thing possible, his sudden presence in Dresden.

Cousin Mary Pells would doubtless have been cleverer, but William's appearance seemed to me a proof that his interest in Art was sincere, that I had given him something the Burton millions could never have bought, the love of Art for Art's sake. He grasped my hand with a cordiality which made it ache, "Behold Sherlock Holmes," he whispered, "I struck Dresden only an hour ago; since then I've located my hotel, been to your Pension, found you

were out and promptly came to you here. What's more, we went directly to the Sistine Madonna, being sure you would be in her immediate locality."

Emily had closed her catalogue, the air of the place seemed charged, vitalized.

"Let's get out of this," said the Burton boy, and we went with him, Emily close behind him, I following more slowly. They waited for me in the open, I felt a curious thrill, even the familiar fountains, rising ghostlike in sudden jets banked in their flower beds, appeared to take on a new aspect, I was strangely puzzled.

"Billy boy," I had unconsciously reverted to his boyish name and he laughed, "I don't understand, how do you happen to be in Dresden, how did you know our Pension, how are Dresden and this gallery so familiar to you?"

"Let us take it one at a time, Miss Whittington;" again I felt the atmosphere, he was now the Billy Boy of old days, trying to make it all right after some boyish mischief. Emily my niece was strangely silent, her eyes on her catalogue.

"I came to Dresden because you people are here; I knew your Pension, well, Emily happened to let me know; as for Dresden," he laughed quite naturally, "I spent some three weeks here that year I travelled with Symington; I had my fifteenth birthday while we were here. You remember Symington?"

Remember his tutor, indeed, I did, my sympathy for that much tried man had stamped him on my memory.

"I know Dresden all right," he went on suddenly hopeful, "and if you don't mind a little exercise there's something I want to show you. It's just here in the Court yard, through that arched gate, The Grune Gewolbe, the green vaults you know, the Saxon king's treasure house."

We stopped at the deep walled entrance of a vast old building, a guide was furnished us, a clever military sort of person, an excellent linguist and with a huge golden key. He was ready with voluble explanations in German or in French, his English was more uncertain, but he speedily realized that he was merely our escort, our guide was Billy Burton, who hurried us past garnet-studded clocks, wonderful peacocks with countless jewels in their tails, the marvelous treasures of the Saxon kings. Some day I shall return to enjoy at my leisure that priceless collection, again the work of August the Strong.

William was searching for something which he saw on his last trip and which he had remembered for ten years. And now he had found it, not even an original, merely a copy of the Brautbecker of Nurnberg, a silver drinking cup, the quaint figure of a woman, short of waist and full of skirt, her little arms holding above her head a tiny cup which swung on pivots, her bell-shaped skirt forming the second and larger cup. And now, suddenly, I knew, oh! how blind I had been. The room swam before me.

The guide knew, a knowledge of English was not necessary to comprehend the look in the eyes of the Burton boy as he lifted the frail cup in his hands and went on a trifle rapidly, — "Emily, this is the bride-cup; they used to drink out of it after the ceremony; they must drink out of it at the same time to insure a happy life. The little cup for the girl, the larger one for the man.

It was sightseeing of the most ordinary sort; his words might have been taken from a guide book, but I knew, and the man with the gold key knew, that the moment was tense. Emily felt it, too, her face was white, and the Burton boy went on as though he must, — "Emily, do you think we could drink out of the same cup, you and I? Will you?"

I couldn't have gone, though I turned my eyes from the glory in Emily's face. The guide turned away, too, but I heard her voice — "Billy, I'd like to try."

Breakfast at Eight

By Quincy Germaine

WE are six, altogether, — four sisters and two cousins, — Greta, Nell, Polly, Jul, Pat, and Sue. I am Greta, the oldest of the sisters; Jul and Sue are the cousins. In age we range from twenty-six to nineteen, in height from five feet seven to five feet two, in inverse relation to our ages, for I am the shortest, whereas Pat and Sue overtop me by a head. We all have light brown hair, eyes of varying shades of grey-blue, and the reputation of being the livliest family for miles around. By a lucky freak of fate our name is Holiday. Our father, who is uncle to Jul and Sue, is the country doctor, so everybody knows "the Holiday girls".

We live in an out-of-the-way hamlet in the midst of lovely country, where nothing but the seasons ever changes, and nothing happens unless we make it. Even the trains pass through without stopping except early in the morning, — not counting one that we can flag in the evening, — so that anything or anybody coming to us generally appears with the sun. This was the circumstance that caused mother to make her famous decision. She would specialize in breakfasts.

"Everybody gives luncheons," she said. "Dinners are not possible with your father's irregular hours. As there are not many households where six girls can laugh and look pretty at eight in the morning or earlier, breakfast it shall be."

And breakfast it was from that time, which was the day of our first invasion, following the return of Nell and Polly from a fraternity Prom and houseparty.

I had seconded the decision enthusiastically, when mother consulted me, for if she plans a thing, she knows how to carry it to a triumphant climax. Mother was city-bred and had been a great belle before her marriage. Father always said she knew more about human failings than he with his enormous practice. But after four years of perfectly marvelous breakfasts we began to realize that we had underestimated her ability. Alladin and his lamp, Franklin and the lightening, Mr. Marconi and his Hertzian waves weren't in it with mother and her breakfasts.

When the train whistled at the Junction, she would descend the stairs in her fresh white pique, glance at the table on her way to the kitchen and remedy any oversight of the one who had set it half an hour before. Then she would appear in the door, smile at the daughter or niece who was serving her turn that morning, and — well, somehow, by the time the expected guest was on the porch, being greeted by the one he had come to see, the coffee was steaming, the toast and muffins brown, waffles ready for the iron, eggs, tomatoes, chops, or bacon on the platter, and mother was in her place at the head of the table, just as cool and fresh as when she had come down the stairs. When our guest had scraped everything but the pattern from his plate, — our guests were always men, for the girls who came stayed so long we called them part of the family, — she would suggest a walk in the garden or a visit to the bees. I believe, if she had asked him to wash the windows, he would have obeyed with equal alacrity.

No one could eat one of mother's breakfasts and remain on solid ground. He was simply transported As proof of it, I know for a fact that fifteen men have proposed in the garden after one of those feasts, — not all together, of

course, or at the same time, but scattered along at respectable intervals in the four years and among the six girls. 'Fifteen men" sounds like two apiece and three over. In reality, it was three apiece, with me left over. My first and only proposal came and was accepted before the other girls had received any of theirs. The man, in my case, was way out West in a mine, and I had been waiting six years in hope of his being sent to a place where I could go,too. The night Henry Fiske telephoned Jul that he would be with us for breakfast in the morning, I was feeling pretty blue. No letter from the West had reached me for nearly two weeks, so I welcomed some excitement to keep me from worrying.

It was my turn to help in the kitchen that week, therefore, I was the first one up next day. As I unlocked the front door and stepped out into the warm July sunshine, I almost fell over a man sitting on the edge of the porch.

"Good morning," he said, rising to about six feet of blondness, "is Miss Holiday at home?"

He wasn't Henry — of that I was sure. I had seen Henry plenty of times. This person was a perfect stranger.

"Which Miss Holiday?" I asked, after some seconds of frantic thought. The question was so habitual that I didn't realize I had spoken till I heard the familiar words.

He looked scared.

"Miss — er — Ellen? — er, Eleanor — She was called Nell," he stammered. "We visited the Bradleys in the same party. My name is Parker. I was passing through here on a business trip, and meant to wait at the hotel till a decent hour — "

"And found there was no hotel," I interrupted, sorry for his embarrassment. "Won't you come in? I'll call her. All our friends come at this hour. The morning trains each way are the only ones we have."

I left him in the parlor, somewhat comforted, and flew for Nell. Polly, who was up by that time, promised to help me. We were already putting another plate on the table when Nell descended the stairs, her bangles clanking, as usual, with every move she made.

"We might have expected this," Polly remarked, as Mr. Parker's voice reached us from the parlor, "a holiday in the middle of the week always means an extra."

"Holiday of Holidays," I answered, quoting father's favorite remark. Just then the bell rang. "There's Henry now. Let him in, will you?" I added.

Polly dashed out but was back in a second, wide-eyed.

"He wants Pat," she exclaimed. "I put him on the side porch. He's that Mr. Beech who was here Washington's Birthday."

"They both must have come on the first train," I reflected. "Tell Pat, and call Sue to help us. There's the down train whistling now. See if mother is ready."

Mother came in as Polly went out. We put on our pink aprons while Pat's heels were clattering down the stairs, and we heard her laughter greeting Mr. Beech on the side porch. Then Polly rejoined us, with Sue.

"Isn't this thrilling!" crowed the later. "I'll take off some honey if you say so. The hives are full."

"Yes," agreed mother, "and Polly must get some more sweet-peas. That big table needs plenty of flowers."

"Keep an eye out for Henry," said I, as they went out the door, Sue obscured in her bee-veil. "Jul isn't down yet."

Jul was down the next minute. She always dawdled on the top stairs and came over the rest with a run. This morning the run extended to the kitchen, where she arrived, breathless.

"Guess what Henry's bringing," she announced. "I saw them from my window. The Coolidge twins!"

"Where are they now?" demanded mother.

"Coming across the fields slowly. They'll be here in five minutes." She went back toward the front of the house, pausing at the door to ask, "Breakfast at eight, as usual?"

"Breakfast at eight, though the sky falls," answered mother, a trifle grimly for her.

"Such a thing wouldn't be surprising," I returned, putting the waffle-iron on the stove. "It's lucky we're used to emergencies!"

"This isn't an emergency," she corrected, bending to look at the muffins, "it's melodrama. All that is lacking is an irate father and a villian to carry off the heroine."

"If your villian is coming to breakfast, he'll have to walk or fly. There's no train this side of the Junction till night."

"Unless your father finds him, helpless, by the roadside," she reminded, referring to an incident that had become a byword.

"Cheer up, mother! You might forgive him after all this time. It proved to be only a sunstroke, you remember."

"A young man delirious in the house with six girls is something I cannot forgive."

"But after that experience," I responded, "even a kidnapping villian would be tame. However, I'm the only heroine at leisure and I'm likely to stay right here for a little while."

She shook her head at the way I said that. I was feeling pretty lonesome with all those men for breakfast and the other girls so excited. It isn't much fun to hang over a waffle-iron for other people's beaux, after going without a letter for ten days. Before I could follow up my grievance, Sue dashed in with the honey and flowers, snatched off her bee-veil and exclaimed,

"Henry Fiske and the Coolidge twins! Uncle's coming down the road. Breakfast right away?"

"Breakfast at eight," answered mother glancing at the clock. It pointed to twelve minutes of the hour.

"Give father five minutes, " I suggested, "he deserves it. He's been to that menengitis case over at the Junction."

She went to the window as father drove into the yard and went by to the barn. When she turned round she looked, — for the first time in my life, anyhow, — absolutely stern.

"Not five minutes, nor even one," she said firmly. "Breakfast will be at eight and he must be ready. Your father has brought somebody with him."

"Enter the villian," I retorted as I laid still another place on the elongated table. "I guess you're right, mother. This is the finish of the heroine. Six! Whew!"

Sidewise, through the window, I could see Pat and Mr. Beech on the porch. Beyond them, out by the grape-arbor, Jul, Sue, and Polly were standing with Henry and the twins. The girls all had on white dresses, and the whole crowd had been decorating one another with roses. Presently they began a battle with the flowers and their shrieks of glee brought Nell and Mr. Parker out of the house.

"Greta," said mother.

I roused with a guilty start.

"Go, call you father." She pointed to the clock. Everything was ready except the waffles, and she poured the first of those on the hot iron as she spoke. "Hurry. I'll be taking things in."

I hurried. Anything to get away from that bridal-looking bunch on the lawn. Without even taking off my apron, I ran, down the path, out by the apiary and chicken-houses, toward the barn where the automobile was still chug-chugging. Father met me at the door. He was smiling, and the twinkle in his eye was not what I had expected to see, after his being out all night.

"Breakfast at eight," I said briefly.

"Room for one more?" he inquired, jerking his head toward the gloom of the barn. "I picked him up over at the Junction."

Then a man came forward into the light.

"A villian, to carry off the heroine." Mother's words flashed through my mind. Flashed, — that was all. Every other thought was swept away when I saw his face. I just stared and stared.

The man coming to me out of the shadows of the barn was the one who had been out West six long years, who had kept me waiting for a letter ten interminable days. He found me in the barnyard, in a pink apron, and with my face all hot from getting breakfast for other girls' beaux!

When my powers of speech and action returned, I stammered out one word, "Waffles!" Grabbing his hand for fear he might vanish again as suddenly as he had come, I started on a dead run for the back door.

The bridal party was still where they had been before, but broken into couples now and scattering through different paths of the garden. At the door, when we reached it, was mother, calm as usual, but with an odd and subtle smile.

"Waffles," I mumbled, conscience-stricken, but not half as sorry as I should have been.

She hesitated only an instant, while her smile (which was always serenely sweet) grew broader.

"The waffles are done and eaten," she said. "Breakfast was at eight. It is now quarter past nine."

The Garden of Eden

By Mrs. Charles Norman

THE Garden of Eden, of which I would tell you, does not lie in the valley of Euphrates, but a few miles back from the Ohio in an ordinary piece of ground at the rear of a dwelling. It contains no marks of beauty, is surrounded by no picturesque wall or bowers of verdure. It is a plot of earth, nothing more: and yet it is distinctly remembered that early last summer, when the owner of the ground disappeared and was sought — he rose in the midst of the garden in a manner suggesting a resurrection, and called out solemnly: "This is Paradise".

All that Paradise contained, at that time, was a few lines of something green— three different shades, pea green, lettuce green and onion green; very youthful products, fresh and clean! Yet Eden actually existed for that man; for the air was sweet, the birds were singing, the soil was mellow,the weeds had not begun their growth, and the man had a hoe and was helping Nature perform her miracles. It was plain to see how the magic worked.

I wish I could go on and tell you more of this tale without hearing the sneers of those earth-born mortals who scorn Mother Earth. But I hear them and I see the smile of the cynic and some highly "practical" individuals who demand to know how the man's garden *turned out*. I will be very bold to answer that question, that in my opinion it turned out when the worker began to feel good. It seems to me a highly sensible thing to cherish every moment of bliss and to open every avenue to true happiness.

But if anyone desires me to admit that this man's Eden was only partially satisfying and not all a garden might be — I willingly concede it. This, however, is only the negative side, and everyone knows that expert gardeners have spent years at their job.

Nevertheless, the garden had turned out before any products were carried into the kitchen or the potatoes were dry. The Garden of Eden was not a market garden, and this article is not intended as a farmer's guide. There are many rational people bravely doing

their tasks in cities and getting along the best they can with narrow quarters and missing the restorative contact with nature. It is they, to whom I would send hope. There are many persons in smaller cities who are not utilizing the soil to which they have access, are not adding anything to the productivity or beauty of the earth or learning any of the wholesome truths it teaches.

I read in the newspaper of a *compressed apartment* house — something new and terrible, which the urgency of the times has made possible and the genius of the city has evolved from its seething brain. It is something which will squeeze people a little more — a rent-reducing, space-saving contrivance, a sort of patent by which one small room is, by push-button process, convertible into a dining room, a parlor, or a bed-room. This room, boudoir, presence-chamber and refectory, all in one, is, with the addition of a chafing dish, all that is needed for a small family. Oh, you who have a sense of humor, imagine a large family in a *case* like that! But large families are not conceivable, at present.

When I read of the compressed apartment, I got up and paced the floor, until, by the law of the suggestion of opposites, there came to my mind the line from Genesis:

"And they heard the voice of the Lord God, walking in the garden in the cool of the day."

But *he*, the man in the compressed apartment, did not walk in the garden! I knew that. Neither did his wife — for the worst feature about compressed apartments is that its occupants are not only compressed indoors, but out. If this man and woman walked anywhere, it was to the corner to catch a car — and more likely they *ran*.

Do you wonder I wish to speak of gardens, when I think of the huddling in tenements, the huddling in flats, the great rows of buildings set squarely against the street, and the vast and ever-increasing multitude who can never hear the voice of the Lord God as he walks in the garden in the cool of the day?

But gardening is said to be the fashion now, and there is some evidence of this in the splendid array of new books on that subject. Even the seed catalogues are assuming such fine appearance that, after their spring arrival, they haunt our dreams. Our first one came, this year, on January 20, and helped to mitigate the discomfort of snow and ice. "If winter come, can spring be far behind?" we asked; and we proceeded to make out our lists and spend evening after evening planning that wonderful garden of dreams which — it must be admitted — bears little resemblance to any we have actually had.

As a matter of fact, a wild-flower garden has been my mania — but our place is wholly unsuited, being sunny and dry. On this point and others I have been determined to the point of stubbornness — idiocy maybe. I was bound to raise asters and labored with them for three years, with the idea that it was ignomy to fail; but in spite of my careful mixtures of "sand and lime and well-rotted stable manure", they were nothing. On the other hand, tulips have been the glory of our hill; dahlias have been a surprise and a delight, and zinnias, with no care save that they were thinned, made a strong hedge as high as my head. Tell me that I will discard zinnias for something less coarse, when my taste improves? I will not forsake my best friend — a flower that has given us a great mass of fine color through June, July, August and September. This year my heart is set (and my hand also) on tall stalks of blue larkspur. But I have decided not to be too foolish, but to take the advice of an old gardener who said: "Have what you want in your garden, if you can. If not, have what you can."

Even a dull person will eventually learn some things. It was my idea that vegetables and flowers should grow side by side, and they can do it — but there are difficulties. You know the old jingle about a garden well-tilled, a wife well-willed and a table well filled? It has more truth than poetry. It passes belief how much help a small garden may be, and how superior the vegetables — if they are fresh. Does it not sound well, too, to hear of a wife going to the garden in the evening and picking strawberries or red raspberries for breakfast?

But, if possible, let us have a space somewhere for flowers. "The beautiful is as useful as the useful"

"Rose plot,
Fringed pool
Fern'd grot,
The veriest school
Of Peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not.
Not God! In gardens when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

You will indulge me in this much poetry, observing that, for the most part, I have dealt only with every-day things. I have not urged pergolas and marble statues and fountains and devices, such as the Italians use with pleasure to themselves and delight to others. The Italian knows his need of fresh fruits and vegetables, and he knows his need of beauty and provides for it with remarkable cleverness. The most unfortunate environment is made homelike. A ditch, which in our country would have no utility, save to receive tin cans and old shoes, easily becomes, by bridges and arches and vines, a retreat to the Italian family. Little walled-up spaces at the rear of the house, no landscape to them, just dear, individual, private plots of ground — these even the poorest enjoy.

I took a rail-way journey last summer across three states and I saw only two places, in all the towns, where it seemed one could sit down out-doors comfortably, and in private, and enjoy a cup of tea. I am aware that railroads do not traverse the best streets and that locomotives are not accessories to beauty and comfort; but when all extenuating conditions are known, it may still be truly asserted that there is no excuse for such panoramas of ugliness as our towns present.

Conditions must decide the matter of walls and fences. They may be unnecessary, an impertinence and disfigurement. In cities, however,— even small cities — it sometimes happens that one cannot step out the front door without being on dress parade; and if the back yard is just an extension of other back yards and has no barriers or screens, there is no relief from constant publicity. This, I contend, is harmful to body and mind and soul.

City houses are ingenious in their conveniences. They are so convenient that life in them is just about reduced to nothing — all the stalwart human faculties contracted — as the stomach would be, if all its food were predigested. There will always be people who will do without necessities, if they can have luxuries, but there are others who will broaden their lives, if they can see the way to do it. Some of them forego conveniences, rent a little house way off at the end of the car-line and then move — where they can breathe and hoe cabbages. And Madame does not need the foulard silk, which her indulgent and admiring husband sees in the store windows and offers to bring out to her; but she tells the good man as sweetly as she can, that he may send her, instead, two big wagon loads of good dirt which shall cover the clay the builders left around the house. Then she is ready to begin. Success to you, my dear woman, and to your husband, who joyfully helps in the digging.

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LITTLE THINGS

ONLY a forest streamlet,
Flowing where none may see,
Yet the wood-thrush bathes in its sparkling waves
And tunes his sweet minstrelsy.

Only a little wind flower,
Yet a wayfarer distressed,
Is soothed by the sight of its lovliness
And places it on his breast.

Only a dainty footstep,
A rustle of silk in the hall,
A kindly deed — a face to hold
In memory, and that is all. —

L. W. E

THE NEW TITLE

THE facsimile of our new and enlarged title, AMERICAN COOKERY, formerly The Boston Cooking-School Magazine, which was promised for this page, fails to be completed in time for press. In connection with this change, however, the main thing to hold in consideration is, that our aim is growth and expansion. As a clean, special, high-class publication we claim recognition. Our subscribers, in large numbers, renew their subscriptions year after year; often former subscribers return to this special, culinary periodical, to secure the simple, unalloyed class of work we do. Forward, upward, to render better, higher service is the single motive that actuates the entire management of this publication.

MODERN HOUSEKEEPING

OUR day is that of short-cuts, labor-saving devices and greater efficiency in all forms of labor. In steam and electricity man has come into possession of forces of wellnigh unlimited possibilities. Without these forces many a modern undertaking, such as the construction of a subway, a tunnel, a canal or a steamship, had been impossible and futile. In recent years the forces of nature, formerly known, have been multiplied myriads of times and the benefits to mankind that accrue therefrom surpass even the expectation of dreams.

The processes of simplification, elimination and labor-saving have not been excluded from the household. In this line much has been done, though much more remains still to be done. Many seem to think the time has come to eliminate most of the work of housekeeping, to have a system working so well that half an hour a day is all the time needed to keep a household running smoothly, in order to gain time for other and more im-

portant matters. The argument is unanswerable, but the thing itself, i. e. the reduction of household labor to periods of minutes, simply can not be done. Simplify at will, use all modern appliances and accessories, and we still must face the fact, that to keep a house in hygienic condition and prepare three meals a day requires a good deal of time and labor on the part of somebody.

After all, do we wish to get rid of work or to make our tasks a means of pleasure and happiness? Besides, as some one has said, are there to be no duties left in life to perform? The most nervous and tired-looking women of the day, we suspect, are those who are active members of several clubs and, at the same time, are trying to simplify the ways of housekeeping.

To supervise a household is one thing, to do the everyday work therein is quite another thing. In order to become efficient housekeepers, what we need is not so much the avoidance of house work as a growing interest and pleasure in a better and more satisfactory performance of our daily duties. In hard work, cheerfully done, is the healthiest way of living.

THE BALANCED MEAL

WE hear much about balanced meals. People are making repeated inquiries about the matter, showing how few are they who are acquainted with the meaning of the term. The subject is rather large, complicated and not easily made clear. It involves some knowledge of the composition of foodstuffs and their respective food values. It also involves knowledge of physiology, especially as to the functions of digestion and assimilation of nutrients in the human system. Even such terms as calories, enzymes and metabolism can not be overlooked.

Chemistry is a very interesting and important branch of science, yet comparatively few people have the time or the inclination to live closely up to the requirements of chemical formulas. The most of us must be content with the general results derived from the analyses and researches of the chemist and scientist.

That so little has been known, or so little notice taken, of the balanced meal in the past is proof, perhaps, that the matter is not so serious, after all, as some would have us think; yet knowledge of every kind is never to be despised, and the laws of nature, which is truth, should ever be observed. The centenarian Cornaro, whose fame is world-wide, used to weigh his food and ate just so many ounces a day. He asserts that an excess of even two ounces a day would cause him suffering and illness. He learned by self-observation and experience what kinds of food and how much of each were best suited and most agreeable to his needs. His diet came to consist principally of bread, milk, eggs, some varieties of fish, fruit and vegetables, with a small portion of chicken or lamb, occasionally. By the strict observance of temperance in both eating and drinking he lived in the enjoyment of excellent health, both physical and mental, one hundred and three years.

In this matter of diet, the case of each individual differs from that of every other. Each must, in a sense, be a law unto himself. Natural constitution, occupation, age, time spent daily in work or exercise out of doors, etc., etc., all must be considered in determining a fitting and proper dietary. In the selection and combination of foods, intelligence as well as old-time commonsense is called for. At any rate, from the experience and observation of ages the consensus of opinion is that temperance promotes health and well being. While, on the other hand, excess in any form tends to undermine and destroy the strongest constitution.

But what is the well-balanced meal? How are we to know it? When one has sufficient knowledge of foodstuffs and food principles, of which there are four classes, as well as the processes of human nutrition, he will know that a balanced ration means, in substance, the selection and combination of the several classes of foods in such proportions as will satisfy the wants of the human system at any age, period or circumstance of life. Is it not, then, plain, that, to determine the well balanced meal, scientific knowledge as well as a careful study of prevailing conditions is required. Exactness here must be left to the chemist, the dietitians in hospitals, sanitariums, and like institutions; the average housekeeper or dispenser of bills of fare must depend on general information as to facts and principles that have been tried and proven true. Much has already been written on this subject. Books on dietetics and the science of nutrition are numerous. These are storehouses of information, from which the reader may gain, here a little and there a little, instruction until her comprehension of the subject will suffice for all practical purposes. Our business as housekeepers is largely in the practical application of the household arts as far as these have been developed and made known.

SEATS AND SITTERS

"ONE of my hardest tasks," said a successful portrait painter, "is to get my women patrons to sit properly. A woman, even one who walks gracefully, tends to crumple up the moment she sits down."

This artist insists that to sit gracefully one must choose a seat where grace is possible. Rocking-chairs he places in the category with dressing gowns and old slippers. They may be comfortable with one's feet on a stool, but forty-nine out of fifty, he says, are too large, too high, or tilt back too far for the ordinary woman to use. In his own apartments there is not a rocking-chair to be seen. The type of chair that he favors is one with a straight back, and a seat that is rather narrow from back to front.

The artist says that a girl who aspires to sit gracefully should choose a chair of such size and shape that she can sit well back in it without causing her heels to leave the floor, and should then hold her chest high, and lean forward very slightly — just enough to throw the weight of the trunk in front of the base of the spine. He mentions Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Siddons, and also the same artist's portrait called "The Sisters," as showing women who knew how to sit gracefully.

A girl from a school in which the teachers are expected to train the pupils to graceful poise adds a few rules for sitting.

"It is easy to sit properly," she says, "at the dinner table, yet there is no place where the difference between the graceful and the awkward woman is more apparent.

"In the dining chair, and in all small, straight chairs, sit as far back in the seat as possible; raise the chest, and lean forward very slightly. When sitting on a couch, or a chair so broad in the seat that sitting far back would raise your heels from the floor, do not allow an anxious hostess to stuff pillows behind you, but sit near the edge of the couch, and keep the chest raised and the body slightly inclined.

"Above all, never sit on the base of the spine. It is not only an awkward position, but one that is injurious to health. When leaning back in a chair, be mindful of the position of the feet. Keep them comparatively near together."— *Youths Companion.*

MATERIALS FOR "1914" EASTER SALAD.

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

Crabflake Cocktail

FOR each service, mix one tablespoonful and a half of tomato catsup, half a teaspoonful of lemon juice, three or four drops of tabasco sauce, a few grains of salt and half a teaspoonful of mushroom catsup; turn into a tiny ramekin (two inches across the top), set the ramekin on a small plate, and beside the ramekin set a choice lettuce leaf filled with bits of crabflake. In sections where fresh crabs are not obtainable, one may often be able to get the crabmeat by the pound, at a hotel. Hotels purchase crabflakes in five pound packages, but fish dealers in small cities are not accustomed to keep such supplies.

Consommé, Irma

Prepare a rich consommé with beef, veal and chicken and clarify in the usual manner. Serve half a dozen chicken quenelles, with three or four green peas in the center of each, in each plate of soup.

Chicken Quenelles for Consommé, Irma

Scrape the pulp from enough raw chicken breast to half-fill a cup; cook soft white bread crumbs in chicken broth or milk, stirring constantly, to a smooth paste, and cool the paste; to the scraped chicken add one-fourth a cup of the bread paste (panada) and the unbeaten white of one egg, and pound with a pestle to a smooth paste; press through a sieve with the pestle, then beat in very thoroughly the white of one egg beaten dry, half a teaspoonful of salt, and half a cup of cream, beaten firm. Dip two teaspoons in boiling water, and in them shape the mixture into quenelles; first fill one spoon, in the center of the mixture set four or five cooked peas, seasoned

with salt, black pepper and butter, then cover with the chicken mixture, shaping it with a second spoon. When all are made, cover with boiling consommé or water and let cook until firm throughout. The liquid should not boil. Select small teaspoons or use after-dinner coffee spoons.

Eggs in Ramekin Cups, with Pastry

Select cups of suitable size. Allow three hard-cooked eggs for each two persons to be served. To cook the eggs, set them in an agate dish over the fire, cover with boiling water (two inches above the eggs), let stand, without boiling but on the range, covered, for ten minutes, then let heat to the boiling point; remove from the fire after boiling one minute. Remove the shells and cut into even slices; for each three eggs, prepare a cup of sauce. For the sauce, use two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper and half a cup, each, of thin cream and chicken or veal broth. Add the sliced eggs to the sauce and turn the mixture into the buttered cups. Set rounds of flaky paste above the mixture to rest on the rim of the ramekin. Reheat in the oven.

Eggs in Flat Low Ramekins, Zingara

Spread rounds of toast with butter and fine-chopped cooked ham; set these in flat ramekins, dispose a poached egg above the toast, pour over about a third a cup of tomato or Madeira sauce and serve at once. For Madeira sauce, use brown stock and tomato purée (half and half) in making the sauce and finish with one or two tablespoonfuls of Madeira wine.

Eggs à la Hussard

To serve four persons, prepare four rounds of fried or toasted bread, six tablespoonfuls of chopped, cooked ham, four tablespoonfuls of chopped, cooked mushrooms, four carefully poached fresh eggs, four slices of broiled tomato, and about half a cup of Hollandaise sauce. If preferred the bread may be spread with butter and then browned in the oven. Mix the ham and mushrooms and spread over the hot bread; set the tomato above the ham mixture, the egg above the tomato and pour the sauce over the eggs.

CRABFLAKE COCKTAIL, SAUCE IN VERY SMALL RAMEKINS.

Tomato Slices for Eggs Hussard

The slices of tomato may be baked or broiled. To bake, set in a buttered dish, season with salt and pepper and let cook until hot throughout. Transfer to the prepared toast with a broad spatula. To broil, brush over with melted butter, then pat in soft, sifted bread crumbs and set to cook in a well-oiled broiler. Turn often while cooking.

Hollandaise Sauce for Eggs Hussard

Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream; beat in one raw yolk of egg, then another yolk of egg and one-fourth

EGGS Á LA HUSSARD.

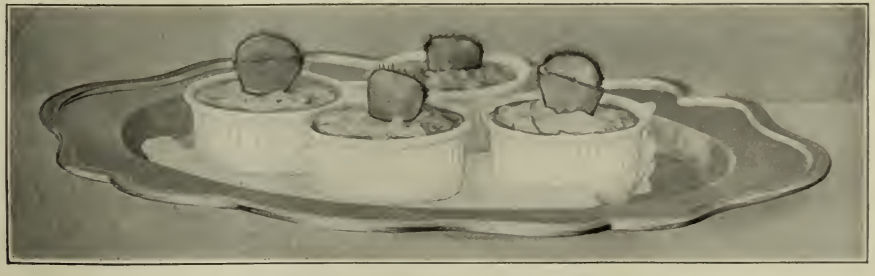
a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika; add one-fourth a cup of boiling water and stir and cook over hot water until thickened slightly; add one tablespoonful of lemon juice.

Lobster, Cardinal, en Ramekins

A lobster weighing one pound and a half will serve six. There will be about a pint (generous measure) of solid flesh, cut in cubes, beside the soft portions to be added to the sauce. Put the body bones — freed of flesh — over the fire with a sprig of parsley, slice of onion, two or three leaves of sweet basil and a few trimmings of fresh fish, if at hand; cover with cold water and let simmer half an hour, then strain off the broth and let reduce without boiling. Have ready a cup of tomato purée — strained, cooked tomato — and let this simmer until reduced nearly one-half. Beat two tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream, then beat in the coral from the lobster — if there be coral — first pressed through a sieve, and the soft greenish parts of the lobster. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook four tablespoonfuls of flour and a scant half teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, then add a cup of the reduced lobster broth, half a cup of tomato purée and stir until boiling; add one-fourth a cup of cream or mushroom liquor, let boil again; then add the prepared butter, and, lastly, fold in the cubes of lobster. Add the lobster with as few motions as possible to avoid injuring the shape of the pieces. Turn the mixture into buttered ramekins, sprinkle with grated cheese and set into the oven to become very hot. Set a fan from the tail in each ramekin, if desired.

Stuffed Chicken Legs

This dish furnishes a particularly choice way of serving chicken legs, when the rest of the chicken is used in other dishes. Remove the legs from the chickens, without cutting the skin at the joint, that is, separate the leg at the joint, but include a short length of skin above the joint. Loosen the skin from the bone at the foot end; then loosen the flesh from the bone at the other end, and by scraping



LOBSTER, CARDINAL, EN RAMEKINS

STUFFED CHICKEN LEGS, WITH CHESTNUTS

with the back of the knife close to the bone, turn the flesh wrong side out and away from the bone down to the foot end, thus boning the joint. After one has been done, the others can be done in two minutes each. With a sharp knife scrape the flesh from the tendons, one after another; wipe the flesh and turn the flesh inside. For eight or ten legs have ready one pound of choice sausage meat and about half the quantity of D'Uxelles preparation. Mix the sausage and D'Uxelles and use to stuff the legs, giving them the shape of small hams; turn the skin over the top and sew it in place, also take a stitch at the lower end. Set these in a saucepan or a casserole, add half an onion, sliced, a few slices of carrot and broth to cover; let cook in the oven until tender, then remove; set an aigrette in the small end and dispose around a pyramid of cold cereal, brushed with beaten white of egg and sprinkled with fine-chopped parsley. Surround with French chestnuts, shelled, blanched and simmered tender in veal broth. When done reduce the broth to a glaze; return the chestnuts to the glaze with salt, pepper and butter, and shake them over the fire until well coated with the glaze. Serve the broth in which the legs were cooked in a brown sauce. If preferred the legs may be cooled a little, then egged-and-crumbed and fried in deep fat. Macaroni or asparagus or string beans may replace the chestnuts.

Chaudfroid of Chicken Legs

Prepare and cook the chicken legs as in the preceding recipe, then let cool under a weight. For six or eight legs, prepare a cup and a half of cream sauce; to this add one-fourth a package of gelatine softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water or consommé; take out about one-fourth of the sauce; to this add Worcestershire sauce, mushroom catsup and kitchen bouquet to tint it dark brown. Remove the skin from the legs, which should be thoroughly chilled; when the sauce begins to thicken, pour the white sauce over the round part of the legs, leaving about one-third of the small end of each uncovered; over this end pour the dark sauce to simulate the skin left on the upper part

CHAUDFROID OF STUFFED CHICKEN LEGS.

of a boiled ham. Serve these with stringless beans or asparagus tips seasoned with French dressing.

D'Uxelles Preparation

Chop, fine, one-fourth a pound of mushrooms, half an onion and two ounces of lean ham; cook in three tablespoonfuls of clarified butter until the moisture is evaporated; add half a cup of Sauterne and let reduce, then add one-fourth a cup of thick (reduced) tomato purée, half a cup of thick brown sauce, a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley, with salt and pepper as needed.

CANNED ARTICHOKE BOTTOMS, BARIGOULE, FILLET OF BEEF FROM RUMP.

Fillet of Beef and Artichoke Bottoms, Barigoule

Artichokes, Barigoule, may be served in connection with a dish of meat, as is given at this time, or, separately, as an entrée. The fillet of beef may be larded and roasted and the artichokes served around it, or, the fillet may be cut in slices; the slices, trimmed into neat rounds or ovals, may be sautéd in butter or broiled and the artichokes be served upon them. The artichokes may be fresh or, as in this case, may be the canned artichoke bottoms. The bottoms are sold for fifty cents per can; there are from six to eight bottoms in a can. Drain the bottoms, dry on a cloth and sprinkle inside with salt and pepper. Prepare the D'Uxelles preparation as given for stuffed chicken legs. Stir into it about three tablespoonfuls of soft, sifted bread crumbs mixed with the same measure of chopped bacon (uncooked) or melted butter. Use this to fill the bottoms, rounding the mixture in each; wrap each prepared bottom in two slices of bacon and tie the bacon to keep it in place. Have ready half a carrot, half a mild onion, three branches of parsley, chopped and disposed in an agate dish; on the vegetables set the artichokes, pour in white wine to half cover, and let cook in a very moderate oven about half an hour. Remove the artichokes, take off the bacon and keep them hot. Remove all fat from the liquid in the pan. Take two tablespoonfuls of the fat, when hot add two tablespoonfuls of flour and cook until frothy; add the liquid from the pan and enough rich veal broth to make one cup in all. Stir until boiling, then pour over the top of the artichokes.

German Hasenpfeffer (C. K. D.)

Cut two rabbits into pieces for serving. Wash well; place a layer of rabbit in a stone crock, cover with a layer of onion, fine-sliced, a few whole peppers, three cloves, a bit of bay leaf and a sprinkling of salt; repeat the layers until the rabbit is all placed; then cover with two-third parts of water to one-third part of vinegar; cover and

let stand two days. Pour into a stew pan and cook slowly until the rabbit is tender; remove the rabbit carefully

ARTICHOKE BOTTOMS, BARIGOULE, WITH SMALL FILLETS OF BEEF

and strain the sauce. Cook two tablespoonfuls of sugar to a deep caramel, and add very slowly the strained sauce; mix two tablespoonfuls of flour with a little cold water, stir into the sauce and put the pieces of rabbit back to heat; just before serving add a glass of claret; serve with

Kartoffel Kloese (Potato Dumplings)

Take two cups of hot mashed potatoes, add salt and a little nutmeg, one egg well beaten, half a cup of croutons of bread, browned in butter, and a teaspoonful of fine-chopped parsley, or half a teaspoonful of sweet marjorum; mix well together; form into small balls rolled in flour; cook in boiling salted water ten minutes. Remove carefully, put on dish and cover with browned butter and bread crumbs, browned in butter.

Lobster Salad, Victoria

Cut the meat of a fresh-boiled lobster into inch pieces; add one cucumber, peeled and cut in cubes, and four truffles, cut in thin slices and the slices in halves. Beat the creamy parts of the lobster smooth, then fold into one cup of mayonnaise dressing. Sprinkle the lobster, truffle and cucumber with a little French dressing; mix lightly and turn on to a bed of lettuce leaves; dispose the cooked heads of a large bunch of asparagus above, and the mayonnaise mixture above the asparagus; sift dried lobster coral over the whole and serve at once.

1914 Easter Salad (To Serve Ten)

Cook one pound of Italian chestnuts (shelled and blanched) in chicken or veal broth (seasoned with soup vegetables) until tender. Skim out, let cool and cut in julienne shreds. Cut tomato jelly in cubes or other small shapes. Shred half a green pepper.

PINEAPPLE AND CREAM CHEESE SALAD, EASTER STYLE

KAISER ROLLS, CUTTER FOR ROLLS, ROLL READY TO CUT

Cut half a pound of French endive in julienne shreds. Wash and dry the tender heart leaves of two heads of lettuce. Set the lettuce on ten individual plates, sprinkle on the three shredded articles, and set the tomato figures above. Pour about two tablespoonfuls of dressing over the contents of each plate and serve at once.

Dressing for 1914 Salad

Cut a Bermuda onion in halves and, with a thin sharp-pointed knife, scrape the juice of half of the onion into a bowl; add three-fourths a cup of olive oil, one-third a cup of red-wine vinegar, one-fourth a cup of tomato catsup, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one teaspoonful of mushroom catsup, half a teaspoonful of paprika and a scant half teaspoonful of salt. Stir until well blended.

Tomato Jelly for 1914 Salad

Soak one-fourth a package of gelatine in one-fourth a cup of cold water. Put over the fire two cups and a half of tomato, three branches of parsley, half a dozen celery tips, (fresh or dried) one-fourth a bay leaf, half an onion with two cloves pushed into it, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika or part of a chili pepper and a tablespoonful of mushroom peelings (fresh or dry) if at hand. Let simmer twenty minutes and press through a fine sieve; add the softened gelatine, stir until dissolved, then turn into a shallow agate dish. When cold and firm use as indicated above.

Pineapple-and-Cream Cheese Salad, Easter Style

Wash and dry the leaves in a head of lettuce; cut sliced pineapple (canned

BLITZEN CAKE.

DESSERT TORTE.

is preferable for this purpose) into straws; keep the straws as long as the slices will allow. Take one slice for each service. Roll cream cheese into egg-shapes, the size of birds' eggs. Dispose the pineapple straws, nest-shape, in heart leaves of lettuce and set three eggs in each nest; fleck each egg with paprika. Serve plain French dressing in a bowl. Allow one tablespoonful and a half of olive oil, half a tablespoonful of lemon juice and a few grains, each, of salt and pepper for each nest.

Kaiser Rolls

Soften a cake of compressed yeast in one-fourth a cup of boiled water, cooled to a lukewarm temperature, and stir in about three-fourths a cup of flour or enough to make a dough that may be kneaded. Knead the little ball of dough until it is smooth and elastic. Then make a deep cut across the dough in both directions, Have ready two cups of boiled water, cooled to a lukewarm temperature, and into this put the ball of dough. It will sink to the bottom of the dish, but will gradually rise as it becomes light. In about fifteen minutes it will float upon the water, a light, puffy "sponge.' Into this water and sponge stir a teaspoonful of salt and between six and seven cups of flour. Knead or pound the dough about twenty minutes. Let rise, in a temperature of about 70 degrees F., until the mass is doubled in bulk. Divide into pieces weighing about three ounces, each. (There should be about fourteen pieces.) Shape these into balls. Set these in buttered pans, some distance apart. Cover and let become light. Press a "Kaiser Semmeln" cutter down into the top of each roll and give it a slightly rotary motion; brush over the tops generously with melted butter, and set to bake *at once* in a hot oven. Bake twenty or twenty-five minutes. When nearly baked, brush over with the beaten white of an egg, and return to the oven to finish baking. Bake the biscuit as soon as they are cut and brushed with butter. Only by this means can the shape and fine texture of this form of bread be secured.

Blitzen (Lightning) Cake

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in half a cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, beaten light, three tablespoonfuls of milk, and, lastly, one cup of sifted flour, sifted again with one teaspoonful of baking powder.

MRS. HILL'S BABY BALTIMORE CAKES, LITTLE EASTER SPONGE CAKES.

Spread the mixture in a square (shallow) baking pan. Beat the whites of four eggs dry; gradually beat into them three-fourths a cup of sugar, then fold in half a cup of almonds, blanched and chopped. Spread this meringue evenly over the cake mixture, dredge the top with sugar and cinnamon and let bake about thirty minutes. Cut in strips two inches by one inch for serving.

Dessert Torte

Beat the whites of six eggs dry; then gradually beat into them one cup and three-fourths of granulated sugar; continue the beating until the mixture is dry and glossy. Spread waxed paper on a meat board that may be set into an oven. Lay a plate nine inches in diameter on the paper and draw a pencil around it; fill the space inside the pencil mark with meringue, making it smooth and level on the top. Lay the plate down a second time and draw a pencil around it, then lay a second plate seven inches in diameter inside the pencil mark and again drawn a line. With spoon spread meringue on this two-inch space, then pipe the rest of the meringue above. Set into a moderate oven to cook about thirty-five minutes. The meringue should not color until the last of the cooking. When cooked invert the solid meringue on a serving dish, and set the ring of meringue on the edge (the two soft sides together); when ready to serve fill the center with halves of canned, preserved or brandied peaches: set a cone or round of vanilla ice-cream on each half-peach, and pour raspberry (Melba) sauce over the cream. The torte is particularly good, at this season, filled with very ripe strawberries and whipped cream.

Mrs. Hill's Baby Baltimore Cakes

Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in half a cup of granulated sugar, the beaten yolks of four eggs, one-fourth a cup of milk, the grated rind of one orange or half a teaspoonful of orange extract, and, lastly, one cup of sifted flour, less two tablespoonfuls, sifted again with two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in a well-buttered lemon-queen pan from fifteen to twenty minutes. When baked the cakes should be of a golden color on all sides. The mixture makes fourteen cakes. Dry six macaroons in a warming oven, roll on a board and sift. Melt one cup and a half of sugar in half a cup of boiling water; wash down the sides with the fingers wet repeatedly in cold water, cover and let boil rapidly about three minutes, uncover and let boil, undisturbed, to 240 degree F. on a sugar thermometer, or until a long thread will spin from the spoon. Or until the syrup will form a consistent "soft ball" when tested in cold water. Beat the whites of two eggs; pour on the syrup slowly and in a fine stream, beating constantly meanwhile; tint very delicately with a little rose color-paste; flavor with half a teaspoonful of vanilla and a few drops of almond extract. Cut each cake in three even slices; mix the sifted macaroon powder with enough frosting to make a mixture that will spread. Put the layers of each cake together with just enough of the macaroon mixture to hold them in place. Cover the outside with the plain frosting. When the frosting begins to "set", score it on top with a knife and sprinkle it with pistachio nuts chopped fine without being blanched.

Little Easter Sponge Cakes

Beat the whites of three eggs dry and the yolks of four eggs until thick and light-colored. To the yolks add the grated rind of a lemon or an orange and gradually beat in half a cup of granulated sugar, then two tablespoonfuls of melted butter; astly, fold in half a cup of sifted pastry flour and the whites of the eggs. Bake in small oval shaped

(Continued on Page 716)

Menus for a Week in April

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Oranges
Eggs en Ramekins, Zingara
Dry Toast
Cornmeal Muffins
Coffee Doughnuts Cocoa

Dinner

Crabflake Cocktail
Broiled Sirloin Steak, Bernaise Sauce
Okra, Andalouse Style
Lettuce, French Dressing
Individual Strawberry Shortcakes
Half Cups Coffee

Supper

Hot Ham Sandwiches
Stewed Figs, Cream and Sugar
Little Easter Sponge Cakes
Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Baked Potatoes
Broiled Bacon
Pop Overs
Coffee Honey Cocoa

Dinner

Chicken Gumbo Soup
(Canned okra)
Crumbed Fillets of Fresh Fish, Sauce Tartare
(fried in deep fat)
Spinach Greens
Custard Pie Half Cups Coffee

Supper

Tomato Rabbit Toast
Canned Pineapple
Sponge Cake
Tea

MONDAY

Breakfast

Bananas, Cereal, Thin Cream
French Omelet, with Creamed Crabflakes
French Bread, Toasted
Cereal Griddle Cakes,
Coffee Maple Syrup Cocoa

Dinner

Veal Cutlets, Tomato Sauce
Radishes Mashed Potatoes
Canned Stringless Beans
Rhubarb Pie Cream Cheese
Half Cups Coffee

Supper

Fresh Codfish Chowder with Croutons
Philadelphia Relish
Oatmeal Cookies
Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Strawberries
Puffy Omelet (with chives and parsley)
Creamed Potatoes au gratin
Coffee Yeast Doughnuts Cocoa

Dinner

Hot Boiled Ham
Creamed Spinach, with Boiled Eggs
Mashed Potato, Vienna Style
Custard Soufflé, Sabayon Sauce
Half Cups Coffee

Supper

Mayonnaise of Eggs, with Lettuce
Parker House Rolls
Strawberries
Mrs. Hill's Baby Baltimore Cakes
Tea

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Oranges
Veal, Potato and Green Pepper Hash
Coffee Kaiser Rolls (reheated) Cocoa

Dinner

Boiled Fowl
Boiled Bermuda Onions
Potatoes, Scalloped, with Peppers
Lettuce, French Endive and Tomato Jelly,
French Dressing
Sweet Rice Croquettes, Creamy Sauce
Half Cups Coffee

Supper

Eggs Scrambled with Chopped Ham (cooked)
Graham Baking Powder Biscuit
White Bread, Toasted
Dried Apple Sauce Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Creamed Salt Codfish on Toast
Radishes
Coffee Spider Corn Cake Cocoa

Dinner

Mock Bisque Soup, Croutons
Scalloped Oysters
Philadelphia Relish
Parker House Rolls (reheated)
Prune Pie
Half Cups Coffee

Supper

Milk Toast, Poached Eggs above
Dandelion Salad
Orange Cookies
Tea

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Strawberries
Oyster Omelet
Hashed Brown Potatoes
Graham Bread, Toasted
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Boiled Corned Beef (Fancy Brisket)
New Beets New Cabbage } Boiled
New Turnips New Potatoes }
Baked Indian Pudding
Whipped Cream
Half Cups Coffee

Supper

Macaroni, with Tomatoes
and Cheese
Lettuce, French Dressing
Boston Brown Bread
Pulled White Bread
Stewed Prunes Tea

Choice Menus for Supper

Without Meat

I.

Eggs Baked in Ramekins
Baked Potatoes, Yellowstone Style
Stewed Figs, Cubes of Wine Jelly,
Whipped Cream
Sponge Cake (potato flour)
Tea

II.

Rice Croquettes, Cheese Sauce
Lettuce, French Dressing
French Rolls
Apples Baked with Almonds, Thin Cream
Cookies Tea

III.

French Omelet, with Creamed Peas
French Fried Potatoes
Cooked Prunes Stuffed with Nuts, Whipped Cream
Orange Cookies
Tea

IV.

Mayonnaise of Lettuce and Sliced Eggs
Clover Leaf Biscuit
Apples Baked with Tapioca,
Junket Ice Cream (vanilla)
Almond Bars Tea

V.

Hot Spinach, with Grated Cheese and Eggs
Spider Corn Cake
French Rolls
Pineapple Omelet, Glazed etc.
Tea

VI.

Egg Timbales, Bread Sauce
Endive, French Dressing (with minute pearl onions)
Small Baking Powder Biscuit
Evaporated Peaches, Stewed, Thin Cream
White Cake Tea

VII.

Tomato Rabbit on Toast
Olives
Prune Soufflé, Custard Sauce
Cake Tea

VIII.

Cream of Kornlet Soup, Browned Crackers
Caramel Custard Renversée
Oatmeal Macaroons
Tea

IX.

Aspaargus Tips and Poached Eggs on Toast, Cream Sauce
Parker House Rolls
Mocha Cakes (Graham-Cracker Cake)
Tea

X.

Hot Spinach Soufflé, Brown Sauce
Cornmeal Muffins
Banana Parfait Sponge Cake
Tea

With Meat

XI

Chicken Gumbo Soup
Rolls
Canned Pears
Oatmeal Cookies
Tea

XII

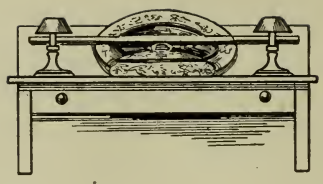
Ham Timbales, Tomato Sauce
Baking Powder Biscuit
Honey
Cookies
Tea

XIII

Cold Corned Beef, Sliced Thin
Creamed Potatoes au Gratin
Home Made Pickles
Rhubarb Baked with Raisins
Gingerbread
Cocoa or Tea

XIV

Corned Beef and Potato Hash
New Beets, Pickled
Buttered Toast
Dried Apple Sauce
Sugar Cookies
Tea



Our Daily Bread, or Preparation in Detail of the Meals of One Day

Family of Two Adults and Two Children

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Canned Pineapple
Fresh Fish and Potato Cakes
(left over on Tuesday)
Salt Pork Shreds
Radishes
Waffles
Coffee Toast Cocoa

Dinner

Calf's Liver, Hashed
Poached Eggs, Beet Greens or Spinach
Baked Potatoes
Baking Powder Biscuit
Creamy Rice Pudding
Milk (for children)
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Lamb-and-Tomato Soup
Browned Crackers
Baking Powder Biscuit, Toasted
Molded Spinach, French Dressing
Stewed Prunes
Tea

BUT half the recipe for the pineapple dessert was needed on Tuesday. The other half of the can of pineapple, turned into an earthen bowl, covered and set aside in the refrigerator, will supply fruit for this morning's breakfast. The remnants of the fish, cooked on Tuesday, and the potatoes, left over from dinner on Wednesday, provide the materials for the fish cakes. Before setting the fish away on Tuesday, the flesh was picked from the skin and bones with a silver fork, dressing and sauce added and the whole was ready for use when needed. Now, on Thursday morning, cut the cold potatoes in halves, lengthwise; take a portion equal in bulk to the fish. If the quantity of fish be small, and anchovy paste (put up in jars) be convenient, a little of this will make up for the deficiency of fish, and more potatoes may be used. Cover the potatoes with boiling water to which salt is added. Cover and let boil vigorously about five minutes, let drain, and dry off on the stove then press through a ricer; add the fish mixture, butter and milk, salt and pepper as needed; beat thoroughly, then shape into flat round cakes; pat these on both sides in flour. Have ready a frying pan in which some shreds of fat salt pork have been slowly cooking; when these are crisp and lightly colored, skim them on to a hot platter, put in the fish cakes and let cook until browned on one side, then turn to brown the other side. If convenient, use buttermilk or sour milk for the waffles. Sift together one cup and a fourth of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and one level teaspoonful and a half of baking powder. Sift half a teaspoonful, scant measure, of soda into one cup of the buttermilk or sourmilk, and stir thoroughly, then add to the

flour with the yolks of two eggs; mix thoroughly, beat in the whites of two eggs beaten dry, and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Do not add the whites of eggs until the waffle iron is hot and the family is ready for the waffles. Have a cloth on a fork with which to grease the iron. At once put a spoonful of the mixture in each division of the iron and let cook until thoroughly browned. With a gas flame or a coal fire burning uniformly close under the iron, waffles may be cooked well and expeditiously. The recipe will fill the usual size of waffle iron five times. These waffles may be eaten from the fingers without butter or syrup. The latter does not seem appropriate after fish.

For dinner, the calf's liver, left from that purchased for Wednesday's breakfast, seems to be the article that should be presented. Braised liver is a much prized dinner dish, but for this method of cooking a whole liver is preferable. Then, too, if hashed, poached eggs may accompany it, and this provides a substantial article for the children, one of whom may not be of age to eat such articles as liver. The poached eggs may be served above the hashed liver or on rounds of toast around the liver.

To prepare the liver, cut it into slices and pour over it boiling water to cover; let stand five or six minutes, then drain, wipe on a cloth and chop fine. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, put in the hashed liver, cover and let simmer very gently about one hour, stirring occasionally. Then add a dash of paprika, half a teaspoonful of salt and two or three tablespoonfuls of hot water or broth, and serve when mixed thoroughly.

The potatoes should be set to bake after the liver has been cooking about fifteen minutes. Beet greens, even when young, require long cooking, probably about two hours; drain carefully and season with salt and plenty of butter. After dinner chop fine whatever is left of the green vegetable, beet greens or spinach, press it compactly into a bowl, and set aside in the refrigerator that it may be ready to unmold for supper. Add a few drops of onion juice to the French dressing served with the chilled vegetable. For a change, use part whole wheat flour, in making the biscuit. For the pudding, blanch one cup of rice (bring quickly to the boiling point in about three pints of cold water, let boil two minutes, drain, rinse in cold water and drain again), add three cups of boiling water, or part milk, and half a teaspoonful of salt and let cook in a double boiler until tender. Do not stir but keep the grains distinct. Turn the rice into a dish, and return the double boiler to the fire with one pint of milk; sift together two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, half a cup of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt, then stir into the hot milk; continue to stir until the mixture thickens, then cover and let cook ten minutes. Beat the yolks of two eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and beat again and stir into the hot mixture, then carefully fold in as much of the rice, as is needed to make a pudding of good consistency. Each grain of rice should be separate and distinct in the mixture, which will thicken more after it is set into the oven. Flavor with half a teaspoonful of vanilla or with a grating of orange or lemon rind. Turn the mixture into a buttered pudding dish. Beat the whites of the two eggs dry, then beat in, gradually, four tablespoonfuls of sugar; spread the meringue over the pudding. This should be ready when the potatoes and biscuits are taken from the oven; reduce the heat and let cook ten or twelve minutes without taking on any color, then increase the heat and let color very delicately. The rest of the rice can be used the next day.

For the soup at supper, cook half a can of tomatoes, two slices of onion, two branches of parsley, half a chili pepper, four slices of carrot and half a teaspoonful of spiced herbs, tied in a bit of cheese-cloth, twenty minutes. Strain through a sieve fine enough to keep back the seeds. To the pulp add the lamb broth or liquid from the shoulder of lamb cooked on Wednesday. Add salt as needed.

If a little more consistency is desired, add two teaspoonfuls of potato flour stirred into a little cold water, let boil ten minutes, skim and it is ready to serve. While the soup is cooking, spread a tiny bit of butter on the center of Boston crackers, split in halves, and let brown slightly in the oven. Toast the biscuit, pulled apart with the fingers, and prepare the French dressing. Allow a tablespoonful of olive oil and a scant half teaspoonful of vinegar for each service.

The meals for this day are simple and require only a short attendance in the kitchen; yet dishes well done require careful attention.

Menu from Mary Elizabeth Tea Room, Boston

Luncheon at Noon

SOUPS

Fish Chowder	.15
Chicken Bouillon	.20

Specials

Baked Creamed Halibut au Gratin	.35
Chicken Fricassée Hot Biscuit	.45
Baked Peppers Stuffed with Chicken	.35
Baked Spaghetti, Tomato,Cheese and Bacon	.35

Salads

Chicken Mayonnaise	.45
Pineapple and Cream Cheese	.35

Sandwiches

Nut Bread, Cream Cheese and Olive	.25
Chopped Tongue	.15
Toasted Anchovy Paste	.15
Shrimp Salad Sandwich	.15

Hot Breads

Tea Biscuit	.15
Buttered Toast	.20
Cheese Muffins	.20
Home Made Crullers	.10
Tea Biscuit and Marmalade or Jam	.25
Buttered Toast and Marmalade or Jam	.25

Tea until closing

Hot Scotch Scones	.15
Toasted English Muffin	.15
Chocolate Meringue pie	.10
Lemon Meringue pie	.10

Tea, Coffee, etc.

	Pot for one	Pot for two
Mary Elizabeth's Blend	.15	.20
English Breakfast Tea	.15	.20
Ceylon Tea	.15	.20
Oolong Tea	.15	.20
Orange Pekoe Tea	.15	.20
Coffee	.20	.25

Tea, cup .10 Coffee, cup .10
Chocolate, cup .10
Horlicks Malted Milk, cup .10

Iced

Iced Tea, glass	.15	Milk, glass	.10
Iced Coffee, glass	.15	Lemonade, glass	.15
Iced Chocolate, glass	.15	Orangeade, glass	.15

Home Made Ice Cream, plain	.15
" " " sauce	.20
Home Made Cakes	.10 and .15
Ice Cream, with Cherries	.20
Ice Cream, with Canton Ginger	.20

One portion served to two persons, 10 cents extra

Brick and Mortar Gardens

By Virginia Richmond

IT is a discouraging prospect, is it not? that little patch of ground behind the city house, often shut in by other buildings, and almost as often simply a dumping-ground for debris. To the owner of such a place, who also lives in it, there is every incentive to spend money and labor on it, for he has the future before him; and a backyard, granting unlimited fertilizer and care, will yield as good results as any other bit of ground where the same conditions prevail. But most city houses are occupied by yearly tenants, whose hope of reaping what they sow is so uncertain that any effort toward improvement seems a waste of energy.

To the inexperienced gardener, it looks like too large a contract to be undertaken, this making the wilderness to blossom like a rose; yet it can be done in a short time and at small cost, if the gardener will be satisfied with a few simple things, and is not led away into experimenting with rare or difficult plants, for the latter ask everything in the way of care and nourishment before they will yield anything in return.

Subsoil and stones, such as compose the backyards of most city gardens, do not look like a promising field for cultivation. They cannot be expected to produce prize specimens, but with a little patience, judgment and care they will give abundant greenery and color from spring until fall, and bring a bit of country freshness between the confining walls.

Cultivation, that is the essential point. The grocer will, for a quarter, bring a barrel of well decomposed manure. Economically distributed close to the roots of the individual plants, and with plenty of water, a little care, and a reasonable amount of sunshine, a great deal can be done, if the soil is thoroughly cultivated. By cultivation is meant deep spading and turning over of the ground, breaking the clods, picking out the stones, extirpating the weeds, and hoeing and raking until the texture of the earth is made fine and light.

Of course, the first step toward the transformation of the backyard is disposing of the trash; but only brickbats, old metal and such need be absolutely removed. All that can be burned, especially old barrels and boxes, should be burned, and the ashes scattered, as they are a valuable fertilizer. If there are droppings of lime and mortar, not in large lumps, these, too, may be spread evenly over the surface before it is spaded. The most difficult soil is that which is not only poor, but has the quality of forming hard clods; for whatever nourishment it possesses is locked up in these lumps, which plant roots cannot penetrate. Therefore sand, sawdust, anything which, once mixed with such soil, will prevent it from clinging together again, increases its fertility, even if it adds no nourishment. Where the ground is of this character, a liberal dressing of rather fine coal ashes from the cellar furnace, which will cost nothing, will be helpful.

Then the ground must be well spaded, hoed and raked. A laborer will charge about a dollar and a quarter for spading a patch forty feet square, and it will probably take him little more than two hours, because, unless the hirer is beside him, he will not break the clods he turns over, and will skim off only the cream of the stones which rise to the surface. Spading and picking boulders are the only back-breaking processes. All the rest, including hoeing and raking, can be done by the gardener himself.

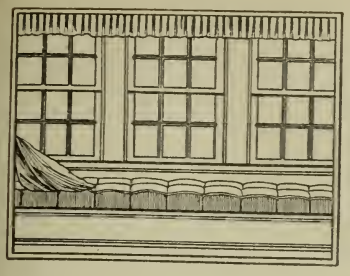
This work of preparing the soil need not necessarily be deferred until spring. If the garden is begun later, there will be no immediate results, it is true, for planting-time for annuals is over; but in the late summer, roots of perennial plants may be set out, and they will have time to establish themselves before winter and will bloom the next spring or summer. Even the late fall is not too late to begin, for although nothing can be planted, if the soil is opened and prepared, frost will penetrate and pulverize it, and throw up more stones, and snow, which has a certain amount of fertilizing power, will sink into and enrich it.

The average city-dweller is too inexperienced in gardens, and too busy, and has too many more pressing demands upon his resources, to spend much time, skill or money on his back-yard. But it is possible to make it attractive at small expense, and with very little knowledge, and only as much labor as will be interesting. A little work tells for a great deal in a small space. If too much is attempted, neglect and consequent failure will result, so it is best to start with modest plans. A flower border two or three feet wide next the boundary fence all around, with a square of grass in the middle, is the usual arrangement, because it is the simplest and gives the greatest results with the least work. Vines should be planted close to the fence and trained against it on wires; and if the wires are run in the same direction as the cracks of the fence, they will be invisible. Then may come a row of the taller flowering plants, and on the edge a line of low-growing things. Do not make the mistake of stocking the border in the spring with potted plants, covered with flowers. The instant effect is all that could be wished, but after the existing crop of flowers has faded, the plants, which have been forced to exhaustion in the greenhouse, will perish, or stand still and do nothing for the rest of the season. If plants are bought at all, they should be young, thrifty ones which have never bloomed. A few geraniums and a heliotrope are a good selection. Roses are not desirable because they ask for rich soil, and, if they do not have it, yield only a few, poor flowers. Moreover, their season of bloom is short, and as they take up much room and are subject to many diseases and insects, they are not profitable occupants. Baby ramblers may possibly be excepted, as they are small and the space they fill may well be spared, in consideration of the splendid blotch of color they make when in bloom.

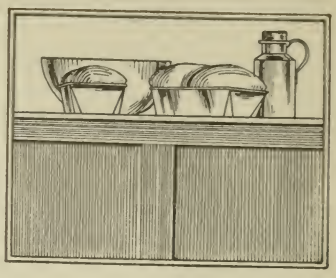
Where soil is extremely poor, anything which is patient enough to grow in it should be gratefully adopted, even some of the common, wild things, roots of which may be obtained during a day's trip in the country. Virginia Creeper, and Trumpet Vine, which is wild in some districts, are desirable for the fence. Common Elder is a clean, quick-growing shrub; and as for the despised Pokeweed, it is so handsome a plant that, if it were rare, it would be a garden aristocrat. The Alianthus, which is really a tree, is well worth planting as a shrub, since it requires no attention, and its tropical leaves are free from all disease. As for Mint, even a broken sprig of it will root easily, and it spreads so quickly as to become a nuisance, if it is not, kept in check; but it is deliciously fragrant, and is much pleasanter to look at than bare ground.

Country friends are always ready to contribute something from their gardens; only, as they do not realize the limitations of the city back-yard as regards soil and exposure, their contributions may not thrive. Sweet Williams, Striped Grass, Tiger Lillies, Orange Lilies, Japanese Honeysuckle,

(Continued on page 722)



HOME IDEAS & ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

What is a Sandwich?

THE answer to that question would have been easy, in that far-off period of bliss, when we were going fishing for minnows under the sawmill dam, and begged Katie for "aw jest a couple uv samwiges". Indeed there was no such question capable of discussion. They just were, that's all. A sandwich? Why, the idea! What should it be but a slice of pink, boiled ham with a dab of mustard, if you were old enough for condiments, entirely surrounded by bread and butter?

And such bread and butter! The kind that grew on country pantry shelves after much mixing and many beatings, that was baked the loveliest tender brown, and smelled, when it came out of the oven — A-a-a-h — U-u-u-m. It doesn't live in cities. And butter that dripped clover sweetness and all the freshness of green growing things, transmuted into firm golden pats, covered with a salty cloth in a stone crock on the cellar floor.

Oh, dear! Why could not that supply have been saved by some sleeping-beauty magic until this degenerate day when unworthy imitations are worth their weight in diamonds? The descendants of that bread-and-butter-making family of blessed memory would now be sailing giddily upon the top wave of finance, and sticking up their noses at those other poor things, whose forbears dealt with such trash as oil and railroads.

Those were sandwiches, of a truth. But never in this wide world would they recognize their grandchildren. The same family name they have kept, truly, but how changed their indentity. They have shrunk in size, become skinnier and skinnier as to the buttery layer, lost their crusts, which were the best part of their country ancestors, and which would make your hair curl, if you were to believe the tales of some who were supposed to know everything. But their insides! Faith, they have multiplied in variety beyond all reason or belief.

They are never sliced any more, be they "ha-aam — er t-o-o-o-ngue — er ch'k'n", but chopped up, fine as fine, to conceal their real identity from too inquiring minds. And, maybe, they are not fleshly food at all. They may chance to be just greenery-yallery mixed-up cheese and olives, or plain lettuce with leaky dabs of salad-dressing, or, maybe, those mashed-up pimentoes, which are nothing in the world but expurgated red peppers. They may be something or other masquerading as chicken salad, or even a fried egg. They may be skimpy layers of scraped raw beef with outsides of gluten health-bread, or generous slices of hot roast, with floods of gravy over the top. They may be diaphanous as tissue paper, or an entire-course dinner between crisp triangles of goldy brown toast.

They may cost five cents and they may cost seventy-five. They may live on a thick white plate, with an aquar-

ium globe upside down over their heads, and they may be borne reverently upon a silver platter, on a lace doiley, with an olive to right and a pickle to left, and a lettuce-leaf cup of extra mayonnaise teetering a little to the northeast.

They may be what a dear old lady, who had never by any chance eaten one, called a "cold dog", with thick yellow mustard down his back and a split fat roll for a covering, and they may be fried oysters dripping catsup gore. Eat them with forks or what was made before them. Anything that has a top and bottom, with something eatable in the midst, is a sandwich. Anything, with the lid off, made in pretty patterns of mashed up things out of a bottle that makes you wonder whether they really are all right, with little sprinkles of egg-yolk over the top, to be eaten only with forks, and served at the beginning of keep-your-hat-on luncheon parties and outrageously expensive dinners, are French cousins to our old friends.

Even the family name is strangely different. A canapé is a far cry from that sandwich we munched from one hand, while we twiddled an angleworm from the end of a stick up and down under the ripples of the wash from the sawmill-dam. And for one more such luncheon, the modern sandwich and all its French relations might pass onward out of sight and out of mind, unwept, unhonored and unsung.

But they don't seem to grow any more. Not in cities, they don't.

C. B. P.

* * *

When is Economy not Economy?

FALSE economy has been responsible for many a failure.

And its greatest devotees have been its most absolute victims.

"Economy" should mean only a wise disposal of means to secure ultimate results.

On the contrary, it has come to represent only the niggardly self-denial and stinginess that thwarts every natural desire and cripples native ability by the chilling atmosphere of conscious poverty.

"Economy is the road to the poorhouse," says one — and it is.

Can not every one of us recall some poor creature who pinched, made over and darned; who staid at home, "peeled the potatoes thin", "saved the nutshells to kindle the fire", grew round-shouldered picking up pins, denied herself reading matter, because of cost; had guests only in summer to avoid expense of extra heat; gave up pleasant accomplishments always to "do something useful", and finally came to a desolate, friendless, poverty-stricken old age by resaon of this very narrowing of her relations with her fellow beings.

The wealthy ones of earth, if they have made their own, will be found to have spent liberally — but wisely. Expenditure in the right direction, and at the right rate, is economy.

"You never reap from a field that has not first been sown," says the head of a great chemical company, that has never hesitated to spend money in outfitting and supporting a promising employee.

"If you had only fifty dollars in the world, what would you do with it?" asked a hesitating soul of a man who had built himself up from nothing to success.

"I would *spend* it at once," was the answer, "for a good suit of clothes, knowing it would help me to earn more."

That was the reply of a man who felt ability within himself.

The man who constantly acts as if the dollar in his pocket were the last one he would ever have, is conscious of the lack of ability, unless he is the victim of early niggardly training. In either case, he needs to "brace up", and realize that repression and denial are not the virtues they were once "cracked up" to be, but that expansion

and growth of individuality is the eternal demand.

"Economy consists of going without something you now want, for the sake of sometime, in the future, having something you very likely may not, then, want," defines some one. It is a sneer, — but think it over.

Real economy implies seeing things in true perspective, — not seeing small details near at hand so large that they look greater than important matters. You've heard about the copper cent, held close to the eye, that hid from sight the whole farm. The brass button on the soldier's coat is not greater than the soldier.

It is as false economy to cripple the present for the future that may never come, as it is to discount the future for the present.

What is real economy under some circumstances, is not so under others. Louise, a stenographer, after a wearing day at the office, sits up late, sometimes, daintily darning fine black hose. Her maiden aunt after whom she is named has impressed it upon her that she should be "economical."

Louise, the maiden aunt, has no driving duties, lives on an assured income, — the interest on inherited money, has no way of earning more money than the darning saves, and so, in her case, it may possibly be a merit to keep her clothes in perfect condition by hours of careful darning and mending. But with Louise, the stenographer, it is different.

Her work-filled day leaves her jaded and in need of outside "good time," rather than eye and nerve trying darning in the evening.

Better save the nerves than the stockings.

An evening of "jolly good time" in the open air, with good company, would send her back to the office, not jaded as she often goes at present, but bright of eye and alert of brain. And the consequence might very well be an increased usefulness that would lead to increased salary, enabling her to wear new instead of darned hose.

Economy is not an end in itself, but a means to be studied out to the perfect accomplishment of a desirable end.

E. P. C.

* * *

The Studio Tea Room
26 West 40th, Street,
New York City.

To the Editor
Boston Cooking School Magazine,

WHEN asked, to-day, how I thought of so many dainty dishes to serve in my Tea Room, I answered, "I get them from 'The Boston Cooking School Magazine' ". The magazine has been of untold help to me and I would like to pass on the knowledge of it to others.

I began my work with no capital, no knowledge of cooking and very little idea of business methods; now I have one of the most successful small tea rooms in New York City.

I started with a handsomely furnished studio and two people who wished food, now I have about one hundred people per day — on an average, for luncheon, dinner and tea. You can not imagine what a comfort the "50 Cent Luncheons" for 20 business men, given in the January number of your magazine, were to me. Those menus gave me a new lease of life.

This year at Christmas time I made a specialty of English Goodie baskets, attractively put up and suitable for a gift. Each basket contained:

6 Individual Plum Puddings
6 Individual Fruit Cakes
6 Individual Mince Pies

The cost of this basket was four dollars and fifty cents. Orders are taken for pies, cakes and sandwiches. T. C. L.

* * *

"Healthful and Soothing Drink."

HEALTHFUL as well as soothing drink is, according to a physician's prescription, made as follows.

Cover two pounds of round steak with plenty of cold water. Let soak over night.

At the same time, put to soak in another dish of cold water — diced carrots, parsnips, onions, beets, etc., spinach, celery with cut tops, chopped lettuce and any other vegetables rich in mineral salts. Let stand over night.

In the morning simmer, separately, for six hours, the meat and vegetables in the water in which they soaked.

Drain vegetables and strain the water into a dish.

Strain meat liquor, skim off fat. Mix the two liquors and set aside for further use. A little of this heated and served as a bouillon with wafers is delicious, or as a drink on retiring will induce sleep. L. C. P.

* * *

A Vanity Luncheon

MAY was the daintiest of springtime brides, but as the wedding day drew near, and we, her five faithful bridesmaids, had not yet seen the trousseau, we were athrill with curiosity. Her taste was so exquisite and her needle work so fine that we could hardly wait. Finally, a few weeks before the wedding, the aforementioned five were bidden to a luncheon given by May's married sister. Upon the invitation cards a miniature colored fashion-figure had been pasted. Beside it the following verse was artistically printed in gold:—

"Come to the Dwelling of Vanity Fair,—
Fashions from Paris we'll show you!
Beauty and Springtime and Youth will be there,--
Here's that the Trio may know you!
One O'clock Luncheon.
691 Drayton Boulevard.
April Twenty-first."

Upon arriving in a body, we were shown to an upstairs room where May and her sister, in black gowns, French coiffures and complexions, and the most elegant of French accents and gestures, were displaying hats. The room was lighted by candles and filled with mirrors. Fashion-plates and bright-colored fashion pages were hung all about, while the hats, huge crepe-paper affairs, were arrayed on standards. Great bunches of paper flowers gave the room a festive air.

One by one, the guests were seated at a mirror, and with many comments and compliments, each was fitted out with a marvelous hat, in her own particular color. To each hat was pinned a verse, such as the following:—

"You merry little tomboy with the lively dashing manner,
May you keep me neat and charming all the year,—
Do not use me for a tennis-ball, or equal suffrage banner,
But remember, I'm a hat, a *hat*, my dear."

Another was:—

"I am the hat for a maiden demure,
Gentle, coquettish and shy;
Meekly I'll charm you and gravely allure,
Modest yet fetching am I."

Still another was:—

"I'm a naughty little hat,
Do not ask me what I'm "at";
When those eyes are 'neath my brim,
No use trying to be prim,
No use saying I'm sedate,
Only trust I'll stay on straight."

When the hats were duly "sold", we wore them down to the dining-room to a delicious spring-like luncheon. White hyacinths held the center of the round table, and there was a nosegay of violets at each plate. The candles were yellow, while violet satin ribbons were caught from the chandelier above to each of the seven places. The color-scheme so far as possible was violet, white and gold. The favors were tiny gold vanity boxes.

After the luncheon was over, we were ushered, with accompanying music and ceremony, to a pretty upstairs room, where the lovely trousseau was displayed to our delighted eyes.

A foolish "Vanity Party" worthy of the name? Perhaps, but I do not think so. We were all intimate friends happy together in the love of "Beauty and Springtime and Youth." H.C.Le B.

"Carrot Conserve."

THE last thing on earth which was guessed at a Culinary Guessing Contest, was the above concoction, the recipe for which is given below:

Dice carrots until very small and cook very tender, cooking the water out of them. When cooked allow one quart of carrots, one and one-half coffee cups of sugar, and the grated rind and juice of a good sized lemon. Cook again until thick. This can be made any time through the winter when other jam supplies run low. It has a very rich flavor on the order of quince or melons or orange marmalades.

"Horseradish and Beet Relish."

One of the most appetizing relishes ever eaten is that made of pickled beets and grated horse-radish. This relish keeps fresh all winter.

Allow one cup of horse-radish to a quart of chopped beets, after they are pickled.

One woman has disposed of a large quantity of this to her friends and acquaintances. While fresh horse-radish is more desirable in making this the bottled answers very well.

"Cucumber Relish."

Large partly ripe cucumbers are liked best for this purpose.

Cut the cucumbers in halves, lengthwise, remove seeds and soft portion, then grate and measure; allow one-half as much vinegar as there is pulp. To each quart of pulp allow two even teaspoons of salt, four teaspoons of grated horse-radish, and one fourth a teaspoon of cayenne pepper. Mix well and bottle. If corks are used, seal with wax. Use cider vinegar. C. M. A.

* * *

"Mighty Good Dog Biscuit."

FOR a hot breakfast dish or a cold picnic lunch, try this, a favorite among the Mexicans, with the alluring name of "dog biscuit".

Common biscuit dough is rolled very thin and cut as usual; then a thin slice of bologna sausage is laid between two of these, the edges pressed lightly together, and they are baked in a quick oven just like ordinary biscuit. People who will not eat bologna usually are exceedingly fond of these, for the meat is thoroughly cooked and its flavor permeates the dough. L. M. C.

Eve Exonerated

Grandma Eve was planning dinner
In a worried sort of way,
Adam really was much thinner
And that noon she'd heard him say:

'I am tired of prunes and peanuts,
I just hate to see a date,
And the garden truck this garden cuts
Is enough to nauseate!"

So she planned a toothsome entrée,
Donned her fig-leaf overskirt,
Started out to search the country
For some new kind of dessert.

Something pungent, apt to tickle
Adam's tummy as he'd gnaw,
Tempting to his palate fickle—
Pity our first mother-in-law!

She was doing tragic thinking,
When that famous snake, the brute,
Came a creeping-crawling-slinking---
Slyly said, "Just try this fruit!"

So for grandpa's sake she tried it,
Everybody knows the rest,
Generations have implied that,
Otherwise, we'd all be blest.

You can grasp the moral easily,
The problem need not baffle,
Desserts should always simple be—
Just hand him out an apple.

Or in Latin---"Quae fuerant vitia mores sunt!"
Though the thing was once quite wicked, it is now a stylish stunt!

LUCILLE VAN SLYKE

QUERIES & ANSWERS

THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit $1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

QUERY 2149.—"Is bread, potatoes or other starchy food properly served with meat?"

Proper Food to Serve with Meats

Meat is digested in the stomach, the digestive fluids of which are acid. We suppose this is the reason why the question of the propriety of eating bread or other starchy food with meat arises. Theoretically, green salad plants and vegetables deficient in starch are indicated as the proper accompaniments of meat and fish. At the same time, we must remember that bread and other starchy food, rice, macaroni, etc., are largely digested by the ptyalin of the saliva in the mouth; the digestion begun in the mouth is continued only a short time in the stomach, being arrested when the mass becomes impregnated with the acid secretions of the stomach. But in a state of health, the digestion of the starch will be completed by the pancreas and the intestine. In disease, if there is overacidity of the stomach, it might be well to limit the food taken at one time to such articles as calls for acid to digest it. Then, when starchy food is eaten, take it alone; as the presence or sight of food calls out a flow of the juices that digest it, the flow of acid fluids would be depressed snd the saliva in the mouth and pepsin in the stomach would keep the starch in good condition for the final digestion in the pancreas and intestine. Also, as bulk of food makes for ease in digestion, in a normal condition of health, we should think it best to take some starchy food at a meal in which fish or meat was eaten.

QUERY 2150.—"Recipe for Thousand Island Salad Dressing."

Thousand Island Salad Dressing

1 cup mayonnaise
½ cup olive oil
1 tablespoonful tarragon vinegar
¼ teaspoonful paprika
1 tablespoonful chopped chives
1 tablespoonful chopped pimientos
1 tablespoonful chopped green pepper
1 cooked yolk, sifted
1 tablespoonful walnut catsup
⅓ cup chili sauce

QUERY 2151.—"How much Potato Yeast (home-made) should be used in place of a cake of compressed yeast."

Potato Yeast

Equivalent to One Cake of Compressed Yeast

Probably one cup of home-made yeast will take the place of one cake of compressed yeast.

QUERY 2152.—"Recipe for White Fruit Cake."

White Fruit Cake

(Charleston Receipt)

3 lbs. butter
2 quarts granulated sugar
4½ cups sifted flour
3 lbs. white Sultana raisins
2 oz. rose extract
1 tablespoonful ground mace
3 lbs. citron
3 lbs. shelled almonds (blanched and powdered;
3 lbs. fresh cocoanut

1 dozen eggs
2 tablespoonfuls ground nutmeg
1 cup whiskey

Mix in the usual manner and cover with frosting, made of 4 ounces almond paste, two yolks of eggs and sifted confectioners sugar to make a paste that may be rolled to fit the cake. When ready to use the cake, cover with boiled icing.

QUERY 2153.—"Please repeat recipes for Castellane Pudding and Mont Blanc."

1 pound French chestnuts
1 cup sugar
½ cup water
1 quart milk
The yolks of eight eggs
½ cup sugar
2 teaspoonfuls vanilla extract
½ pound French fruit Maraschino
2 ounces gelatine
1 cup cold water

Castellane Pudding

Shell, blanch and cook the chestnuts, then pound in a mortar, with the sugar and water, cooked together five minutes, and pass through a sieve. Make a boiled custard with the milk, yolks of eggs, and the half cup of sugar; add the gelatine, softened in the cold water, and strain into the chestnut mixture. Set into a pan of ice water and beat with a whisk until the mixture begins to set. Let the fruit, half a cup of chestnuts, pineapple, cherries, etc., all cut in small pieces, stand some time covered with maraschino. When the mixture begins to set, drain the fruit and put into a mold, alternately, with the chestnut preparation. Let stand until very cold and set. Serve with whole chestnuts, cooked in syrup and flavored with vanilla. This amount will serve eighteen people.

Mont Blanc

Press one pint of cooked chestnuts through a sieve; add one-third a cup of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of vanilla, mix thoroughly and shape in a dome on a serving dish. Beat one cup and a half of cream, one-third a cup of sugar and half a teaspoonful of vanilla and spread or pipe it over the chestnut purée.

QUERY 2154.—"Recipe for Raised (yeast) Doughnuts."

Yeast Doughnuts

About seven o'clock in the morning, crumble one or two yeast cakes into a cup of scalded-and-cooled milk; mix thoroughly, then beat in about one cup and a fourth of bread flour. Beat until smooth, cover and set aside until well-puffed up and full of bubbles (about one hour). Add two eggs, half a cup of sugar, one third a cup of melted butter, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and ground mace, and flour enough for a soft dough. Nearly four cups of flour (in sponge and dough) will be needed. Knead the dough until smooth and elastic, cover and let stand until doubled in bulk. The time of rising will vary, but probably by eleven o'clock, at the latest, the dough will be ready to turn upon a floured board. Pat the dough into a sheet about three-fourths an inch thick. Cut in strips three-fourths an inch wide, twist and lengthen these, then shape like the figure eight. Let stand on the board, closely covered, until light throughout. Fry in deep fat, dredge with confectioner's sugar.

QUERY 2155.—"In a dessert containing milk, gelatine, cornstarch, eggs, etc, what is the correct order of adding the thickening ingredients to the milk?"

Order of Adding Ingredients

We do not, as a rule, cook gelatine; eggs are cooked delicately and starch is cooked thoroughly. This then gives the order in which they should be added to the milk. Scald the milk, add the starch and let cook fifteen minutes; add the eggs and stir until "set"; remove from the fire and add the gelatine, previously softened in cold water.

QUERY 2156.—"Kindly give a few good recipes of dishes suitable to be served in ramekins."

Suitable Dishes to Serve in Ramekins

Very small ramekins, two inches

across the top, are used to hold sauce for oyster, lobster and other cocktails. See illustration in "Seasonable Recipes" in this issue. Ramekins of this same size, holding sauce tartare, are set on a plate on which fried fillets of fish, fried oysters, lobster chops or other similar dish is passed. Such use is permissible, when the article and the ramekin of sauce are passed on the same plate. Creamed fish, oysters, lobster, crabflakes, chicken, sweetbreads, etc., may be served in ramekins. When covered with buttered crumbs, either with or without grated cheese, the dish becomes en ramekin au gratin. If the sauce be highly seasoned with tabasco, paprika, cayenne or chili peppers, it is called Deviled Lobster, crabflake etc. Tomato or Bechamel sauce may replace the cream sauce, when the name of the dish is changed accordingly.

Sliced Eggs in Ramekins

Hard-cooked eggs, cut in slices or cubes, may be served in ramekins, mixed with any of the above mentioned sauces. Mushrooms fresh or canned, may be used with eggs or any article, in any variety of sauce.

Eggs Cooked in Ramekins

A tablespoonful of sauce or cream may be turned into a buttered ramekin; above this break an egg, season with salt and pepper, pour on another tablespoonful of sauce or cream (preferably hot) and let cook in hot water in the oven until the egg is "set".

Eggs with D'Uxelles in Ramekins

Cook as above substituting d'uxelles preparation (See Seasonable Recipes) for the cream or sauce. Fine-chopped ham or chicken and soft, sifted bread crumbs, mixed with cream, may replace the d'uxelles.

Query 2157.—"If baked potatoes are removed from the oven as soon as they are soft, is any considerable quantity of the starch dextrinized?"

Dextrine in Baked Potatoes

We have not seen tabulated results of experiments in determining the composition of baked potatoes, but think it doubtful if there be any appreciable quantity of dextrine present in a baked potato. Probably, if any of the starch be dextrinized, it is that contained in the skin or so close to it that it is rarely eaten. Dextrine is present in the crust of a well-baked loaf of bread.

Query 2158.—"Recipe for Welsh Rabbit as made at the ——— Hotel."

Welsh Rabbit

We are unable to give the recipe as made at the hotel referred to. Also, it is more than probable that more than one recipe is used for this dish, at the place designated. We append several recipes, all of which give satisfactory results.

Welsh Rabbit (with Ale)

Butter a blazer or a double boiler with ample surface on the bottom; add half a pound of common, factory cheese, rich and soft, cut into thin bits, also one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt, cayenne or paprika and mustard; stir constantly until the cheese melts, then stir in ale, gradually, until the whole is a smooth creamy mass of the consistency desired. Serve at once on the untoasted side of bread toasted on but one side.

Welsh Rabbit (with Cream and Egg-Yolks)

Prepare as above, using the yolks of two eggs, beaten and mixed with half a cup of cream, in place of the ale. A Welsh rabbit, at the present time, if not when the dish was first named, is often flavored with two or three spoonfuls of a foreign cheese or with Worcestershire, tabasco or chili sauce. A rabbit in which tomato purée, highly seasoned, takes the place of cream

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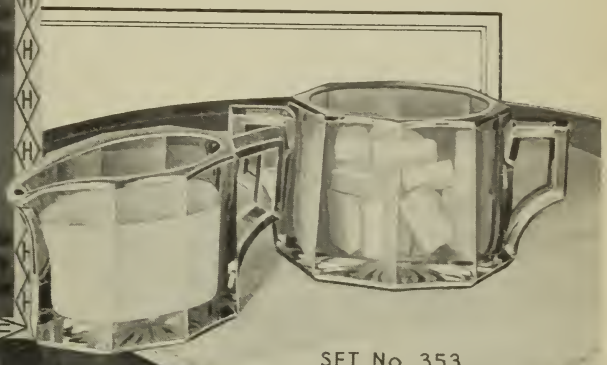

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(with the egg-yolks) is good, so, also, is the Mexican rabbit — made with kornlet, green pepper in shreds and pieces of tomato. The Mexican rabbit was first given in this magazine.

QUERY 2159.—"How long does it take to cook mushrooms."?

Time of Cooking Mushrooms

Fresh mushrooms will cook in from ten to fifteen minutes.

QUERY 2160.—"Recipe for English Muffins."

English Muffins

Soften a yeast cake in half a cup of lukewarm water. Add this to a cup of scalded-and-cooled milk, into which two tablespoonfuls of butter have been melted. Add also half a teaspoonful of salt and one cup and a half of sifted bread flour. Beat the above mixture until it is very smooth. Then cover, and set to rise. When the sponge is light, beat into it about two cups, or two and one-fourth cups, of flour, continuing the beating some few minutes (eight or ten), to make a tough batter. Cover, and let stand until again light. The mixture is now ready to use, or it may be cut down, covered, and set into the refrigerator until morning. When ready to bake, cut the dough into twenty-four pieces. Knead these with floured hands or on a well-floured board (the dough is rather soft). Then pat them to the size of the rings. Have the board well-floured, and the muffin rings well-buttered. Put the rings on the board and the dough in the rings, and cover close with a pan or cloth. When the dough a little more than half fills the rings, remove the rings and dough with a spatula to a well-heated and buttered griddle. Keep the griddle of uniform heat, and, when the muffins are baked on one side, turn muffins and rings, and bake the other side. When the muffins are baked, cut through the crust. then tear apart with the fingers (as a cracker is split), and toast the halves over a bed of coals. Spread the rough side with butter as soon as toasted, and serve at once. The muffin rings used for this recipe were two and three-fourths inches in diameter. Rings of a larger size may be used. Toasted muffins are served with marmalade and tea as a light lunch, or with a green vegetable salad and cheese as a salad course.

QUERY 2161.—"Which is the most approved article or utensil for serving water at the table, the pitcher or the carafé?"

Utensil for Water

Whether a carafé or a pitcher be used in supplying water at the table is a matter of individual taste. The pitcher is certainly the easiest to keep in good condition. A carafé may be kept clean and free from discolorations on the inside by shaking in it rice or potato parings and water, and then by washing and rinsing.

QUERY 2162.—"What is the proper width for hems of plain tablecloths and napkins?"

Width of Hem for Tablecloth, etc.

A little less than one-fourth an inch is the approved width of hems for common table linen.

QUERY 2163.—"Please give a list of different hot breads with the distinguishing features of each."

Names and Distinguishing Features of Hot Breads, etc.

To name and feature correctly the various kinds of hot breads requires much research and discussion and it can not be attempted with any degree of thoroughness or finality. We will refer to a few of the more generally known varieties. The terms Gems and Muffins seem to be used indiscriminately for drop batter preparations baked in utensils divided into spaces for individual portions.

Griddlecakes or stone cakes were formerly elementary preparations of flour and liquid baked on a circular

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plate of iron over the open fire. At the present time eggs and butter are often added, but shortening is not added to make a crisp, rich cake.

Pancakes are made of flour, eggs, milk cream or butter and admit of the introductions of grated potatoes, either raw or cooked, cooked rice etc. Pancakes, like griddle cakes, should be eaten at once, from the pan or griddle.

Waffles are artistically shaped pancakes; the name is related to the German name meaning honeycomb. On account of their crispness, they are not as easily spoiled as the ordinary pancake. Waffles are baked on specially constructed irons which allow a large heated surface to come in contact with the dough, thus producing a quickly and evenly baked, light-brown product.

Flapjacks, slapjacks, batter cakes and hotcakes are probably local names for griddle cakes.

Scones are a dough similar to American biscuit dough, cut in shapes and baked on a griddle, first on one side and then on the other. Eggs are often used in the dough and the shapes are baked in the oven.

QUERY 2164.—"What is the difference between doughnuts and crullers? Is it correct to use the term biscuit in connection with thin batters, raised with yeast and poured into muffin pans to rise?"

Doughnuts and Crullers

Some authorities call fried mixtures in which yeast is used, doughnuts, and fried mixtures, lightened with soda and cream-of-tartar or the equivalent, crullers. Others call a fried mixture, circular in shape with a hole in the center a doughnut and a fried mixture that was cut into strips and twisted before frying, a cruller.

Name of Yeast Batters Baked in Gem Pans

We should call a yeast batter baked in gem pans yeast muffins rather than yeast biscuit.

Seasonable Recipes

(Continued from Page 697)

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tins. When baked and cold invert, spread a little white boiled frosting over the top and at the center coil a little rose tinted frosting, sprinkle the whole with chopped pistachio nuts. The recipe makes about twenty little cakes. Three-fourths a cup of sugar and one white of egg will give an ample quantity of frosting. Take out two tablespoonfuls of the frosting to tint for the center. Do not use the frosting until it is cold and will hold its shape. Then the pink frosting may be handled to leave a dot of white at the center and it will also stand up a little and show lines or shadings of white here and there.

Rice Croquettes, Easter Style

Blanch three-fourths a cup of rice; add three cups of milk and half a teaspoonful of salt and let cook in a double boiler until the grains of rice are tender and the milk is absorbed. Add one-fourth a cup, each, of sugar and butter and the beaten yolks of three eggs; mix carefully, cover and let stand about five minutes to cook the eggs, then turn on to a buttered plate. When partly cooled, from into egg-shapes with a teaspoonful of orange marmalade in the center of each. Roll in sifted bread crumbs (stale but not dry bread), then in beaten egg and again in crumbs. Fry in deep fat and drain on soft paper. Serve hot as a dessert dish with

Creamy Sauce

Boil one cup of sugar and half a cup of water, as in making boiled frosting, then pour in a fine stream on the white of one egg, beating constantly meanwhile. Beat occasionally until cold, then fold in one cup of cream beaten very light and half a teaspoonful of vanilla. This may be made with unbeaten cream and served hot.

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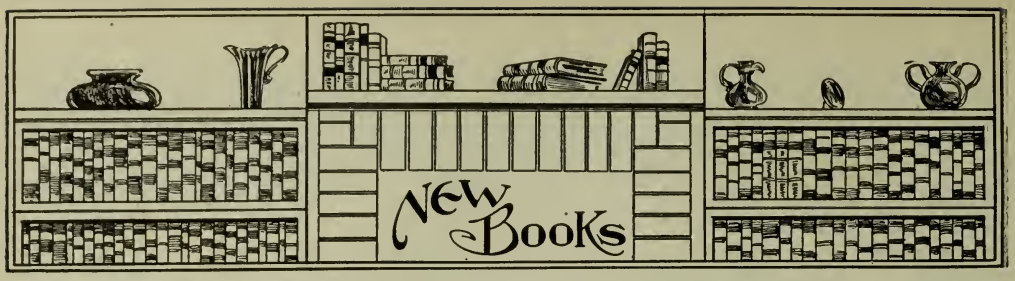
Means
Bathroom
Cleanliness
Chases
Dirt
Old Dutch
Cleanser
Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases
Dirt



The Home Nurse, By Dr. E. B. Lowry. Cloth, Price $1.00, Chicago: Forbes & Co.

Dr. E. B. Lowry, the popular writer on health topics, has brought out another very useful book, entitled, "The Home Nurse". It gives helpful directions for the care of the sick in the home and tells how to co-operate with the physician in providing for the comfort and cure of invalids. Full directions for first aid to the injured are also given. Technical terms are avoided and a complete index makes it possible to refer quickly to the desired information.

The writer is an authority on nursing and lectures on the subject in one of the leading medical colleges. The instructions may therefore be depended upon as conforming with the best medical knowledge and practice. Physicians will welcome the circulation of this excellent book; for it will facilitate their efforts, it is a veritable doctor's assistant.

It is to help the home nurse that the book has been prepared. It explains to the untrained nurse how to aid the physician by carrying out his directions intelligently A book of this character is very useful in the home for directions and guidance in times of need.

Foods and Household Management, By Helen Kinne and Anna M. Cooley. Cloth, Price $1.10. New York: The MacMillan Company.

The volume treats specifically of foods, their production, sanitation, cost, nutritive value, preparation and serving. These topics being closely interwoven with the practical aspect of household management and they are followed by a study of the household budget and accounts, methods of buying, housecleaning, and laundering. It includes about one hundred and sixty carefully selected and tested recipes, together with a larger number of cooking exercises of more experimental nature designed to develop in initiative and resourcefulness. It is intended for use in the course in household arts in high and normal schools, whether the work be vocational or general in its aim."

Thus it will appear this volume is quite the most extensive, elaborate, and scientific text-book of household arts yet published. With this textbook and a skillful teacher for guidance, classes in domestic science may be led on safe and sure ground to the latest and best attainments in the study of Household Arts.

The Oriental Cook Book, By A. H. Keoleian. Cloth, Price $1.25 net. New York: Sully & Kleinteich.

Here is a collection of wholesome, dainty, and economical dishes of the Orient. The author claims to have evolved a book which gives the most

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Try this prize-winning "Welch Rarebit"

Here is the winner of the first prize in our $200.00 "New Welch Rarebit" contest. Serve this and we believe you will say it is a wonderful salad.

1 pint Welch's Grape Juice
3 tablespoonfuls rice
¼ teaspoonful salt
1 quart freshly roasted peanuts
4 tablespoonfuls grated cream cheese (American or imported)
½ pint whipped cream
Crisp lettuce leaves

Wash the rice in several waters, boil in boiling salted water for seven minutes; drain and cover with Welch's Grape Juice and cook slowly until tender. Shake the pan occasionally to prevent burning. Cool the rice, grind the peanuts and whip up the cream. Arrange some crisp lettuce leaves on a dainty platter, then add the rice and the peanuts mixed with cheese. Use cream cheese that comes in foil packages. Cover with the whipped cream.

Do more than ask for "Grape Juice"—say WELCH'S and GET IT!

If unable to get Welch's of your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints for $3, express prepaid east of Omaha. Sample 4-ounce bottle by mail, 10 cents. Book of a Thousand Recipes for all kinds of dishes, free on request.

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representative, meritorious and easily adoptable methods of food preparation that are known, and practiced all over the Orient by various nationalities. His theory of cooking is not uninteresting.

All human beings are naturally gifted with more or less ability, when occasion requires, to prepare food for themselves. The true art of Cookery, however, is not the possession of many, especially when it is exercised for the highest good and pleasure of others. This truly specialized and praiseworthy function demands good judgment, an inherent sense of fitness and proportion in the choice and blending of food ingredients, reliable guidance, and after that practice and ever more practice.

But cookery should not be made a difficult task by minute descriptions of compositions and combinations — as is true of many cook books — in such a way as to cause the average housekeeper bewilderment or discouragement. Of course, excellent results in the art of cookery require a general knowledge of and experience in the art, on the part of the cook, yet, it should also be left with her to make a fair attempt at it, and use her own judgment, considerably, regarding preparation and results. Cookery is neither practical or successful when it is too scientific, because such success is largely dependent on the taste of the cook and those for whose enjoyment it is prepared.

Civilization has taught human beings to be careful in their selection of foodstuffs, and again, it has taught them, on the whole, to prepare the food in a way to make it more nourishing and palatable. Thus, the common reasons for cooking are already known to every person, which are, namely:

To do away with the hurtful substances in foodstuffs, and to cause destruction to microbes and other foreign matter in flesh and in vegetables.

To assist mastication and hasten digestion of food through proper combinations of various eatables; and, finally,

To use or serve them in the best style, suited to the customs and conceptions of civilized people.

Oriental Cookery, like all else Oriental, is not based on strict science, but on natural and happy combinations of food ingredients and flavors which many, many years' experience on the part of different peoples has taught them. It is naturally harmoniously and easily done, and is dependent for its successful result on good, and wholesome ideas in general cooking, and anyone with a little courage can do it, too, without minutely following the given guide in recipes.

Oriental cookery is valued not only because of its economy, because one can get the most out of the least material used in the preparations of a food, but it is also recognized and esteemed for its general body-building and nourishing character, and although it is solid and substantial, it is often dainty

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Sponge Pineapple Pudding

Pineapple Tarte

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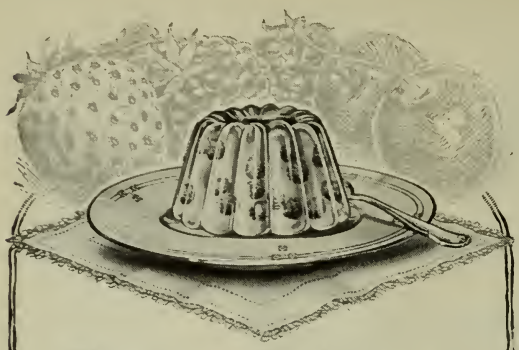

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as well. In Oriental cooking, not a single dish is dependent on the extravagent use of expensive and various ingredients which, when counted up, make food very expensive, but it is dependent, and very much so, on the flavor of each different article used in the making thereof. For those, therefore, who are fond of plain food, but of the kind that puts an extra layer of fat on the consumer, Oriental cooking is especially recommended.

Brick and Mortar Gardens

(Concluded from page 704)

and Yucca will usually grow; and the common Day Lily, Moneywort, Monkshood and hardy Pompon Chrysanthemums are particularly acceptable, because they will endure partial shade — and absence of sunshine is the great bane of city gardens. Where the sun does not shine at all, it is useless to attempt to raise flowers, and the possessor of such a yard must be satisfied with grass, hardy ferns, and the green of shrubbery.

The plants mentioned are all common hardy perennials, of which roots rather than seeds are usually planted, and once established they need no individual attention thereafter; but perennials are not constant bloomers, and at other times afford only a mass of foliage, which is valuable in itself, however, as a background and foil for annuals, which flower the greater part of the season and supply continuous masses of color which are the glory of the garden. There is one condition attached to the long-flowering annuals, however— the faded flowers must be taken off at once. If they remain on the stem, and begin to form seed, the plant will give up blooming and turn all its energies to the seed-crop, showing only an ugly mass of straggling stems. A pair of scissors should be a constant garden companion, and wherever a withered flower is seen, it should be snipped off. After the garden is well under way, it will supply plenty of cut flowers

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LITTLE FALLS N. Y.

for the house, and be benefited by the cutting.

With annuals, which are raised from seed, as with perenials, it is wise to choose a few old-fashioned, hardy varieties which grow readily and flower profusely. Backyard conditions are not favorable to rare or exotic plants. Only every-day things will give results which make such gardening worth while.

Seeds of annuals may be planted in the open ground as early in the spring as the weather is settled and the earth warmed by the sun. They must not be sown when the ground is saturated with moisture, or they will rot instead of germinating; and if they are sown in a dry time, the earth must be kept reasonably damp by watering, so that the tender rootlets of the new plants will not perish of drought. Proper directions for sowing are printed on the seed packets, but they do not insist as strongly as they should on the need for regular watering, both before and after germination. Of course, seedlings must not be continually flooded — the state of the soil must be the guide; and nothing must be watered when the sun is shining on it, as sunshine bakes wet soil into a crust, and the earth about plants should always be broken and friable.

Choose a sunny, protected corner for the seeds, and, if the ground has been dug the previous fall, it should be spaded and raked again before either seeds or plants are placed in it. This second digging is a trifle compared with the first breaking of ground which has never been cultivated. The more earth is stirred and pulverized, however, the more productive it will be, and the better will be the results obtained. The seeds may be sown in rows, each row being marked by a stick bearing a number. Then a memorandum should be kept of the different varieties planted, with the number of the row placed opposite the name of the variety. In this was a beginner who cannot recognize different seedlings at sight, will be able to identify

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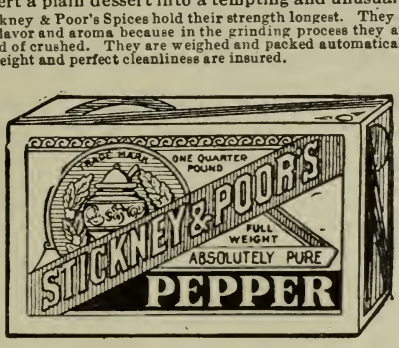
and other ingredients with which they are combined. When properly used, they give a subtle flavor that will convert a plain dessert into a tempting and unusual dish.

Stickney & Poor's Spices hold their strength longest. They retain their flavor and aroma because in the grinding process they are cut instead of crushed. They are weighed and packed automatically, so full weight and perfect cleanliness are insured.



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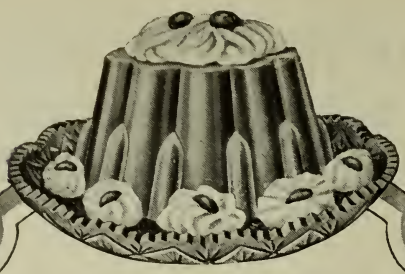

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KNOX Maple Rice Parfait

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
2 cups cooked rice — 1 cup milk
½ pint cream — 1 cup chopped nuts
1 cup Maple or brown sugar

Soften gelatine in the milk and dissolve in the hot rice. Add sugar and salt. When cool, fold in the cream whipped until thick, and the chopped nuts. Flavor with vanilla or lemon. Pack in ice, or in cool weather set out of doors.

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them when they appear. Of course they will come up too close together, but they should not be thinned at once, as many will die of their own accord. Of what remain, the least vigorous specimens in a crowd should be taken out to leave room for the stronger ones to develop.

After the seedlings have two or three pairs of leaves, they should be taken up and separated carefully, disturbing and exposing the roots as little as possible, and planted in the border where they are intended to remain. As the aim is not to raise speciment plants, but to secure a mass of color, seven or eight of the same kind should be planted near together in a row or group, and care should be taken that groups of varieties blooming at different times should be alternated, so that no part of the border will at any time be empty of flowers.

Of all annuals, the Nasturtium is the most cheerful and constant bloomer, beginning in June and continuing until killed by frost. There are tall varieties to train against the wall, and dwarfs which form a little bush. They must have sunshine, but ask nothing else except water. Petunias are another standby — not the large-flowering sorts, which are not profuse bloomers, but the bedding kinds, which cover themselves with color. Caliopsis, annual Larkspurs, both tall and dwarf, Calendula, French and African Marigolds, California Poppy, annual garden Poppy, Candytuft and Sweet Sultan have all proved successful in a subsoil backyard. This may seem a limited list, but it will yield beauty from spring to autumn and repay the gardener a thousandfold.

A Sympathetic Dog

The fare at a certain boarding-house was very poor. A boarder who had been there for some time, because he could not get away, was standing in the hall when the landlord rang the dinner-bell. Whereupon an old

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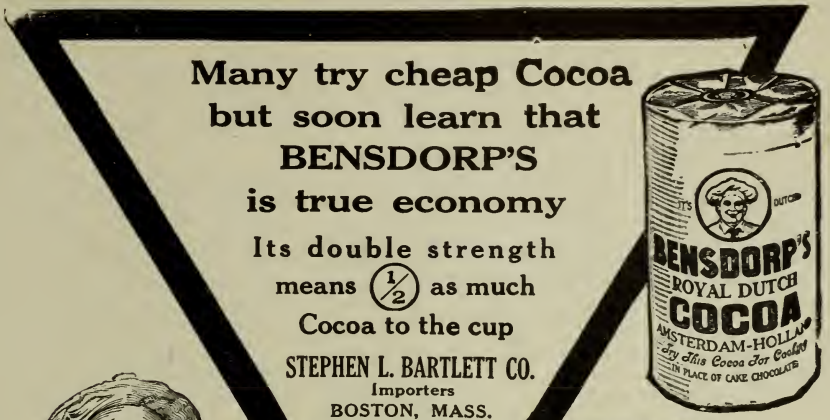

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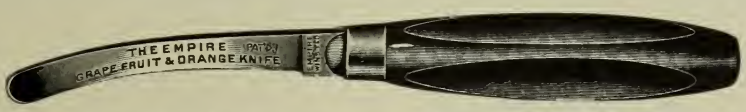

A Perfect Knife for Grape Fruit

THE EMPIRE GRAPE FRUIT AND ORANGE KNIFE

The blade of this knife is made from the finest cutlery steel, finely tempered, curved just to the right angle and ground to a very keen edge, will remove the center, cut cleanly and quickly around the edge and divide the fruit into segments ready for eating.

The feature of the blade is the round end which prevents cutting through the outer skin. A grape fruit knife is a necessity as grape fruit are growing so rapidly in popularity as a breakfast fruit.

For Sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents each. If not found at your dealers, upon receipt of price a knife will be sent to any address postpaid by the Manufacturer.

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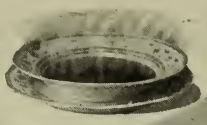

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Requires No Soaking

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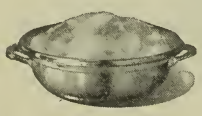

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dog that was lying outside on a rug commenced to howl mournfully.

The boarder watched him a little while, and then said:

"What on earth are you howling for? You don't have to eat it!"

Hygienic Crumbles

MISS CLEE who is an ardent theorist in the matter of hygienic living, concluded her somewhat tedious remarks by descending from generalizations to concrete instances, as she nibbled at a cracker.

"You say," she declared, with calm and patronizing pity in her tones, "you say that pepper and other condiments are not injurious if used in moderation. My friend, that is a mistake. The lining of the stomach, as you know, is composed of a delicate membrane — almost exactly like the lining of the eye. Now, candidly, would you put pepper or mustard into your eye? You would not. And why? Because it would cause indescribable suffering. And so, although you may not be aware of the fact, the condiments that you take into your stomach cause inflammation and suffering, which you call indigestion. Do I make my point clear?"

Farmer Grant moved uneasily in his chair; he had enjoyed the corned-beef dinner, and the only drawback to his enjoyment had been the sight of his guest nibbling crackers in preference to his own more substantial meal.

"I s'pose you've got the rights of the case," he admitted, grudgingly. "But I just couldn't stand it to live on them hard-backed, wafer things that ain't got a speck of taste to 'em."

"Try one," urged the advocate of the simple life.

Farmer Grant took the offered edible gingerly; then a sudden thought smote him.

"Turn about is fair play," he said, bluntly. "I'll give in that pepper and mustard and vinegar and sich-

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By MARY CHANDLER JONES

Teacher of Cookery in the Public Schools of Brookline, Mass.

Cloth, 272 Pages, Illustrated, $1.00 net. Postage, 8 cents

PART of this book appeared serially in this magazine and met with such favor as to warrant its publication in book form. The chapters that were in the magazine have been rewritten and enlarged, and about as many more entirely new chapters (37 chapters in all) added, together with some dozen or more illlustrations.

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like are all bad for the stomach, and I'll quit eating of 'em ef I find they really do hurt the eye. And I'll try 'em on my eye — ef you'll try the effect first on your eye of crumblin' this 'ere cracker up and rubbin' it round on that delicate linin, that you spoke of. Ef the hy-ginic crumbles don't hurt your eye, why, I'll know they'll be good for my stomach; and if they do irritate and inflame that delicate organ, why, then I'll know hy-ginic crumbles *ain't* good, and I'll stick to un-hy-ginic eatin', which I swan to man I *kin* enjoy."

Farmer Grant is still eating unhygienic food, partly, no doubt, because Miss Clee declined to rub "uhy-ginic crumbles" in her eyes.

LITTLE Prince Henry, aged 13, is the practical joker of the British royal family. Here is his latest. His sister, Princess Mary, wrote him the other day while he was visiting in Cornwall, asking him to send her some of the flowers which according to the newspapers were blooming in profusion in the "English Riviera." "You know how fond I am of early spring flowers," she wrote. Next day there arrived at Buckingham palace a beautiful basket addressed to Princess Mary. The writing was that of Prince Henry. When the princess opened the basket she found, tastefully tied up with heliotrope ribbon, a hugh bunch of — cauliflower.

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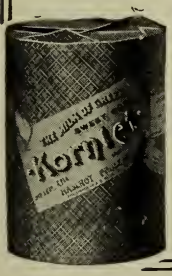

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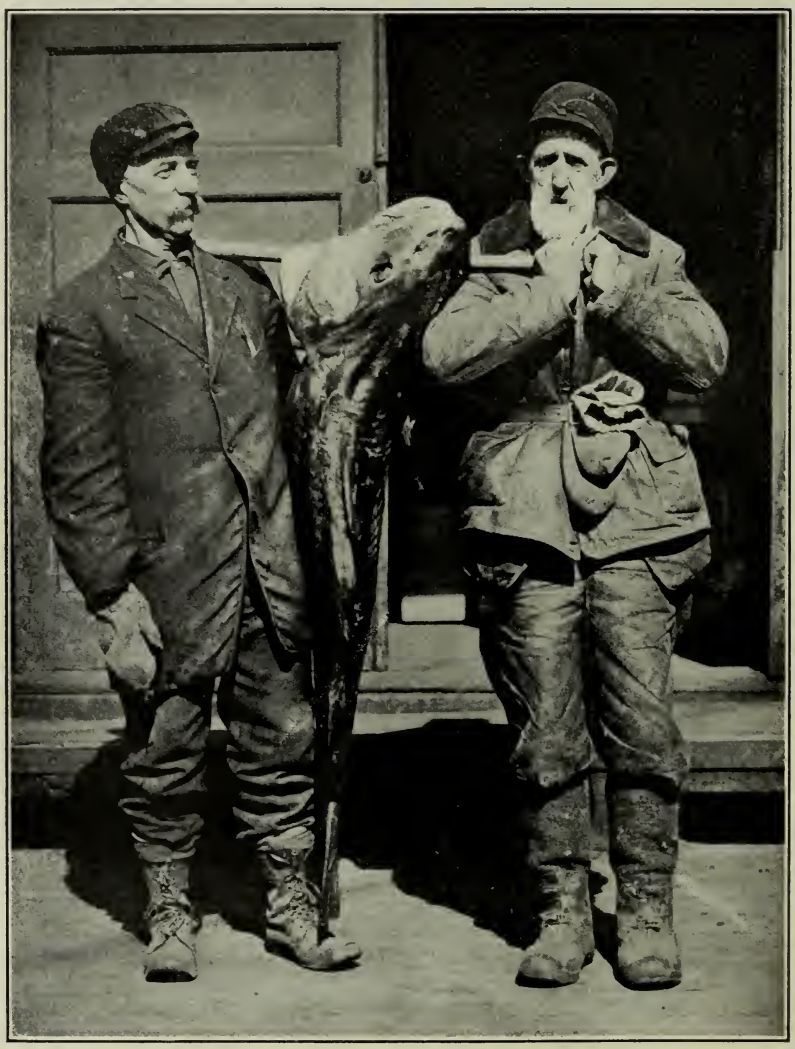

A 65-POUND COD LANDED AT T WHARF

The

Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XVIII MAY, 1914 No. 10

BOSTON'S NEW FISH PIER

Opening of Boston's New Fish Pier Means Much to the Housewife

By Frederick Roche

THE opening of the new Boston Fish Pier, the $3,000,000 plant in South Boston, which is to take the place of Boston's famed T wharf as the center of the fresh fish industry of the Atlantic Coast, is an event of no small importance to American housewives. It means that the country's fresh fish supply will be better handled and that the individual housewife will be able to get better fish for her table than ever before, and at no greater price.

The officers of the Boston Fish Market Corporation, builders and managers of the vast and unique plant at South Boston, the largest and most complete fish market in the world, have set high ideals for themselves. They believe that to make the fresh fish business a success they must induce the housewife to use more fish, and that this can best be accomplished by placing a better grade of fish upon the market, and at the same time educating the housewife to know good fish and to cook it properly.

The actual work of setting their wonderful new plant in operation, once finished, the fish men plan a campaign of education for the consumer. They plan to show the man who eats fish and the woman who cooks it, that there may be a great deal of difference in the taste of two fish of the same variety, caught at the same time, but handled and cooked differently. They also plan to prove to the housewife that there

are a number of varieties of fish not generally eaten — which at least the housewife would refuse to buy under their trade name — which are really very tasty and have an extensive sale as food in other countries.

The fish dealers have begun their work for the attainment of their ideal by constructing at South Boston the biggest pier in the world, given over exclusively to the fishing industry. This pier is of concrete and is 1200 feet long and 400 feet wide. Upon it stands two rows of stores, also of concrete, clean and sanitary. The motto that cleanliness is next to godliness has been the watchword in the construction of the pier and no detail has been omitted which would work to keep the pier absolutely clean. Adequate drainage has been provided and facilities arranged for washing every inch of the pier and of the tile-lined stores each day. The fish dealers intend to see that absolutely no dirt is allowed to collect — a striking contrast to T wharf, which from the time it was first used as a fish pier, 30 years ago, went unwashed until it went out of existence as the center of the country's fisheries.

Even the personal appearance of the employees of the new pier has been taken into account and the men who actually handle the fish have been provided with neat uniforms, constantly changed, so that they will always present as clean an appearance as possible. The facilities for keeping the fish landed at the pier in excellent condition are unequaled anywhere. Ice, made in the great cold storage plant at the head of the pier, will be delivered, crushed, to the stores each morning and an effort will be made to see that all the fish landed is iced as soon as weighed.

The reaction in favor of better handling of fresh sea-foods has not stopped with the dealers, but its influence has been felt by the fishermen. They have had impressed upon them the fact that to get the best prices for their catch they must bring it to port and deliver it to the dealers in an A-1 condition. The wholesale dealers believe that this movement for marketing better fish will extend before long to the retail dealers and expect that radical changes will be made in the handling of sea-foods by the last named.

The fish dealers believe that the high price of meats and other food-stuffs is constantly calling the attention of the

THE STREET BETWEEN THE LONG BUILDINGS

housewife to the vast possibilities of fish and feel that, when these possibilities are realized by the women of this country, the extent of their business will rapidly increase. Fish men at T wharf claim that in the past a large percentage of the fish has been spoiled either by improper handling or cooking. The average housewife, they say, knows but one or two ways of preparing fish and these but imperfectly. A short time ago a cook-book prepared by the New England Fish Exchange was put on the market just to prove that the manner of preparing fish for the table can be varied indefinitely. Expert cooks have claimed any variety of fish can be prepared for the table so that it will be extremely palatable even for those who have a natural aversion for sea-foods. The United States government has set its cookery experts to work on the problem and there is reason to believe that before long the government presses will be turning out expert advice for the housewives on the subject of preparing fish for the table.

THE MODERN FISHING SCHOONER

The average housewife, it is said, knows but half a dozen varieties of fish: cod, haddock, halibut, mackerel, salmon and swordfish. They frequently buy what is known as Boston "blue fish," in reality, pollock. This, the fish dealers say, is a strong argument in favor of giving more euphonious names to the salt water finny tribe which are used as food. It is a fact that the "salt cod fish," which the housewife

STEAM TRAWLER, ANOTHER TYPE OF FISHING CRAFT

creams or from which she makes fish balls, is frequently hake. It is also a fact that the housewife will not buy either pollock or hake under those names.

While the fish dealers at Boston have no hope that the housewife will immediately adopt the government's suggestions about eating dog fish they believe it is a fact that the time is at hand for the American people to dismiss their prejudices against certain extremely palatable varieties of fish, prejudices due solely to the unfortunate appellations of these fish.

The railroad facilities of the new pier have been so arranged that fresh fish can be shipped to all parts of the country. There is no reason why a housewife in the middle of the country should not be able to purchase excellent fish, at a reasonable figure, caught in the Atlantic Ocean and landed at Boston.

The United States government has been trying for a long time to tell the housewife that its experts have found fish to be an excellent and a cheap food. The fish dealers of Boston are taking up the same work. Is the housewife ready to listen?

THE OLD T WHARF

Whispers

The grasses whisper to the wind,
The maples to the rain;
Light-footed Spring goes whispering
In meadow and in lane.

The pines forever tell of things
That happened long ago;
The roses tell a lover's spell
When evening winds are low.

The whispered word of human lips—
How much it can impart!
And sweetest far love's whispers are,
Soft spoken from the heart!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

BONBON BASKETS OF WILLOW AND IRISH LACE
Courtesy Industrial and Educational Union, Boston

Bucolic Opinions on Fletcherizing

By Helen S. Gray

WHEN Horace Fletcher was giving a course of lectures at Elbert Hubbard's in East Aurora, he was accompanied by a student, Mr. Granger, who told what Fletcherizing had done for him and illustrated his talk by doing the deep knee-bending exercise. It was remarkable with what ease he did it. "One of the tests of endurance used in gymnasiums", said he, "is that called the deep knee-bending exercise, which consists in lowering the body until it almost rests on the heels and then rising to full height. I underwent this test at Battle Creek and was able to do it almost 3000 times in succession, but I was sore afterwards. Then I heard of Fletcherizing and adopted it. At first, it took me about three hours a day to eat my meals, but in a week or ten days I had gained facility so that I could get through eating in the time that others do, and I found I was eating only one-half or two-thirds as much as I had formerly. After one month's experience with Fletcherizing, I went down to Yale to undergo some tests Prof. Irving Fisher was conducting. Few of the meat-eaters could do the knee-bending test more than 300 or 400 times in succession, and after it could hardly walk down stairs, so weakened were their leg muscles by the ordeal. The maximum number of times reached by meat-eaters was 800-900. One vegetarian athlete at Yale made a record of 1200 times without exhaustion, after which he ran around the gymnasium and walked several miles. At Battle Creek, a dozen of the vegetarian nurses and doctors had done the test 1800 times, and one did it 2400 times, after which he went on with his regular work. I did the knee-bending test 5002 times, without stopping, in two hours and nineteen minutes. I could have continued for a while longer, but it was getting monotonous for the spectators. Then I had a plunge in the tank and felt no muscular soreness the next

day or afterwards. By a vegetarian diet and Fletcherizing I had eliminated fatigue toxins from my body."

Talk about "the doins" and about Fletcherizing spread through the village and created no little amusement and scorn among those whose chewing is confined to a quid of tobacco. They did not attend Mr. Fletcher's lectures nor read his books. What they heard about Fletcherizing was that it means prolonged chewing, and their imaginations supplied the information as to how prolonged.

"Eat and gi' done with it", was the hired man's comment on Fletcherizing, and his views represent the consensus of bucolic opinion. "They say that man Fletcher talks entertainingly about his theories in a way that 'ud call a horse from his oats. To chew so long any one 'ud have to be a millionaire t' afford the time. Nobody 'ud hire a man t' work for him who minces around when he eats. The man that's quick t' eat is the one that's quick t' work. You watch a table full of men eatin'. Those that swaller her down and clean it up are the workers. Of course I don't believe in swallerin' food *hull* nor that a man should choke himself t' death eatin'. I'd like t' take that man Fletcher around and show him how animals eat. If you see 'em takin' a little dab out of the top of the heap and mincin' and lickin' around, you may know they ain't no good. The horse that at the first mouthful bites clear to the bottom of the manger and swallers it, is always a big strong horse. I've seen horses so crazy t' git t' their feed that they'd kick the side of the stall as they scooped up a mouthful of oats. I know a horse thirty years old that plants his feet on the cornstalks I feed him and then from the way he makes them cornstalks disappear you'd think they was goin' down a cuttin' machine".

Some of the waitresses adopted Fletcherizing, much to the contempt of the cook. Some lessons in physical culture they took were the last straw for her patience, and she told them she believed "in folks' gittin' physical culture out of their work".

SPRING BLOSSOMS, JAPANESE FASHION

A Fortnight in Berlin

First Impressions of Young American Tourists

By Mary D. Lindsay

ONE afternoon in early July four of us, American girls, arrived for the first time in Berlin. Our impression as we passed through the suburbs was of bright cleanliness and red geraniums, and as we came to know the city better in the days that followed, this opinion deepened. Everywhere are broad streets, neat white houses and well kept flower beds. There are no slums in Berlin, the people hide their poverty under a smiling front, for the government so orders it.

We drove at once to our pension and there were introduced into a strange world. Up to the fourth story we went, and in a long dark hall met the stout and tightly laced Frau. She beamed upon us and, in very good English, bade us welcome. Her servants, however, spoke no English and we had to adopt an elaborate system of signs to explain our simplest wants. Even the bedroom furnishings surprised us. They were very elegant and, as we soon learned, very unstable. The beds were covered with what appeared to be lace curtains, and when we examined the bed clothes underneath we discovered that they consisted of a feather mattress stuffed in a huge white case. On a cold night this covering was deliciously warm, but at more temperate times there was no happy mean possible between smothering with it or freezing without it. The room was so crowded with its other furnishing that my wardrobe of necessity stood in the hall. I found, to my horror, on observing it, that a large artificial palm adorned the top. As this palm shook threateningly whenever the door of the wardrobe was opened, my discomfiture may be imagined.

With high hopes, as our lunch that day had been light, we heard the gong for supper. The dining-room was another revelation. Down the long table ran a strip of gray crepe tissue paper. On this a lace doily reposed and, scattered at equal intervals, stood vases of bright-colored everlasting flowers. Artificial smilax woven in and out between the vases completed the effect. Around this table were seated a cosmopolitan group, and we, it seemed, were to separate and sit among them. In my position between a smiling Pole, who spoke no English, and an Englishwoman who plainly showed her disapproval of four girls alone in Berlin, I looked around for the others. Jane was working hard at a "ya" and "nein" conversation with an ugly little Dutchman; Louise beamed in silence upon a black mustachioed charmer from Chili, and Bess, between two Germans, sat looking around at the rest of us. A surreptitious wink from her almost upset my social calm. After the meal, which was distressingly meager, with its queer smoked meats, raw fish and sour rye bread, we repaired to the drawing-room for tea and conversation. Here three of us managed to draw together, and from the bulwark of each other's society to survey Louise. She had yielded to the charms of Chili and sat on a settle near him as he played the latest German ragtime. Incautiously she leaned back with disastrous results. The back of the settle was only ornamental, and, insulted with this rude treatment, it came down with a crash.

After that mishap we fled and went out to view the city by lamp light. We arrived home to experience another example of German thrift. The porter retired at ten, so it was necessary to walk up the four flights. By pushing a button the lowest stairs were lighted

for a minute and then plunged in darkness again. In that minute we were supposed to dash up that flight and push the next button, and so on, until worn and breathless we arrived at our landing. Even in the day time we must needs walk down, for the porter could not be bothered to come up for us. And, indeed, we found this custom true in even the department stores of Berlin. One rides up and walks down.

From this pension we sallied forth every day to see the city. Our trips to the American Express and to Cook's for mail led us along the Unter den Linden, that beautiful broad avenue with its palaces and interesting shops, each of which from its advertisements is the principle marketing place of the Kaiser. This street leads down to the stately archway called the Brandonburg gate. It has five passageways, and soldiers stand constantly on guard at the central one, through which none but the Kaiser may pass. This gate opens on the other side upon an avenue running, perpendicular to Unter den Linden, into the Victoria Platz. In the center of this square rises a huge column adorned at the summit with a flashing bronze victory. Marble statues of many of the generals in the Franco-Prussian War stand near the central column, and before the Reichstag, which faces the platz, rises the monument of Bismark, lord of all he surveys. We often crossed this square on our way to the Thier Garten which lies just across. This Thier Garten is a great park and through it runs the avenue of Victory. On either side of the broad white road the monarchs of Prussia and Germany, in white marble, stand at equal intervals. The brilliant flower beds around them, the dark trees behind, form a wonderfully effective setting for all this magnificence. If you leave this road and wander through the daisy-starred grass under the beautiful shade trees, you will come suddenly upon a statue of Goethe or Schiller or some other German poet, and in one spot you will find a sand pile with many little children playing merrily. We sat down to watch the lovely scene one day, and were immediately accosted by a man with a ticket; "No thank you," we said, "we do not care for any." With much gesticulating he managed to convey to us the idea that one must buy a ticket before he can sit down. This offended our sense of the fitness of things and we rose at once.

If you turn in the other direction along the Unter den Linden,you pass the Museum of Arms, a great armory of war implements dating from time immemorial, the university buildings and the Royal Opera House. At this end the street widens out to a square, around which are grouped the royal palaces, the Dom and art galleries. One may visit these at a price, and we went one day to the Emperor's winter palace. It is an enormous affair covering a whole block in itself. We donned huge carpet slippers, that our feet might not scratch the royal floor, and were led through a small portion of it. The guide explained, in German, the marvelous sights we saw. Magnificence of gold and silver, velvet hangings and frescoed ceilings past all imagining, it was far too gorgeous to be beautiful. From there we crossed the street to a building only less imposing, the royal stables. Here we journeyed past miles of horses and vehicles. Each prince must have his own carriage for every occasion and all are preserved that the people may observe them. So there are innumerable royal baby carriages, dog carts and coaches. The royal harnesses fill yet another room. We were rather surprised to see but few royal automobiles. There also is the favorite horse of Frederick the Great, stuffed; he has grown seedy with age, poor thing, and there, too, is the horse of the Emperor William. We came out and fled to the Dom, where seats are free. This is

the state church, quite as magnificent as the rest of Berlin; all the apostles and reformers stand in niches, and the stained glass windows show symbolical figures in many brilliant colors. Here, as elsewhere, the best pew is reserved for the Emperor. To the side of the church opens a chamber containing the tombs of former rulers. Certain spaces lie vacant in a manner that must seem but too suggestive to the present royal family. Nearby are two art galleries. The National Museum exhibits pictures of German artists only, and the Kaiser Fredrich has a fine collection of paintings from all times and countries. Here we were enraptured with our first view of Raphaels, Murillos, Rembrandts and Velasquez.

As we went about we gradually learned the small tricks of the town that make life cheaper and easier; that taxis are delightfully inexpensive, that motor-buses cost next to nothing, if you sit on the wooden seats in back instead of the leather cushions farther front, and that they do not stop, but you must run and leap on them as they slow down. We learned to buy "eis chocolade" a delicious mixture of chocolate and whipped cream, and that, to order lemonade aright, we must ask for lemonade naturale citrone. We found a cheap restaurant on Unter den Linden, and learned where to buy opera tickets for less than fifty cents. The Royal Opera House was closed, but the Krol Opera produced Wagner very creditably. One is required by law to check his hat and coat there, and the least murmur during the performance is greeted with an angry hiss from the audience, who listen with true love of music and applaud vociferously between acts. We also discovered the charms of the Ice Palace where the most graceful dancing imaginable is performed by a ballet on skates. One grows accustomed, too, to the omnipresent soldiers. They stand guard at all the palaces; they march with playing bands past one's window at five o'clock in the morning, and many other times a day, and they are always visible, singly or in groups, on any street of the city. The small boys of Berlin, who here as elsewhere follow a brass band, must live in a continuous state of excitement.

We went one Sunday to the Zoological Gardens to see the animals and the people. Everybody was there, and we sat fascinated watching the streams of humanity. Adorable chubby German children came in great numbers,—sweethearts in Sunday best, who made love quite openly, and the respectable aged as well. All sorts of costumes promenaded past, from the full-skirted French bonne to the latest creation in slimness from Paris. At sundown there was scarcely a vacant seat in the huge beer garden, adjoining. The crowd talked and laughed and listened to the two bands, which took turns banging out American coon songs and comic opera. This is only one of the many places in Berlin that is crowded on a Sunday, for that, as we were told, is the general holiday of the people who have no other play time. A trip up the Spree River, one other day, showed us literally miles of beer gardens, thousands of little tables covered with neat red cloths, set out under the trees. They are all packed on Sunday.

We took two trips out from Berlin. One day we did what every one else does, went to Potsdam. In an American Express Company motor you ride for twenty miles through the strange Grunewald forest. The grass underneath is burnt yellow and tall straight pines, whose lower branches have died, reach up like brown poles to the top where dark pine growth casts a shade over the whole. At the end of the forest one changes to a motor boat and glides over a charming lake, past wooded shores and glistening castle towers, to meet the motor at the other side and ride to the inn at Potsdam. There a

delicious dinner, which is thrown in with the rest of the trip, awaits one, and after it you are prepared for sightseeing. We first visited the old church that Frederick the Great used to attend. It is hung with captured battle flags, which doubtless gives great satisfaction to the present Emperor when he comes to worship there. In this church Frederick lies buried. Napoleon once stood over his tomb and said to his men: "Take off your hats, gentlemen, if he had been living, I should never have been here." Then on past the summer palace of the Kaiser, full of modern magnificence, to Sans Souci, the home of Frederick. This is truly a beautiful place. The house itself, a long, one-storied building, is a marvel of simple elegance. Two rooms interested us especially, the library lined with book shelves and looking out through long French windows on the beautiful terrace, and the chamber of Voltaire. Frederick, who hated him cordially, yet could not bear to part with him, had it especially prepared for a surprise when Voltaire was away on a visit. Monkeys and parrots decorate the walls and furnishings and point with pleasant satire to Voltaire's talkativeness, his vanity and ugliness. In the picture galleries we noticed that the benches were particularly narrow and hard. Frederick, we were told, had once seen a lackey asleep on a settle and had had these made uncomfortable on purpose. But the real charm of the place is in the grounds. There are fountains and statues near the house, and to one side a raised mound with eleven stone slabs, the resting place of Frederick's favorite hounds, where he wished to be buried himself. To the front of the house stretch magnificent terraces copied after Versailles. They are kept in perfect condition with flower beds and velvety lawns and nicely clipped boxwood, and to one looking down from the house to the fountain at the bottom they are a delight in their conventional loveliness.

On our other trip we went out into the real country to a little place called the Spreewald. It is a very low fertile district through which branches of the Spree wind and interwind for many miles. The only roads are the waterways and the people who have always lived there still keep the old peasant costume. We took the train for Lubbenan and walked through sunny fields, abloom with onion flower and the bright blossom of the red bean, to the little town. It is a quaint old cobble stone village, where the plaster cottages open directly on the street and where we saw barefooted women spreading great piles of onions out on the pavement to dry. At the landing we stepped into a punt and were poled along all day. Our guide, with his great black mustache, was a revolutionary looking individual, and, indeed, we found that he was out of the good graces of the government. He had turned Socialist and had insulted his superior officer in the Army, so his license for poling had been taken away and he requested us to pay him unostentatiously that he might not be fined. Down a long staight avenue bordered with willows we glided, until the bend in the stream brought us into a bright hay field where forget-me-nots grew along the bank. We turned up a bypath for pond lilies once. Other travelers in their punts passed us, and once a load of bright red carrots on its way to market floated by. Often we came upon some small settlements, a few houses with flower beds around them, and pretty peasant girls bustling about, and often our stream led through stretches of shady woodland. Little boys pelted us with cornflowers tied in nose gays, and scrambled eagerly for our pennies, and once the idyllic spell was broken by cheap ragtime ground out of a hurdy gurdy. We spent the whole day in this peaceful manner.

One of our table acquaintances at the pension assured us that we had not seen the real Berlin. "Go along Fried-

erich Strasse after twelve," he said. Friederich Strasse is a narrow business street always crowded. It reaches the whole length of the city. "The Germans may try to embrace you at that hour, but slap them and you will have no trouble." In spite of the fact that we were American, we hesitated, and left Berlin without seeing its life. Characteristically our last act in the city was to quarrel with the porter over his tip. We were glad we had seen the great clean city and we admired its handsome avenues and buildings. But we knew that the government was over it all, that it ate up huge taxes in all this grandeur, that every business had to report to it, and that even we, insignificant as we were, could not be sick, or leave the city without its knowledge, and this feeling irritated us. We longed for a freer air, and with real joy boarded the southbound train, and yet we wished we might visit Boston again.

Wanderlust

"It's joy-time again," shouts the robin,
The dawn is a-throb with his cheer,
And, in the glad hush of the night-fall,
Hear the hylas chant, far and near,
Their heart-stirring chorus of welcome,
To herald the green o' the year.

"Come, Lightfoot," the low winds are calling,
"The grass is of emerald sheen,
Anemones whiten the wood-ways,
Frail bluets are starring the green,
And the 'red-wings' are flashing their fire
In haunts where the swamp willows lean."

"Gay-tasseled are poplar and alder,
And mellow the tint of the sedge,
The ferns and the mosses are weaving
Rare beauty by brook-side and ledge,
A palpitant joy stirs the maples
That brightens the whole woodland's edge."

"Come, Lightfoot, the patteran beckons,
Come, haste while the morning is young,
Where pranking the trail of the Maytime
Your gypsy-gay blossoms have sprung,
And music of gypsy-glad carols
From thicket and tree-top is sung."

ELEANOR ROBBINS WILSON

What Constitutes a Good Table?

By Anna Mitchell

THE answer to this question will vary as much as people vary. What is one man's meat is another man's poison. A noted divine once said, "We judge people by what they can and what they cannot do without." It may seem a mundane method by which to judge character, but this department of household management certainly does throw side lights on the person behind the scenes. If the food is simple, well cooked and well served, we know that there is sincerity of purpose behind that home; but if the bill of fare consists of pretentious names of dishes that are intended to contain questionable ingredients, then we know that a game of bluff is being attempted by some one. If a person of intelligence is obliged to accept this as a steady diet, his self-respect will eventually become impaired, for his standards of morality must necessarily become lowered.

There are conditions that hold in the average boarding house and the second-class restaurant. A story is told of an Irish mechanic who changed his boarding house. A friend he had known at the first place met him one day and said: Well, Pat, how do you like the new boarding house? I hear they have napkins there." Napkins "be blowed," replied Pat, "I'd rather have corned beef and cabbage." It is evident that Pat preferred food to service. People

who are sensitive to environment will find that the digestive fluids are accelerated or retarded by the way food is put on the table. A brain worker has a much more sensitive digestion than a laboring man; hence the necessity for him that table appointments should be made attractive. At the sight of dirty table cloth or badly washed dishes, he, at once, feels a lack of appetite. This is caused by the organs that supply the digestive fluids, shutting up at the sight of any thing repulsive and refusing to work. Hence flowers, bright silver, and clean table linen are necessary adjuncts to the table of a brain worker.

The French have acquired an enviable reputation as masters of the culinary art. Now this is due, first, to the fact that they are a people of artistic temperament, which ensures a sense of the fitness of things; and, secondly, they have a great capacity for details. This, added to their thrifty ability to make a little go a great way, supplies what is most essential in the making of a good cook.

The Germans and the English are noted for their thoroughness, therefore cleanliness and system in their households are their strong points, but the ability to make the table attractive is essentially a French prerogative. It is this feature of French life that appeals so strongly to moneyed Americans who have built up one entire section of Paris.

But we are not concerned about those whose leisure and money enable them to seek and find that which is most acceptable to the palate, we are interested in finding some way by which the best things in home making may be brought within reach of the great mass of our people who must of necessity stay put. If any one staying in Paris should stroll along the section of the city where the public markets are situated about eight o'clock in the morning, he would meet any number of French women hurrying home with a twine bag in their arms. In this bag are the vegetables they have just purchased. The total expenditure is not more than one frank (20 cents) and it has covered provisions for three meals. There will probably be a couple of soups made from the contents of the bag, besides vegetables served in solid form, and there is sure to be parsley for garniture. A little further on we will meet the baker's man carrying a load of crisp, browned bread sticks on his shoulder. The French, like the English, depend entirely on the public bakery for their bread supply. They are very partial to French small cakes of which dessert usually consists, with the addition of fresh fruit. Unlike the English, comparatively little tea is drunk.

The bigness which characterizes everything in this country leads to an extravagance in the average American table. Estimating closely on food supplies is regarded as a form of meanness. We often hear of help, particularly Irish help, who throw up good places, because they think the mistress calculates more closely on supplies than is consistent with what they have heard of this land of plenty.

The Domestic Science Schools are doing much toward eradicating these false ideas. A great deal was expected from the introduction of cooking into the public schools, some years ago, but it is quite doubtful whether the results, in practical making of the homes, have justified expectations.

The pupil, in many cases, takes home modernized methods only to be met with strong opposition from her mother's hard and fast habits, which she is not inclined to change at the young person's dictum.

How many old housekeepers sniff at a cookbook. I have heard them say, "I never measure anything, I just use my own judgment." Now they do not advert to the difficulty of transferring this judgment, acquired by long years of practice, to the young novice, without the assistance of rules. Occasionally you will find a mother of rare common sense, who will see the necessity of training her daughter early in systematic

manner. The instructon received in this way is the most valuable. The mother when properly equipped is the best teacher of the household art.

A friend of mine, who is very particular about her table, says the earliest thing she can remember her mother saying is, "If you serve only bread and butter, see that it is put on the table in an appetizing manner.

There is an unsolved problem confronting people who are obliged to board and this number increases as the various avenues of employment for women have increased. In boarding "there are many men of many minds" to be satisfied. How can the proper average of food and service be brought about at a minimum cost? Three wholesome, well cooked dishes are better than six lacking in these requirements. We have become a nation of dyspeptics, because we eat too many different things and thus place on the digestive organs too much strain in the effort to assimilate.

The Public Gymnasium and the Public Lectures on Hygiene have done much, in recent years, toward educating the public in the best way to avoid the necessity for taking drugs. What we need now are free lectures on dietetics, so that girls who are about to assume the responsibility of housekeepers may learn the value of foods. If some of the time now given, by young matrons, to bridge could be conserved and directed to a systematic study of cookery, the beneficial results would be far reaching. Fewer people who can keep house would take refuge in the boarding house, and who shall say that the number of divorces would not be lessened thereby?

The Road

There's a lusty bluebird singing, where the purple lilacs sway,
There's a drift of apple blossoms where the wanton breezes play:
And the trilliums, pale beauties, their pearly censers swing,—
For in the fragrant forest depths they hear the voice of Spring.

Here's a flash of gold a-blow in the young broom trees,—
Overhead a mist of green courts the scented breeze.
Come, oh, come a-gypsying, come to Springtime's meet,---
You with yearning faces leave the bustling city's street.

There's a blue-eyed violet peeping through a fern-embroidered screen:—
There's a turquoise sky above us raining dewdrops for its queen.
April weeps, then, with a sunbeam, laughing dries her azure eyes,
And a knot of rainbow ribbons 'midst her golden locks she ties.

Here's the road to summer days, o'er the path of Spring—
Merry May is just ahead, where the hawthornes swing.
Who this maid will follow, hasten lagging feet, —
Laugh, and flee the shadows, dreary, in the city's street.

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES

Eliminating Non-Essentials

By Eleanor Robbins Wilson

EVERY successful housekeeper who is a satisfaction alike to the inmates of her household and herself, in some early stage of the domestic routine, has experienced a great sifting process and thereby conclusively settled the perplexing operation of separating home-making essentials from non-essentials.

While each home is a law unto itself, and each home-keeper's problems are largely individual, all share the common desire for the best mode of procedure in dispatching their duties and crave the common reward of increased freedom. "A wide margin of leisure is as beautiful in a man's life as in a book", said Thoreau. Had these lines been penned during the last decade, they might have read, — "A wide margin of leisure is as beautiful in a *woman's* life as in a book"; and the heartiest feminine "amens" to the sentiment would come from the housekeeping contingent.

How, then, are we to attain this desired leisure?

Only by becoming efficient workers and managers. To be the first means merely living up to Grandmother's adage, "make your head save your heels", plus the intelligent use of twentieth century labor saving devices. To be the second means mastering the art of conserving all the good things which contribute to the artistic and material comfort of the home. Prominent among these good things are time, money, and the house mother's health.

Owing to the fact that the domestic woman remains at home while the husband, out in the fray of business affairs, is continually enlarging his mental horizon through new viewpoints, it often happens that the two grow apart and are more widely separated in later years than when they first came together. It, therefore, becomes the absolute duty of each housewife to arrange her household affairs so that each day she may be able to devote some definite period, however small, to the broadening of her interests. Prentice Mulford tells us that it is thinking the same thoughts that ages us most, and that new thought is new life. So brightening our prosy, household planning with fresh, recreative ideas becomes of paramount importance.

The only short-cut to this coveted leisure lies through system. In other words, it means an intelligent survey of each day's necessary duties, classifying them as regards relative importance and then performing them with a due regard to sequence.

I know of no more profitable undertaking for the average housekeeper than an occasional minute criticism of her methods. One by one, let her review her daily duties and find just where her waste energy is going. Each period of such concentration should bear fruit. And it is only by applying improvement that we can hope to lift the performing of common household drudgery to the dignity of a science and the art of home-making to a profession.

Not long ago, an acquaintance of mine wore a pedometer during her morning work and found, in an incredibly short space of time, that it registered three miles! It is needless to add that today finds her eliminating many non-essentials and the proud possessor of some worthwhile labor-savers.

So, my dear homekeeper, let me repeat the admonition to face your several duties and try to lay your finger on the weakness thereof. If

you are making yourself foot-weary and uncompanionable through unnecessary steps, canvas the question thoroughly and see how it may be avoided. Perhaps, the answer lies in curtailing the dusting, by putting away superflous bric-a-brac, silver, furniture, etc., in fact, everything that does not directly contribute to the comfort or well-being of the family. Or, may be, a separate set of working utensils for the upper floor, a re-arrangement of the kitchen furniture, or simply a large tray for removing dishes from the table would obviate the trouble. A desirable papier-mache tray, size 22 x 16 inches, sells for $1.25. Its light weight and cheapness are sufficient recommendation. Perhaps, you are spending a disproportionate length of time in ironing. During the hot months there are many times when paper doilies may be substituted for linen ones. These come in both round and oval patterns. The latter shape placed over asbestos mats serve admirably for the hot dishes. The use of paper napkins will often save laundering damask, and there are many occasions when paper toweling answers one's purposes most effectually.

Many young mothers are simply martyrs to pride. Babies certainly do look adorable in white, but there are innumerable times when dark frocks may be used to advantage and even when rompers should take the place of dresses. In the choice of fabrics, too, lies another means of time-saving. Seersucker, Japanese nets, and cotton crepes require no ironing, and the latter material is as desirable for undergarments as for gowns, and is the ideal underwear cotton for the home-abiding as well as the traveling woman.

Cooking and dish-washing are time-consumers. But even these may be simplified and performed in shorter periods by the employment of proper culinary implements. Bread and cake mixers are almost indispensable, paper-bag cookery has its welcome niche, doing away with the washing of greasy pans, and the fireless cooker, at times, proves itself a boon. Doubtless there is no more valuable help for the cookery problem than the study of nutritive food values, and learning to serve a dietary appropriate to the season. During the summer months we shall gain in health as well as time by letting fresh fruit and plain ice cream take the place of rich puddings and pies, in discarding heavy meats and gravies for succulent vegetables, nut and egg dishes, and by partaking of an occasional picnic luncheon in the garden or on the veranda. The use of paper plates in the refrigerator is by no means a small help in the lessening of dish-washing. Size 6 x 7 sell at $.40 a hundred, while those measuring 8 x 9 are $.50 per hundred.

In planning her moments for recreation, the efficient housewife has, perforce, become Janus-faced. She has learned that it is yesterday's lack of repairs that too often robs tomorrow of its play-hour. The gap in the screen that keeps her swatting flies, the refractory damper that takes extra time to coddle, the broken spring on the door that necessitates extra steps, the clogged pipe, etc., that are a drain on both time and money, cheat her of the moments which might richly be used in more advantageous directions. In the domestic realm, as elsewhere, it is "trifles that build the tomb of great things."

The modern housekeeper has no better yardstick for measuring the progress of her domestic ideals than a backward glance at out-worn methods; no better way of counting her riches than enumerating the thousand and one golden advantages that have blossomed in the place of her fore-mother's essentials.

One of the best housekeepers I know is a woman who has outgrown

the semi-annual orgy of house-cleaning, and her shining panes and fresh window draperies are but an outward advertisement of the indoor cleanliness and order. This house is an average home, but the smooth-running of its domestic machinery makes it unusual in many respects. The laundry is in the basement. On the first floor there are four rooms, reception hall and pantry; on the second floor, four chambers and bath. The maid's room, storeroom and quarters for keeping traveling paraphernalia are on the third. It is this third floor that differs so widely from the customary attic, inasmuch as the storeroom harbors not outworn clothing, decrepit house furnishings, crippled furniture or files of old papers and magazines. It is the rule of this household that nothing useless or outgrown be kept. If broken furniture is worthy of restoration, it is immediately repaired and again pressed into general usage. If it seems wise to discard it, it is either given where it may render further service, sold to the junkman or sent to the chopping-block. Magazines, proving sufficiently valuable, are bound and added to the family library, others are sent to the Salvation Army or some place where they will be equally welcome, while all cast-off clothing is charitably passed on. Thus, the store room is an orderly apartment, containing a few chests and a number of neatly labeled boxes wherein are housed the family furs, winter clothing and bedding in summer, and vice versa.

The floors are of hard wood throughout this home. From week to week the rugs are given careful attention and, at regular intervals, like the mattresses, receive a thorough sunning and airing. Light-weight blankets are laundered with the home washing, while heavier ones are cleansed by professional cleaners. Painting, papering, floor polishing, and general repairing are done at opportune moments and draperies are laundered as frequently as necessary. Thus the old-time cyclonic upheavals, dignified as Spring and Autumn housecleaning, are unknown disturbances in this ever-attractive abode.

All hail to the modern domestic science that is teaching the habit-bound housewife the value of efficiency — that intelligently directed endeavor in the home plays a colossal part in making the world over into a more satisfactory dwelling place! It is an occupation of the most comprehensive scope, and we cannot separate it from any of the interests which enter people's lives.

We read much in present day journals tending to show that up-to-date women can not afford to waste either time or money in doing housework. Housework, they tell us, we shall get rid of by gradual socialization. One after another we shall turn over the various branches of home work — cleaning, sweeping, bed-making, cooking, etc., to business organizations. We shall then be free to throw the weight of our intelligence and support into the larger civic housekeeping,—to raise the standard of health, schools and roads in our respective communities. But the question arises, would this greater freedom from household duties build entirely for social uplift?

I believe that the rank and file of American housewives are less ambitious. They are content, as yet, just to lift their household operations to a business basis, to have the tools of their craft, and to know how to use them efficiently,—which, in other words, spells a small margin of leisure.

While few of us can attain to the idealism of Hamlet's words, "There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so", we know the mental attitude which we bring to our labors has much to do with the quality of our work and, indirectly, in the effect of our work upon us. Home-making to countless women is still a labor of

love and robbing the home of its industry would be like removing its very heart. A home divorced of its industry must needs forfeit much of its individuality and atmosphere — two of its most precious possessions — to take in the commonplaces of the public hostelry. Is not privacy one of the most hallowed features of our homes?

To me, prevailing conditions seem rather to call for a firmer grounding in household economics, which is productive of inventiveness. And inventiveness, as we all know, leads to better and quicker ways of doing things. It develops a finer discernment of essentials and non-essentials, and alertness of vision wherein we learn "to keep the eye single" to the proper valuation of comfort. For the crown of home-making is happy living. Therefore, the solution of the problem lies not in wholly shedding household tasks, but in discovering such elimination of non-essentials as is practicable.

We grumble much about being bound to the wheel of complex living, when, in reality, we are frequently only tethered by trifles. Let us begin today to ascertain the true essentials of home-keeping and into the limbo of discarded things we shall not only toss many inferior methods, but much of our false pride, our pseudo-hospitality and our slavery to "appearances".

A Square Deal for the Milk Bottle

By Alice E. Whitaker

WHEN buying milk do not hunt for bargains. Find a reputable dealer, ask for proof that his milk is of low bacterial count and then be willing to pay a reasonable price. In any city and in many large towns, it is possible to go to the office of the Board of Health and see the score card of your milk man; this will help you to judge of the quality of his milk.

In cities, it is scarcely possible to buy good milk at less than ten cents a quart and special milk for babies is often twelve and fifteen cents a quart and is well worth the price. Remember that this milk is safer than the traditional "milk from one cow" that our mothers were so anxious to get for their little ones.

Housewives, who can remember the tin cans used some years ago, now realize the advantage of the glass bottles which show the amount of cream and, what is yet more important, they disclose any dirt which always means danger. No matter of whom you buy milk, it is wise occasionally to lift the bottle high enough to look straight up at the bottom of it. If there is the slightest sediment or discoloration, make complaint at once. Make this examination yourself, for when asked about it the milk man, if dishonest, may give the bottle a sly shake and deftly hold it in the air for a second to prove that there is no sediment visible.

In 1630, when John Cotton is credited with saying that nothing was cheap in the Colonies but milk and ministers, it is recorded that milk was but a penny a quart in Salem, Massachusetts. At that rate, it probably mattered little if a half pint was wasted now and then, or if two or three quarts turned thick and was given to fowls or pigs. Today the situation is altogether different. The housewife considers carefully whether she shall take a pint or a quart and, at ten cents a quart, she is careful that none goes to waste. When water will answer the purpose as well

in cooking, she makes it take the place of milk.

Milk should have at least thirteen per cent of solids, but there is too much fear of dilution by water and too little attention paid to other dangers to its quality that may come from the kitchen. The producer of the milk and the man who handles it for market may have taken care to have it of gilt-edge quality, yet the woman in the kitchen can undo all their work in a very few minutes, for kitchen sanitation is yet in the elementary stage.

When the milk bottle, taken from the back or front steps, is carried directly to the pantry or refrigerator, stop and think what may have happened. The prowling cat, looking at the cream through the glass, sometimes laps the top of the bottle hoping for a stray drop. The bottle that stands for two or three hours between the milk man's early call and your breakfast time gathers a coating of dust, although it may not be noticeable. If the top of the bottle is not wiped off, this dust or other contamination is washed into the milk as it is poured from the bottle; therefore, it is better to wipe off the rim or neck of the bottle with a wet cloth as soon as the milk is brought into the house.

While milk should be kept cold and in the bottle, replacing the little cap at once after any is poured out, many housekeepers hasten to empty it into a pitcher before it is set into the refrigerator. Perhaps the pitcher was wiped with a dish towel, instead of being scalded and inverted; possibly, after filling with milk, it is left standing on the kitchen table for an hour or so, in spite of the fact that exposure in a warm place is certain to be followed by development of harmful bacteria.

When the last of the milk is used, the bottle should be washed and not allowed to stand about the kitchen, to be taken hurriedly to hold tea and coffee or perhaps acid or greasy liquids. It is true that at the milk stations, or where the milk is bottled, the bottles are washed and sterilized, yet they should always be kept for their lawful purpose of holding milk.

Put bottles out each day. It is a common fault of both mistress and maid to allow from three to even seven or eight bottles to accumulate before they are set out. This increases the work of the milkman even to the point of making an extra trip for collecting what could be handled easily in the morning's delivery, if the bottles were returned systematically each day.

Arcady

Know you the wonder-land that smiling lies
Just on beyond the turning of the way,
Where every mead is blossom-pied, and skies
Are bluer than the depths where salt waves play?
Know you that fair land dreaming in the sun?
Tis there old Pan his reed-born magic blows,
In some dim glen where murmuring waters run
And where each listening leaf its emerald throws.
This is the realm of visions and of song,
Beyond the world's pain-laden thoroughfare,
Sweet as the fancies to young lovers born;
Nor is the sunset's pearl and rose more fair.
Ah, sweetheart, wander hand in hand with me
Forever down the vales of Arcady!

R. R. Greenwood

Polly's Course in Designing

By Elsie Spicer Eells

"I DO believe that is the school teacher coming up the hill," said Mrs. MacDougall as she looked up from the doughnuts she was frying. "I'll just have time to finish these doughnuts and put on a clean apron before she gets here. I wonder if it is John or Joe who has been getting into a scrape." Mrs. MacDougal had never been favored with a visit from the school teacher when some of her brood had not been transgressing.

"I came to talk with you about your daughter, Polly," said the teacher as she struggled to regain her breath after the long climb up the hill to the MacDougall farm. "Polly!" exclaimed her mother in amazement! "What has Polly been doing? I thought that, of course, it was one of the boys who had been up to some mischief." The teacher explained smilingly that it was not a misdemeanor this time which had prompted her visit. Polly MacDougall was the most artistic child it had ever been the teacher's privilege to instruct. "I hope," said she, "that you will see to it that Polly has the opportunity to cultivate her talents."

Mrs. MacDougall, busy mother of seven that she was, did not forget the teacher's words as the years went by. The boys left school early, but Polly was allowed to go to the high school in the neighboring town. Mr. MacDougall, however, had his own ideas about Polly's High School course. His brother's daughter in the city was earning what seemed to Mr. MacDougall a fabulous sum as a stenographer. He aspired to have Polly do likewise and his brother had told him that a stenographer who was a High School graduate secured a better position than one who was not.

"Will you have to be a stenographer after all?" asked Polly's art teacher, to whom she had confided her aspirations and fears. Polly had only one year more in High School and there was a course in designing at the Institute in the city upon which she had set her heart. It was a very modest little dream, for it was a one year's course. Polly knew that course would enable her to earn enough money to carry her on to further heights. The most tantalizing thing about it was that it would cost only a little more than the course in stenography which her father wished her to take. "I think mother sympathizes with me," Polly said, "but father's heart is so completely set on the stenography that I'm afraid there is no other way."

The idea of the "other way" presented itself to Polly one Saturday, when she accompanied her mother on a rare trip to the city to do some shopping. They passed a wonderful shop window where "steamer baskets" full of fruit were displayed. Polly's artistic eye saw ways of arranging the fruit even more attractively and her nimble fingers longed to try. Polly was very quiet on the way home. At last, she said, "Mother, why couldn't I arrange farm baskets for Thanksgiving and Christmas gifts? I wonder if the stores that sell steamer baskets wouldn't let me display some baskets, just to see if they wouldn't sell." Mrs. MacDougall saw no objection to the plan and the art teacher was very enthusiastic about it, when Polly talked the idea over with her. She volunteered to go with Polly to make arrangements at the shops.

Thanks to the art teacher's persuasive eloquence and Polly's eager eyes,

(Continued on page 802)

THE
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"Economics changes man's activities. As you change a man's activities you change his way of living, and as you change his environment you change his state of mind. Precept and injunction do not preceptibly affect men; but food, water, air, clothing, shelter, pictures, books, music, will and do affect them."

"He who makes war on business removes the roof from homes, takes the bread from mouths, leaves human bodies naked to the storm — replaces confidence with fear, hope with dread, love with hate — and robs men of their right to work."

WOMAN'S PROBLEMS

THE franchise for women in the United States is coming. That it has not been granted more speedily is a matter of surprise, for, in general, the men of this country are inclined to give their women whatever they ask for, we might say, everything they take a fancy to. In some states, what is called machine politics is largely at fault, for the continued rebuff of petitions for woman suffrage; in other states — notably Massachusetts — the spirit of conservatism, which has fastened itself on both men and women is cause of the backwardness in accepting or adopting this destined reform.

But with the possession of the ballot, not all of woman's problems will be solved; suffrage for women will not usher in a millennium of peace and leisure. Housework and housekeeping must go on just the same, and yet time be found to aid in the conduct of affairs of town and state. Women of means, whose children have already been placed in life, may find pleasure and profit to themselves and in a measure be useful to the state by entering upon these larger fields of activity. But how about the wife of the young man and the professional man with salaries of less than two thousand dollars a year?

To get rid of the drudgery of housework is the cry of many women to-day. Is not the teaching of children as monotonous as housework? Does not teaching keep both the men and women engaged in it as tied down and unable to take part in the things that are thought to give a broader view of life as does housekeeping or homemaking?

There is one phase of this revolt from the kitchen that has not yet been fully presented; it is well known that bread, meat, delicatessen supplies, etc., provided from outside of the home, cost about twice as much as the same items prepared in the home, and, at the same time, the former are rarely

equal to the latter in nutritive value and flavor. How is this discrepancy to be made good? More families are living on two thousand dollars per year or less than on incomes above that figure. Not every young woman can earn the difference in cost of food cooked at home and cooked food bought outside the home.

French women, it is said, take hold enthusiastically and become co-workers with their husbands in the conduct of their business, knowing full well that co partnership is needful to support a family. The time is rapidly approaching in this country, even if it be not already here, when women in some way must help either in keeping down the expenses of the household or in adding to the income of the family. Natural fitness should decide which procedure is best adatped to each individual case. And, besides, the time has not come when all women are desirous of throwing overboard the responsibilities of individual home-making.

J. M. H.

AESOP ON EATING

MR. AESOP, owing to the peculiar form which he gave his yarns, is usually thought of as the George Ade of ancient Greece, we believe. One of his fables — that one about the attempt of the members to freeze out the stomach — ranks him, in the mind of the dietitian, at least, as the Horace Fletcher of Doric days. You know — the hands and mouth and the teeth one day had the primeval equivalent of a hunch that the stomach, while it got all the food, yet did none of the work. An equitable distribution of labor: that was what they wanted, and wanted quick. It is not told that they took the time to suggest a get-together conference with an eighteen-course banquet, or that they even suggested a compromise. What they did was to cut off forthwith the enemy's food-supply. The hands agreed to carry no more food to the mouth, the mouth to receive none, and the teeth to chew none — which action of the teeth showed no daring originality, it seems to us, in view of the resolution already taken by the hands and the mouth. The inevitable happened. The members were soon overwhelmed with fatigue; the hands felt like a ton of fabulous brick, and the mouth became parched and dry and the legs wobbly. A council of work was held and the strikers voted to return to their jobs, freely admitting that the stomach in a modest way had been keeping up its end, and that in co-ordination of all the members of the body alone is there strength.

There, we submit, is a good fable. It points the larger lesson of co-operation and getting down to practical hygiene shows the inter-relation of the various digestive functions. We cannot speak for Aesop's subscribers, but certainly many men and women of to-day have yet to learn that the stomach is not placed in the system for ormanental purposes; that it has very vital work to do; and, above all, that conditions must be favorable, if it is to be efficient work. The usefulness of the hands and of the mouth and teeth in feeding most people take for granted and let the matter stop there, when, as a matter of fact, the work of digestion has scarcely begun. The teeth have chewed the food (if one is a fletcherizer) and the saliva has mixed with it a substance or "enzyme" called "ptyalin", which changes the starchy portion of the food into dextrine and maltose, the only forms in which the system can assimilate starch. In the stomach there takes place the equally important work of digestion of the nitrogenous part of the meal — such foods as lean meat, beans, peas, cheese, eggs and most nuts.

And yet we think the stomach has nothing to do! A fair amount of nitrogenous food it could get away with, but three meals of the ordinary sort, it has been found by careful experiment, give

the stomach twice the amount of work it was meant to do. The result? — Huge amounts of food leave the stomach in an undigested state and rot (by all means, let us be Anglo-Saxon where possible) in the intestine, giving off poisons that are carried by the blood-stream to every part of the body for the crippling of muscles and nerves. Common results of these poisons are headaches and biliousness, for which we usually blame the poor, overworked stomach, which itself has been seriously affected by the poisonous processes.

Thus we see how the stomach is at the mercy of a perverted appetite, and how important is good team-work between the stomach, on the one hand, and the selection of food, both as to amount of nitrogen present and to quantity, on the other.

Pure foods, for which we are fighting so valiantly to-day, also play an important role in stomach digestion, for poisons taken into the system in impure foodsare quite as vicious as the poisons formed in the intestine from too much food.

Further team-work should exist between the mind and the stomach. One does not need to be a psychotherapist to believe in the influence of mental states upon digestion. Professor Pawlow of St. Petersburg, experimenting upon dogs found that, when the animals were annoyed, the flow of gastric juice ceased, while when they were in a playful mood, the gastric juice flowed in abundance. Music, it was shown, especially stimulates the flow of the juice, so that even the cabaret might be made to assist a recreant digestion.

Again, the stomach shares the general tone of the system. If the body is tuned up to concert pitch, so that it rings true and responds readily to the demands made upon it, the stomach, other things being equal, will be found working efficiently. If, on the other hand, the system is all run down the chances are the stomach will be doing the work of half a stomach. For this, if for no other reason, exercise is important — especially outdoor exercise, — also deep breathing, fresh-air sleeping, plenty (but not too much) sleep, just enough food of the right kind, and wholesome, cheerful thoughts. These are simple things that keep us keyed up for strenuous living, the stomach no less than the rest of the body. T. C. O'D.

SPRING

There's a glinting of blue, there's a sprinkle of gold,
There's a haze in the skies over head,
There's a budding of leaf, there's a stirring of life
In the heart of the hyacinth bed.
From the maple a voice from the willow a sign,
From the marshes soft odors that bring
To the eyes that can see, to the ears that can hear,
The news of the coming of Spring.

There's a voice in the breeze, there's a sign in the sun,
That whispers of Winter's farewell;
There's a mist o'er the lake, there's the call of a bird,
There's the echoing tones of a bell.
There's a song in my heart though my hands to their task,
The task of the winter must cling,
And my soul makes reply to earth, ocean and sky.
A welcome — a welcome to Spring!

L. M. T.

Below is a copy of our New Title, just as it will appear on the Cover page of our June and July issue. With that number and a wider outlook we begin a new volume, the nineteenth. A continuance of your kindly favor is solicited.

AMERICAN COOKERY
FORMERLY
THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE
OF CULINARY SCIENCE AND DOMESTIC ECONOMICS

EAT ONIONS IN MAY, AND ALL THE YEAR AFTER PHYSICIANS MAY PLAY

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

Canapés, Indienne

POUND in a wooden bowl one-fourth a cup, each, of chopped, cooked ham and chicken; add one-fourth a cup of butter, one tablespoonful of chutney, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of curry powder and paprika and salt as needed, and pound again; then press through a sieve. Have ready some rounds, diamonds or finger-shaped pieces of bread, buttered and browned in the oven and then cooled. Spread these with the mixture, set a slice of hard-cooked egg in the center, and the canapés are ready.

Tomatoes à la Tartare

Very small hot-house tomatoes are usually selected for this dish, served as a prelude to a formal luncheon or dinner. Hot-house tomatoes are easily peeled without recourse to boiling water, which impairs the flavor, a chief requisite in an appetiser. Remove a portion of the tomato around the stem, to make space for a small spoonful of sauce tartare. Chill the tomatoes thoroughly, set them on croutons of bread (prepared as above), fill with the sauce and serve at once. Small salad forks should be provided for this hors d'oeuvre.

Clam Croquettes

Canned clams may be used. If fresh clams are at hand, scrub and wash the shells thoroughly, and rinse in cold water. Put them into a large saucepan with about a cup of boiling water·

cover and let steam until the shells open. Remove the clams from the shells, retaining all the liquid. Let the liquid settle, then strain through a cloth. Chop the clams, but not too fine. For eight large croquettes, melt one-third a cup of butter; add one-third a cup of flour, a scant half-teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, and let cook until the flour is absorbed; add one cup of the clam broth and one-fourth a cup of cream and stir until the sauce is smooth and boiling; add one teaspoonful of lemon juice, and one cup and a half of the chopped clams; mix, add one egg, beaten light, and let stand over boiling water until the egg is cooked. Turn on to a buttered dish. When cool, shape, cover with beaten egg, roll in crumbs and fry in deep fat.

FILETS OF FLOUNDER, CZARINA STYLE, WITH WHOLE FRIED POTATOES

Filets of Flounder, Czarina Style

Remove the filets from one or two flounders. Trim the filets to the same size and shape. Cover all the bones and trimmings with cold water; add two or three slices, each, of carrot and onion, two tablespoonfuls of dried mushrooms and three branches of parsley. Let cook half an hour, then strain off the broth. Roll the filets into turban shapes, press into each a buttered toothpick, squeeze over the juice of half a lemon and set into a buttered dish; pour around a little of the fish stock and let cook in a moderate oven about twenty minutes. For twelve filets or turbans, prepare a pint of sauce. Use one-fourth a cup, each, of butter and flour, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, one cup and a half of fish stock, half a cup of thick tomato purée, a teaspoonful of beef or vegetable extract, a tablespoonful of grated horseradish and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Use the cooking liquid of the fish as part of the stock. Serve the fish around a mound of whole fried potatoes and the sauce in a bowl.

Whole Fried Potatoes

As the fat bubbles (from the water in the potatoes) during the whole time of cooking, we might perhaps speak of these potatoes as boiled in fat. Have the potatoes pared, soaked in cold water an hour or more, then dried on a cloth. Select rather small potatoes. Let cook until they can be pierced with a skewer; drain on soft paper at the oven door, and serve at once. The potatoes should be mealy and without any flavor of fat. As many may be cooked at once as the frying kettle will conveniently hold.

Sweetbread Rissoles

Prepare flaky pastry. Use three cups of pastry flour, three-fourths a cup of any preferred shortening, half a tea-

STRING-BEAN SALAD, WITH SLICED EGGS

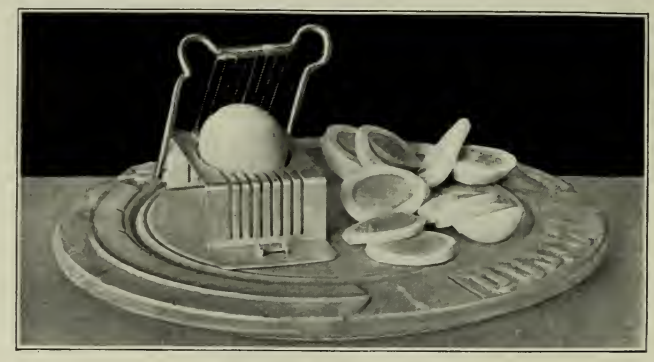
spoonful of salt, and cold water as needed. Roll into a sheet, then fold in one-third a cup of butter. Roll the pastry into a sheet and cut into rounds about three and a half inches in diameter. Set a rounding teaspoonful of creamed sweetbread mixture at one side of the center; cut out, nearly, three or four small rounds on the other half of the paste, brush the edge around the mixture with cold water, and fold over the other half, pressing the edges together; bake about twenty minutes. For a cup and one-fourth of sweetbreads in cubes, make one cup of cream or bechamel sauce. Use three tablespoonfuls of flour in place of the two commonly used.

Potato Salad

Cover a piece of fancy brisket (corned beef) with cold water; let heat gradually to the boiling point, then simmer until tender. It will take about eight hours. Set the meat aside, partly covered, to cool. The next day cook some pared potatoes and a carrot, nicely scraped, in the broth, using separate dishes. When these are cold, cut the potatoes in half-inch cubes, the carrots in smaller cubes. Chop fine in a tray, all together, three slices of leek or two of Bermuda onions, three branches of parsley, one chili pepper or half a green pepper, eight stuffed olives and three small cucumber pickles or slices of green tomato pickle. Add these to three cups of potato and half a cup of carrot; add also one-third a cup of oil, four tablespoonfuls of red wine or real cider vinegar and half a teaspoonful of salt. Mix together and shape on a serving dish in a mound. Spread mayonnaise dressing over the mound; set chives, cut in bits, and chopped parsley at the top of the mound, a wreath of car-

POTATO SALAD

rot around the center, chopped beets and a hard-cooked egg, cut in slices, Dried parsley may be used, if fresh parsley be not at hand.



A PERFECT EGG-SLICER

at the base. Surround the whole with thin-and-neatly trimmed slices of the corned beef.

Stringbean Salad

Fresh cooked or canned beans may be used. For a pint, chop fine two slices of leek or half a thin slice of Bermuda or Spanish onion; add three tablespoonfuls of oil, one-fourth a teaspoonful of paprika, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a chili pepper, chopped fine, and one tablespoonful and a half of cider or red-wine vinegar. Mix thoroughly and turn on to a plate.

Macedoine of Vegetables in Tomato Jelly

Cook very gently two cups of canned tomatoes, two branches of parsley, a branch of celery leaves, one or two tablespoonfuls of mushroom trimmings (peel and stalks), two slices of onion with two cloves, a small bit of bay leaf and half a teaspoonful of salt, fifteen minutes; strain, add one-fourth a package of gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water, and a few drops of tabasco sauce. Chop fine the cooked white of one egg. Cut in small bits any cooked vegetables at hand, as okra,

MACEDOINE OF VEGETABLES IN TOMATO JELLY, WITH CELERY, LETTUCE AND MAYONNAISE

Set slices of hard-cooked egg around the beans and a tablespoonful of mayonnaise on the top. A tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley improves the salad.

string beans, asparagus and celery hearts. Cooked peas may be used whole. Set seven or eight molds in water and crushed ice. In the bottom

of each mold put part of a teaspoonful of the chopped white (or yolk, or both) of egg. Add the prepared vegetables and paprika, and stir until well blended, then add one cup of rich milk and half a cup of the water in which the onions

DINNER ROLLS

and any egg that is left to the tomato, which has been cooled somewhat; stir until the tomato holds up the vegetables, then use to fill the molds. Serve, unmolded, on heart-leaves of lettuce, with French, mayonnaise or other salad dressing. A piece of green pepper or a chili pepper may replace the tabasco; also mushroom catsup may replace the mushroom trimmings, or both may be omitted.

Creamed Onions, with Parsley

Cook the peeled onions in boiling water until tender, adding salt when about half cooked. For six onions, were boiled, and stir until smooth and boiling. Turn this over the onions in one large or in individual dishes and sprinkle generously with fine-chopped parsley.

Chestnuts and Bermuda Onions en Casserole

Select onions of about the same size; parboil the onions fifteen minutes, drain and set into a buttered casserole. For about eight onions, add one cup of thick tomato purée, a chili pepper, with seeds removed, or a green pepper, cut in shreds, four branches of parsley, about a teaspoonful of salt and boiling

RYE-AND-OATMEAL BREAD—PALATABLE AND WHOLESOME

melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; add three tablespoonfuls of flour, a scant half teaspoonful, each, of salt water or broth just to cover the onions; let cook in a moderate oven about one hour, then add a cup of shelled-and-

blanched chestnuts, more liquid if needed, and return the casserole to the oven. Serve when both vegetables are

TOMATO JELLY, WITH SOME INGREDIENTS

done. It will probably take from half to three-fourths an hour to finish the cooking. One-fourth a cup, each, of butter and flour, creamed together, may be stirred with some of the hot liquid, then poured into the casserole ten minutes before the cooking is completed.

Dinner Rolls

Mix a cake of compressed yeast with one-fourth a cup of scalded-and-cooled milk; add to one cup of scalded-and-cooled milk with half a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar and about one cup and a half of bread flour, cover and let stand to become light; add one-fourth a cup of shortening, and flour for a soft dough. Knead until smooth and elastic. Cover and let stand to become light; shape to fit a French roll pan. When again light bake about twenty-five minutes; brush over with beaten white of egg and return to the oven a moment to set the glaze.

Rye Flour-and-Oatmeal Bread

Pour two cups of milk, scalding hot, over one cup of oatmeal; add two tablespoonfuls of butter and let stand until lukewarm, then add one-fourth a cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, one-third a cake of compressed yeast mixed with half a cup of scalded-and-cooled milk, two cups of white bread flour and three cups and one half of rye-flour. Mix the whole to a smooth dough, adding more rye-flour if needed. Knead until smooth, using white flour on board and hands if required. Let stand overnight. In the morning shape into two loaves; when again light bake one hour.

Tomato Jelly

Turn a can of tomatoes into a sieve and let drain. To this liquid (no pressure is to be used in securing this) add the thin yellow rind (cut off with a sharp knife), and the juice of a lemon. Let boil ten minutes, then add a cup of sugar for each cup of juice, measured before cooking, and let boil to 220° F. by the syrup guage, or, until syrup jellies slightly on a cold plate. Usually this will make a firm jelly; at other times, probably, when the tomatoes are too

STRAWBERRY-JAM TARTS

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

ripe or water is used in canning,— the result is like a thick honey. The addition of a few apple parings with the lemon peel would, in this latter case, produce a firmer jelly. The jelly is particularly good with meats.

Strawberry-Jam Tarts

Make flaky pastry by the recipe given so many times in these pages. Roll into a sheet and cut into rounds with a large cutter. With a pastry tube, having a small round opening, cut a circle of little rounds, without removing the tiny pieces of paste. Set a generous spoonful of strawberry jam in the center of the plain rounds, disposed in a baking pan, and brush the edge with cold water; set the other rounds above and press the edges firmly upon the edges wet with cold water; brush the whole with milk or water; dredge with granulated sugar. Bake from fifteen to twenty minutes.

Strawberry Short Cake

Sift together two cups of sifted pastry flour, half a level teaspoonful of soda, a slightly rounding teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of salt; with two knives work in one-third a cup of shortening, then mix to a soft dough with milk. Spread the mixture, smooth, in two buttered pans about seven and a half inches in diameter. Bake about twenty minutes. Spread the smoothest side of each cake generously with butter; put plenty of sugared berries on each and set one above the other; pipe whipped cream above and surround with sugared berries. The cake will be at its best, if the berries, cut in halves, are mixed with sugar half to a full hour before serving.

Oatmeal Cookies

Beat one cup and a half of butter to a cream; gradually beat in two cups of granulated sugar, three eggs beaten light, two-thirds a cup of milk, four cups of oatmeal, four and one-half cups of sifted flour, sifted again with one teaspoonful, each, of soda, salt and cinnamon, and one cup, each, of raisins, currants and nut meats. Chop the raisins and nut meats. Knead and roll into a sheet, cut into rounds and bake. The recipe will make about seventy cakes.

Hot Fudge Cake in Muffin Pan

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar, the beaten yolks of two eggs, three ounces (or squares) of chocolate, melted over hot water, half a cup of molasses, half a cup of sour milk, half a cup of hot water, two cups of sifted flour, sifted again with one teaspoonful of soda, and, lastly, the whites of two eggs, beaten dry. Half to a whole teaspoon-

ful of cinnamon may be added with the soda. Bake in a hot well-buttered muffin pan about half an hour. Serve hot as a dessert dish with

Marshmallow Sauce

Boil one cup of sugar and half a cup of hot water five or six minutes after boiling begins. Do not stir after the syrup boils. Cover and let boil rapidly about three minutes, then uncover. Remove from fire; add half a pound of marshmallows and beat until they are melted. Flavor with vanilla. Serve hot.

Hickory Nut Cake

Cream two-thirds a cup of butter; gradually beat in one cup of sugar, one cup of hickory nut meats, chopped, the beaten yolks of three eggs, one cup of milk, three cups of sifted flour, sifted again with two slightly rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and, lastly, the whites of three eggs beaten dry. Bake in a well-greased pan (with tube) about forty-five minutes. When cold cover with confectioner's frosting and decorate with boiled frosting. Use a plain copper tube for stems, the leaf tube for leaves and a small five-pointed tin tube for the blossoms.

Confectioner's Frosting

Stir sifted confectioner's sugar with boiling water to make a frosting that will spread without running from the cake; more sugar will be needed in the frosting for the sides than for the top. Flavor with a little grated rind and juice of lemon.

Ornamental Frosting

Melt one cup of sugar in half a cup of boiling water; wash down the sides of the saucepan to remove grains of sugar; cover and let boil three minutes to dissolve the grains of the sugar; uncover and let boil, undisturbed, to 238° F. Pour in a very fine stream on the white of an egg, half beaten, beating constantly meanwhile. Continue the beating until the frosting is cool, then beat in a scant teaspoonful of lemon juice. Keep the frosting covered with a damp cloth (this must not touch the frosting) while using it. The frosting for the leaves and stems, shown in the illustration, was tinted green and the flowers pink with color paste.

HICKORY NUT CAKE
HAND PAINTED RING TO HOLD BIRTHDAY CANDLES
Courtesy Educational and Industrial Union, Boston

Menus for a Week in May

No less important is it that the food shall furnish, along with the protein, proper amounts and proportions of the so-called ash constituents.

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Salt Mackerel Cooked in Milk
Baked Potatoes
Yeast Rolls (reheated)
Radishes Coffee

Dinner

Braised Round of Veal, Mushroom Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Scalloped Onions and Tomatoes
Beet Greens
Strawberry Shortcake Coffee

Supper

Potato Salad, with Cold Corned Beef
Oatmeal-and-Rye Bread
Sponge Jelly Roll
(with Strawberry Jam)
Tea

MONDAY

Breakfast

Oranges
Corned Beef and Potato Hash
(with Green Pepper)
Eggs Cooked in Shell Wheat Rolls, Toasted
Cold Bread (Rye and Oatmeal)
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Veal Soufflé
Macaroni, Milanaise
(Tomatoes, Broth, Cheese)
Cold Beet Greens, French Dressing
Scalloped Rhubarb
Coffee

Supper

Kornlet Chowder Browned Crackers
Strawberries Tea

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Creamed Asparagus on Toast
Corn Meal Muffins
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Broiled Shad
Mashed Potatoes
Lettuce Salad
Rhubarb Pie Coffee

Supper

Shad Roe, with Tomato Sauce
Baking Powder Biscuit
Pineapple
Oatmeal-and-Fruit Cookies
Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Strawberries
Eggs Scrambled with Cooked Ham
French-Fried Potatoes
Pop Overs
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Beef Stew
(New Onions and Carrots)
German Puffs, Creamy Sauce
Half Cups Coffee

Supper

Hot Ham Sandwiches
Stewed Prunes
Cookies
Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Oranges
Tripe, Breaded and Fried Creamed Potatoes
Coffee Rye-Meal Muffins Cocoa

Dinner

Remnants of Beef Stew
(Baked as pie with pastry crust)
Asparagus, Drawn Butter Sauce
Lettuce, Prune-and-Pecan Nut Salad
Whipped Cream Dressing
Bread and Butter Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Savory Rice Croquettes
(Tomatoes, Broth, Cheese)
Dried Beef
Boiled Custard in Cups
Little Fruit and Nut Cakes Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Asparagus Omelet Buttered Toast
Doughnuts Maple Syrup
Coffee Cocoa

Dinner

Boiled Fresh Fish, Clam or Egg Sauce
Cucumbers, French Dressing
Boiled Potatoes
String Beans
Prune Bavarian Cream
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Bermuda Onions and Chestnuts en Casserole
Dinner Rolls
Strawberries Tea

SATURDAY

Breakfast	Dinner	Supper
Cereal, Thin Cream	Veal or Lamb Sweetbreads,	String Beans and Sliced Eggs,
Smoked Halibut, Creamed	Braised, in Nests of Macaroni, Milanaise	French Dressing
Halves of Potatoes, Boiled	Lettuce, French Dressing	Lady Finger Rolls
Boston Brown Bread, reheated	Lemon Jell-O, with Pineapple	Strawberries
Fried Mush Maple Syrup	Half Cups of Coffee	Cookies
Coffee Cocoa		Tea

Menus for Family of Five

(One Week)

Man with gall stones Woman in good health Boy 9 years of age
Girl 5½ years of age One maid

With gall stones, richly cooked food, meat more than once a day in small quantity, sugars and fats are all to be avoided. Sweet vegetables and fruit, also yolks of eggs are to be omitted from the dietary. The quantity of food is to be cut down and no excess of food taken. Bread, in moderation, well-cooked cereals, fresh fish of the white varieties may be eaten; lean beef, lamb and chicken, once a day are allowable. Potatoes are thought to be serviceable. Many physicians, who consider sugar the only article that must be eliminated, give one egg (yolk and white) per day and no fat other than a little butter. The Carlsbad dietary for gall stones forbids sugar and butter absolutely, but allows a small quantity of meat daily. Sir H. Thompson commends oatmeal, barley, macaroni, dry lentils in the form of purée, rice, tapioca, arrow root cooked with weak broth, apples cooked without sugar, celery, lettuce, asparagus, kale, tomatoes, potatoes.

From this you will see that the children must be fed quite differently than the man. They need a generous quantity of protein, some sweet, fat and starchy foods.

Children need meat once a day, eggs once a day, plenty of milk, easily digested vegetables and fruit. Rice and other puddings in which milk and eggs are used, are valuable for children, but should not be eaten by one having gall stones. For such, use saccharin for sugar and the whites, only, of the eggs. Children should have fresh fruit — carefully selected and fully ripe — daily. The best hour for this is mid-time between breakfast and dinner. Cooked fruit may be eaten with the meals.

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Very ripe Banana sliced *thin*, Hot Cereal above, Thin Cream
(Omit banana for girl; give juice of one orange midway between breakfast and dinner)
(Omit cream for man) Eggs Poached in Cream on Toast, Cream poured over the whole
(Man) French Bread Toasted
Ryemeal Muffins
Milk for children
Coffee

Dinner

Turbans of Halibut, Baked
Potatoes á la Maître d'Hôtel
Onions wrapped in buttered paper and baked
Lettuce and French Endive
French Dressing with Tomato Catsup
Prune Soufflé, Boiled Custard Sauce
4 whites, beaten dry
½ lb. cooked prunes, cut fine
½ cup sugar
Bake in hot water on folds of paper, *very gently*
Serve with custard made of yolks
(very little for man, no custard sauce)

Supper

Boiled Rice, Thin Cream
Bread and Butter, Milk for children to drink
Honey

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Hot Dates, Cereal, Thin Cream
Broiled Bacon Eggs Cooked in Shell
Small Potatoes, Baked
Currant Buns (Zwiebach for youngest child)
Milk or Cocoa Coffee

Dinner

Boiled Fowl
Two tablespoonfuls of breast meat cut in tiny bits for youngest child
Mashed Potatoes
Spinach Greens Purée for youngest child
Junket Ice Cream
Baked Apple for man (spiced if liked)

Supper

Soft Scrambled Eggs
Cold Spinach, French Dressing
Wholewheat Bread and Butter
Stewed Prunes (Baked Apple for man — prunes too sweet)
Milk Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Oatmeal, Milk
Broiled Fresh Fish
Baked Potatoes
(Small child's mashed carefully)
Toast Zwieback
Coffee or Hot Water
Milk for children

Dinner

Chicken-and-Tomato Soup
(thickened with rice or tapioca)
Baked White Fish
Mashed Potatoes
Macaroni with Broth and Tomato or Cream
(no cheese)
Bread and Butter
Queen of Puddings
Coffee or Hot Water
Milk for children

Supper

Plain Toast
Cream Toast for children
Asparagus Tips
Bran Muffins
Sponge Cake with Potato Flour
Dried Peaches, Stewed
Tea **Milk**

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Hot Cereal, Thin Cream
Creamed Chicken on Toast
Eggs for man and little girl
Cornmeal Muffins (largely crust)
DryToast
Marmalade
Coffee or Hot Water
Milk for Children

Dinner

Half of Leg of Lamb, Boiled
Rice Cooked with Tomato and Broth
Baked Potatoes
Lettuce, French Dressing
Wholewheat Bread and Butter
Apple Sauce with Saccharin
Orange or Pineapple Juice (little girl)
Strawberries
Hot Water or Coffee

Supper

Lamb Broth with Rice
Browned Crackers — plain, water crackers
Bread and Butter
Stewed Prunes
Milk to drink

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Boiled Rice, Milk or Thin Cream
Broiled Fresh Codfish, Haddock or Lake Fish
Small Baked Potatoes
Very Dry Toast
Milk Hot Water

Dinner

Broiled Beef Steak
Baked Potatoes
Asparagus or Spinach
Lettuce with Tomato Jelly
Whole Wheat and Oatmeal Bread
Junket Ice Cream
Oatmeal Macaroons

Supper

Wheat Cereal, Thin Cream
Bread and Butter
Zwiebach
Honey
Milk to drink

MONDAY

Breakfast

Cream of Wheat, Thin Cream
French Omelet (made with water)
Asparagus Tips
Stewed Rhubarb
(no milk)

Dinner

Beef Bouillon (children)
Squabs en Casserole (cooked without vegetables)
Mashed Potatoes
Macaroni and Stewed Tomatoes
Lettuce, with lemon juice — *very little oil*
(Children) Hot Dates
(Children) Sponge Cake (potato flour)
(this flour makes a tender easily digested cake)

Supper

Zwiebach
Boiled Hominy
Bread and Butter
Stewed Figs
Junket — sweetened for children
Saccharin and Cinnamon, but no sugar for man

TUESDAY

Breakfast

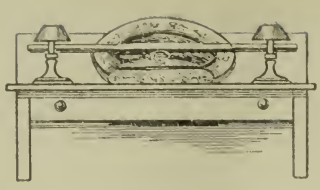
Cracked Wheat, whole milk or thin cream
Fat Bacon, Broiled in oven
(no sugar) Cornmeal Muffins (mostly crust)
Cocoa (without milk) children
Zwiebach or Toast

Dinner

Half a Leg of Lamb Roasted
(less fat than in loin etc., thus less objectionable for man)
Boiled Onions (purée for girl)
Lettuce and Tomato Jelly
Baked or Mashed Potatoes, Platter Gravy
Baked Bananas (children)

Supper

Farina, Top Milk
Wholewheat Bread and Butter
Poached Eggs (1 each)
Orange Marmalade
(strained for girl)



Our Daily Bread, or Preparation in Detail of the Meals of One Day

Family of Two Adults and Two Children

By Janet M. Hill

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Broiled Scrod, Maître d'Hôtel Butter
Stewed Potatoes
Dry Toast
Pop Overs
Stewed Peaches
Milk Coffee

Dinner (Guests)

Roast Beef Tenderloin
Mushroom Sauce
Franconia Potatoes
Asparagus, Hollandaise Sauce
Cress-and-Endive Salad
Rhubarb Pie
Coffee

Supper (Guests)

Egg Timbales, Bread Sauce
Rye-and-Oatmeal Bread
Sponge Cake (potato flour)
Strawberries
Tea

THE stewed peaches were cooked on Thursday. They were covered with cold water and, after standing two or three hours or overnight, were cooked quickly; about one-fourth a cup of sugar was added after the peaches were well plumped and tender. One pound of peaches was purchased and about one-third of them was cooked at this time. Sometimes, for a change, cook the soaked peaches in the morning, while preparing the breakfast, and serve them hot.

Thursday night, before washing the supper dishes, pare the potatoes, to let them stand overnight in cold water.

The popovers will need to cook at least forty-five minutes, thus the mixing of these is the first thing to be attended to in the morning. Personally we get the best results when using a hot iron pan having large round cups, but others succeed best with the brown earthen cups, and still others use tin muffin pans. If an iron pan be used, set it on the range or in the oven to heat. For a dozen popovers, beat two eggs light, without separating the white and yolk — using an egg beater; add two cups of milk, and continue to beat while two cups of sifted pastry flour and half a teaspoonful of salt are gradually beaten into the liquid. Put a scant level teaspoonful of butter into each cup and pour in the mixture. The oven should be quite hot, but not of such temperature as to brown the top of the popovers before they have risen to their full height.

At once set the cereal to cook. If it has been cooking over night in the fireless cooker, take it out, add boiling water, if needed, and set over the fire to reheat. Cut the potatoes in halves, lengthwise, and these halves in two or three pieces, each, and let cook in boiling salted water until tender; while these are cooking set the fish to broil and prepare the maître d' hôtel butter,

the coffee and the toast; directions for making the coffee and the toast were given previously. To make the butter, beat three tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one or two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley. Do not set the fish into the oven to melt the butter, the heat of the fish should melt it sufficiently. Butter may be spread over the fish, a little lemon juice squeezed on and then a sprinkling of chopped parsley added; but the butter spreads more easily after creaming and the flavor of the lemon juice and parsley are brought out better when mixed with the butter.

A scrod is a young, and thus small, codfish or haddock, split down the back with the backbone wholly or partially removed. Scrod is always broiled. The fish may be set in a covered dish and kept overnight on the lowest shelf of the refrigerator. In the morning wipe with a damp cloth and set into a hot, well-greased broiler. Turn occasionally while cooking, but cook principally on the flesh side; cook the skin side till well-colored and crisp; the flesh side will not brown as well. The fish will cook in ten or twelve minutes. Set the broiler over a plate on a sheet of brown paper, press the back of a four pronged fork down upon the fish in such a manner that two prongs of the fork will be on either side of a wire of the broiler, now gently draw the fork down the wire the full width of the fish, thus separating the flesh from the wire of the broiler; repeat this with each wire on one side, then turn the broiler and free the fish from the wires, in the same manner, on the other side, then slide the fish, skin side down, upon a hot platter. Spread the fish with the butter and take at once to the table. Drain the potatoes, sprinkle with salt, which will draw out more of the water and tend to make the potatoes mealy. Serve the toast in a rack that each slice may retain its crispness. Later on, serve the peaches and popovers — taking out the fish dishes on the way to the range.

After breakfast is cleared away, mix the bread and make the plain pastry, given on page 502 of the November number; the ingredients for the paste were: three cups of sifted pastry flour, six ounces (three-fourths a cup) of shortening, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and baking powder and nearly three-fourths a cup of water. This will make two large pies, one with two and the other with one crust, and possibly one or two tarts. Take one-third of the paste, and roll it into a rectangular sheet; on one half set little dots of butter, and fold paste over the butter, on half of this surface; set dots of butter and fold the other half of the paste over the butter (use three or four tablespoonfuls of butter); pat the paste with the rolling pin, then roll into a sheet and use as the upper crust of the pie. For the filling pour boiling water over three cups and one half of sliced rhubarb, let stand a moment, then drain. Beat two eggs; add two cups of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of flour and three-fourths a teaspoonful of salt, mixed together, and turn into the plate lined with plain paste; add two tablespoonfuls of butter, here and there in little bits, a grating of lemon or orange rind or of nutmeg, brush the edge with cold water and set the upper crust in place; bake about half an hour.

The pastry can be begun while the milk is scalding for the bread, but, give the mixing of the bread precedence, that the bread may be baked as early as possible. If preferred, mix the bread Thursday night, using one-third of a cake of yeast; "cut down" the bread the first thing in the morning, then shape into loaves at the first opportune moment thereafter. To mix in the morning, pour two cups of scalded milk into the mixing bowl over one cup of dry oatmeal; add one-fourth a cup of molasses or sugar, two tablespoonfuls of shortening and half a teaspoonful

of salt; when the liquid is lukewarm, add a cake of compressed yeast, broken into and mixed with half a cup of lukewarm milk or water; mix thoroughly, then stir in two cups of sifted bread flour and three cups and a half of sifted rye flour. A little more rye flour may be needed. Knead the dough until smooth and elastic. Use white flour on the board in kneading. Set the dough aside until doubled in bulk, then shape for two bread pans. When again light bake about one hour. The first rising will take about four hours, the last about one hour. This bread tastes good and is most wholesome.

If the pie be not baked when the early morning work in the kitchen is finished, pare the potatoes for dinner, and cover them with cold water; cut the stalks of asparagus to the same length and tie them in two bunches; wash the cress and wrap in a cloth; set the root end of the endive in a bowl of cold water, and dispose this and the cress in the refrigerator; make the French dressing, then, if the oven is available, make the sponge cake for supper. The ordinary sponge cake is apt to be tough and dry; sponge cake made of potato flour is tender, delicate and light as down. A "spring form" pan is of advantage in cooling the cake, but any new, ungreased pan may be used successfully, if in cooling the cake the ends of the pan be propped up to leave the cake suspended from the bottom of the tin. Cooled in this way, the cells that make up the cake are not compressed in the least, but rather elongated and the cake is particularly light. For the cake take the grated rind and juice of half a lemon, five fresh eggs, one cup of granulated sugar and half a cup of potato flour. Beat the yolks until very light-colored and thick, and the whites until dry; gradually beat the sugar into the yolks; add the rind, grated, and juice and the flour; cut and fold, (or turn the mixture over and over with a slitted spoon), until the ingredients are blended, then cut and fold in the egg-whites.

In mixing a true sponge cake, a stirring motion is not used; the air beaten into the eggs, which makes for lightness, would be lost, if the mixture be stirred. This point is essential to the success of a true sponge cake. Break down the bubbles and the cake will be tough and heavy; for in a true sponge cake baking powder or cream of tartar and soda have no place. The cake should bake about fifty minutes; when baked it should be a light golden brown. In the ordinary spring-form sponge-cake pan the mixture should rise to within an inch of the top of the pan. The oven must be very moderate, but amenable to increase of heat at the last. In serving do not cut, but tear apart with two silver forks.

An hour before dinner the oven must be hot for the meat. This is the filet from under the rump, and it weighs about three pounds. It is a piece of solid, tender meat, without waste, but lacking in flavor. To add to its flavor, mushroom sauce is served with it; tomato sauce may be used in place of the sauce given. Rub over the meat with salt and flour, set slices of fat salt pork or bacon above the meat, and baste with the fat in the pan every ten minutes. After the meat has been cooking twenty minutes, cook the potatoes in boiling, salted water ten or fifteen minutes, then drain and set them on the rack around the meat; baste the potatoes with the dripping each time the meat is basted. Set the asparagus to cook, upright, in a tall saucepan — part of a double-boiler is a suitable dish — Use boiling, salted water; the tips need not be covered with water; cover the dish and the tips will be cooked in the steam.

For the Hollandaise sauce, cream one-third a cup of butter; beat in three egg-yolks, one at a time; add one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and black pepper, and the juice of half a lemon Be sure you have boiling water ready.

that you may finish the sauce after the rest of the dinner is on the table.

When the meat and potatoes are done, remove to the serving dishes and set into the warming oven.

Pour off all the fat, then turn into the pan about a cup and a half of beef broth or water and liquid from the can of mushrooms as is convenient. Return the pan to the fire and let the liquid simmer until the browned meat-juices are taken up by the liquid. Put three tablespoonfuls of the fat or dripping into a small saucepan; when hot, add three tablespoonfuls of ordinary flour or twice the quantity of browned flour (flour cooked and stirred in the oven until brown throughout) and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt; stir and cook until frothy, then add the liquid from the pan, cooled a little, and stir until boiling. More salt may be needed. Add the mushrooms, whole or cut in halves, lengthwise, and let stand to become hot without boiling. See that bread, butter, water and the salad are on the table. Pour the mushroom sauce into a hot bowl or sauce boat. Set the dish of creamed butter and egg-yolks over boiling water; add half a cup of the asparagus water and stir constantly until the mixture thickens; add the lemon juice, mix, set the asparagus on two slices of toast, tips towards each other; pour over the sauce and take all the dishes to the table.

About an hour before supper, put over the fire, in a double boiler, half a cup of sifted, soft bread crumbs, a peeled onion into which six cloves have been pushed, and one pint of milk; let cook about an hour; remove the onion and cloves, add half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful of paprika and two tablespoonfuls of butter and beat thoroughly. When the timbales are unmolded, turn the sauce around them and press a sprig of parsley into the top of each timbale.

For the timbales beat six eggs without separating the whites and yolks, add a scant teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, a teaspoonful of fine-chopped parsley, twenty drops of onion juice and one cup and a half of rich milk, Stir until well mixed and turn into well-buttered timbale molds. Set the molds on many folds of paper in a baking pan, and pour in boiling water to half the height of the molds. Let bake in a moderate oven until the mixture is firm in the center. The water should not boil during the cooking. About twenty minute of cooking will be needed. Remove the cups from the water and let stand to contract two or three minutes before unmolding. While the timbales and sauce are cooking the strawberries may be hulled and the table made ready.

A Guest

I welcome a guest to my dwelling, —
A princess with gold in her hair,
Whose beauty must lose in the telling,
So radiant she — and so fair.
She opens the fountains of fancy
And worshipers makes of us all.
I welcome a guest to my dwelling —
A daffodil slender and tall.

I welcome a guest to my dwelling
Whom Nature, the mother, hath sent,
She speaks not of buying or selling,
Yet here is the price of content,
She speaks of the wide world beyond us —
The hills and the great sky above —
O Nature, kind mother and teacher,
We wonder, we watch, and we love.

She makes of my cottage a palace,
So gracious and gentle is she.
She carries the sun in her chalice
And brings the whole springtime to me.
She shows us the marvel of beauty,
And worshipers makes of us all;
I welcome a guest to my dwelling,
A daffodil slender and tall.

HELEN COWLES LECRON

German Home and Kitchen Proverbs

By Kate Hudson

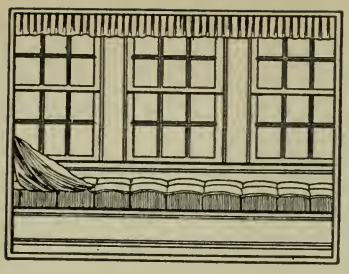
UNTIL very recently the German wife and mother has been conspicuously absent from the ranks of her "New Woman" sisters; for, though there may have been an occasional "Emancipated One," as the Nineteenth Century used to call her, the majority of home-makers confined their attentions to the Kaiser's "Church, Kitchen and Nursery." In the first of these departments woman took a *very* back seat — or, should we say, pew! — but in the other two she reigned supreme, and right royally laid down the law. That the women also largely made the saws and sayings of the Fatherland, the following German proverbs may testify.

The thrifty German house-wife is saving from choice, quite as much as from necessity; she always — it's born in her — "Stretches herself according to her bed-clothes; so that her feet may not come uncovered." And, by way of proving that "A penny *saved* is one *twice-earned*," and that the "dollar is the dollar's son," she not only carefully attends to what comes in and goes out of her kitchen, but also does most of her own sewing. "Home-spun, home-made, and *clean* are the handsomest gowns" says she, and comforts herself, when less fashionably dressed than American Edna or French Celestine, by any one of the following pertinent dictums: "There are those who'd wear a cow's-tail, were it the fashion;" or "Stupidity and Vanity grow on the same bush;" or "Silk and velvets put out the kitchen fire."

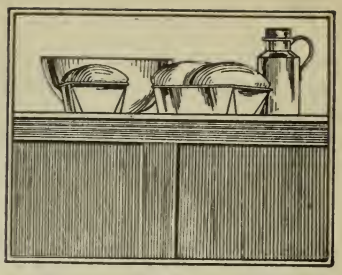
She meets the various fortunes of her work-a-day with all sorts of suitable sayings. She would, probably, prefer to go visiting, but remembers that "The wife and the cat belong at home," and, while hoping that something or someone may turn up to break the monotony, recalls that "Much may happen between Twelve and dinner-time!" The crash of perfectly good china will be met with "Alas! how soon do luck and crockery go to smash!" and the little nurse-maid's complaint that the washerwoman is cross and goes about looking "as if her parsley had been spoiled by the hail," or as if "the chickens had run off with her bread," with the request to be sure and stroke "Minna's fur the right way," because, as everyone well knows, Minna has got to "be handled like a raw egg."

When, along about three o'clock, a friend drops in "for coffee," the two ladies chat away in most picturesque, proverb-decorated language. The announcement of someone's engagement gives rise to "Love and good judgment never *did* and never *will* walk hand in hand;" the tolerant "Every saucepan sooner or later finds its lid;" or the more acrid "Crooked saucepan, crooked lid." A contradicted report brings "Lies have short legs and can't run far," the exceedingly true "*maybe*" is half a lie," and "The tongue has no bones, but gives many a hard knock." Incompetent Frau Schmieder is described as "eating cake to save bread," and as "hunting for a lost penny with a three-penny candle;" both ladies will then sigh yes, yes, "Money is a good slave but a bad master," and will discuss Herr Schmalix, who has amassed a fortune in six short years, despite the fact that "Luck *comes* a-limping and *goes* a-running." One lady will sagely remark "Gold shows no stains and rusts not," and the other will regret that "Some have the money and others but the purse."

(Continued on Page 804)



HOME IDEAS & ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

Foot Ease for the Housewife

ONE of the first requisites for the housewife's comfort is to be properly shod. The house shoe is, preferably, of soft pliable kid or canvas with low broad heels capped with rubber. A fairly heavy sole insures the greatest ease for those who are compelled to stand much. Great care should be exercised in the fit, as shoes that are either too large or too small inevitably produce corns.

If these should appear, much relief can be obtained by rubbing with pumice stone.

A corn remedy which our foremothers swore by was a poultice made of bread crumbs that had been soaked in cider vinegar for half an hour or longer. This was bound on the affected toe over night; after which the corn was easily dislodged. This is in line with the treatment that prescribed the binding on of salt pork rind for a sore or stubbed toe, and I have heard more than one old Yankee Graybeard testify to it's efficacy.

There is nothing much more disastrous for the foot's well-being than wearing a boot that is too short, for enlarged joints or bunions are the painful result. Some relief is afforded such a condition by wearing bunion plasters, which help lessen the pressure. Where there is much inflammation surrounding the joint, an occasional painting with tincture of iodine will alleviate the suffering.

People whose feet have a tendency to perspire excessively should use borax in the footbath and then dust the feet thoroughly with lycopodium.

Mr. Weston, the champion walker, after a long sprint, always bathes his feet in warm water in which a generous amount of sea-salt has been dissolved. On removal from this bath, he rubs his feet enthusiastically for some moments with a rough, coarse towel. For tired, aching feet there is no better treatment. Swollen feet are sometimes benefited by bathing in water in which wood-ashes have been boiled. It is understood that the water is strained before using.

Some women cannot take a ramble of any length without incurring blistered feet. This can be obviated, at the outset, by rubbing the soles of the stockings worn with pure castile soap, and by softening the soap with water and applying to the sides and bottom of the feet.

In summer, when the feet seem to tire most easily, a satisfying sense of refreshment follows a dusting with talcum powder, slipping on fresh hosiery and a change of shoes.

Not only the shoes but the surface on which one stands has much to do with foot-fatigue. The favorite foot-rug for those who are obliged to stand a great deal is the fibre matting made from "Coir", the outer husk of the cocoanut. It "gives" most agreeably to the tread. Rugs of this material, placed in front of the stove, table,

sink, or wherever the housewife must stand for long periods, will contribute much toward foot comfort.

In cold weather, chilblains are often the housekeeper's bane. Tincture of myrrh diluted with warm water is very healing; while bathing night and morning with witch hazel is also beneficial. An old-time remedy much favored by our grandsires was a poultice of roasted turnip and one that often proved effectual in the most stubborn cases.

It is the height of folly for the domestic woman to slight either care or shoeing of her "trilbies", for, day in and day out, ill-treated feet retaliate by handicapping a good deal of worthwhile efficiency. E. R. W.

* * *

Table Center Piece

A VERY pleasing centerpiece for the dinner table is a small fern dish or brass jardiniére in which the seed of the grape fruit has been freely planted and given six or eight weeks to get well started.

The glossiness and freshness of the foliage is beautiful and the effect on the table excellent.

A Garden Symphony in Yellow

MORE and more are we working out distinct color schemes in house furnishing, wearing apparel, and now in gardening.

No color is more noticeable in nature and none more important or practical than yellow.

A long, irregular shaped border in varying shades of yellow affords a vast amount of beauty and enjoyment, not only to those who plant and own it, but to all passers-by.

By beginning in a modest way and raising one's own plants from seed, this need not be at all expensive.

One might almost start in as did the woman who has what she calls her friendship garden, her different friends giving her a plant, a few bulbs or seed of their own raising. This particular garden is an old-fashioned one and most attractive.

A number of wild flower roots can be taken up and transplanted with good results, such as brown-eyed Susans and golden rod. This border should contain marguerites, coreopsis, both annual and perennial, in all the yellow hues, marigold, zinnias, heliopsis, dahlias, calliopsis, gladioli, snap-dragons, cannas, golden glow, and sun flowers.

For low bedding plants, use old-fashioned portulaca, California poppies, pansies, daisies, nasturtiums and the annual coreopsis.

The double, yellow hollyhocks make a pretty, striking back ground as does the golden glow when used in large clumps.

Lemon lilies are beautiful and fragrant.

One is greatly surprised, after giving attention and study to this color scheme, to find what an astonishingly large number of yellow flowers there are. C. M. A.

* * *

A Little Knowledge is a Dangerous Thing

"COME, go home with me", said Julia Hill one night after school, some time after I had matriculated at the temple of learning in the little town to which our family had recently moved. As I was a green little city girl, who had been made to feel my abysmal ignorance of the essential features of country life, I felt highly honored by this unexpected attention from the tall girl who seemed so wonderfully capable.

Needless to say, I accepted the invitation with joy, with the necessary, tho' hateful proviso, if my mother would let me. Julia looked down upon me from her superior height and gave me the impression that she did

not have to ask her mother for such privileges, but did only as she herself pleased.

However, the desired permission was readily given, as my mother, in common with most city-bred people, had a vague idea that a farm is the safest of places for children, and the Hills lived on a farm on the edge of the town.

We were soon on our way and Julia amused herself and amazed me by exhibiting various feats of strength and skill, such as vaulting fences, pulling herself up into trees, and jumping over a little brook that meandered across the road. If her object was to arouse my envy, she was wholly successful, for it was my passionate desire to do all the things denied to me by reason of my small size and puny strength. To be tall and strong was the height of my ambition, and I think Julia must have divined it, for she "showed off" with all the superb self-satisfaction of a twelve year old girl who is taller and stronger than any of her school mates.

On the way she confided to me her special reason for such condescension. Her mother was away for the evening, and she must get the supper and do the other work. "And", said she, "I must make biscuit, if there is not enough bread."

Town-bred as I was, the natural thing to do under such circumstances would have been to send to the bake-shop, and I said so, only to be withered by the scorn with which she repudiated the idea of having "baker's bread". And again I felt the sickening sense of inferiority that always oppressed me in the company of girls who were skilled in housewifely arts.

Noticing my evident discomfiture, Julia proceeded to dilate upon her various accomplishments in the culinary line, beside which my ability to lead my class in mere book studies was as nothing.

The farm-house was large and roomy, and full of interest to me, because her father had been a sea-faring man, and had a collection of curios, common enough to dwellers by the sea, but strange and new to one who had seen no greater body of water than Lake Michigan. Julia's exhibition of these, with a natural pride in their ownership, by proxy, completed my subjugation, and I was in a very fit condition of humility, when she announced that it was time to begin getting supper, and we repaired to the kitchen.

To build the kitchen fire with wood was not a difficult task and Julia was soon ready to make the biscuits. Whereat a difficulty arose in the way, — there was no baking powder. Consternation!

Then my natural pride asserted itself and I remarked, with the confidence born of the re-action from unusual humility, no more my natural state than Julia's, "But you can use soda and cream of tartar in place of baking powder. Mother often does."

"But I don't know how," said Julia. Ah, ha! Here was my opportunity. I knew. Had I not twice made a feather cake with entire success, using the aforesaid combination to lighten the same? And had I not been told the proportion in which the ingredients were mingled?

Alas, for the fallibility of human knowledge! "For each teaspoonful of baking powder," said I dogmatically, "use two spoonfuls of saleratus and one of cream tartar." This, then, we did, substituting for the four her recipe called for, eight spoonfuls of soda and five of the other, for good measure.

Soon the biscuits were made and in the oven, which was already in prime condition, and Julia was attending to the other details of the meal. In due time she opened the oven door to look at the biscuit. Ugh! the odor from them smote the air with overpowering force, and we could see in

the oven some horrible looking, greenish-yellow objects no more attractive to sight than to smell.

Julia took one out to sample it. The taste was worse than either looks or odor. Something dreadful had come from that combination!

Julia, creature of resources and mindful of some teasing big brothers, who would "plague the life out of us," decided that the biscuit must be put out of sight. The pigs should eat them! So we took them to the stye and offered them as a sacrifice to those animals. Alas, they only sniffed and turned away from them. Thus I learned that there are limits even to a pig's appetite.

"Well," said Julia, "we will bury them." And so we did, choosing a corner of the pig-pen for such sepulture. Then we went into the house and, on closer investigation, found there was bread enough for supper, if we restrained our own appetites, so the disaster did not seem quite so overpowering.

The meal passed off very well and Captain Hill praised his little cook in a way that would have seemed very fine, but for the hidden memory of those biscuit.

Alas, it was only the memory that was hidden, for after supper Lorenzo and Alonzo, huge scions of the house, went out to do the chores, while Julia and I did the dishes. Presently with a great guffaw the boys burst into the kitchen. The pigs had up-rooted the biscuit and the boys had discovered them.

This is a good place to close the story. I would fain draw a veil over the humiliation that followed, and forget how I ever after would turn a corner and run as fast as I could to escape, whenever I saw Alonzo or Lorenzo in the village. Julia magnanimously laid all the blame upon me, and, in my heart of hearts, I knew that I was only properly punished for assuming to know that which I did not. But to this day I never hear the phrase "soda biscuit" that my face does not flush with the memory of my first biscuit, when I learned that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. W. H. H. T.

* * *

An Explorer's Diet

WHEN Arch Deacon Hudson Stuck climbed Mt. McKinley in Alaska, he planned a more successful diet than the former explorers of that great peak had tried; they failed because they had canned food.

The writer was informed by him that, since it was a fine game country around the mountain, the party shot caribou and mountain sheep and made a variety of pemmican of it. He boiled the meat thoroughly and minced it fine. This he made with butter into balls and froze them hard. The broth was reduced to the thickest possible meat jelly or "stock". A favorite and satisfying meal that did not cloy the appetite was some of thispemmican, heated, and rice, some German pea-meal sausage, and about two tablespoonfuls of the meat broth made into bouillon to drink.

For the very high altitudes, they kept tea, almonds, chocolate, etc., etc.

In Switzerland the guides eat chocolate and lump sugar, since these can be readily carried in difficult places where every ounce counts.

Some Pensylvania Recipes

Pineapple and Cherries

A very nice preserve made up in Montgomery County is of morello sour cherries with pineapple. The appearance is of cherry preserve, but the more delicious flavor betokens at once what has been added. Cut the pineapple very fine. Allow one to about five or six quarts of seeded cherries, according to the size and flavor of the pineapple.

A good morello cherry preserve is nice by itself, but when the variety is

not as fine as it might be, but still too good a crop not to be utilized, this addition of pineapple will be very welcome. Of course the fresh pineapple, full of flavor, is best but, if not available, use some of the canned or preserved pineapple readily obtained of any grocer.

Canned Field Mushrooms

The fields belonging to the family, giving these recipes, are white with fine mushrooms, for weeks every summer, and so many are gathered for stews, and broils, and fritters, that the family are weary of them. The Italian laborers are sated, and only the ravenous automobilists, at the Inn in ever-varying numbers, never get enough.

And yet, in winter, these mushrooms give an agreeable change, added to various dishes and gravies, or soaked and stewed; for the custom from year to year has been to dry them. Canning had not proved a success until the following was tried; that is, to stew them until thoroughly sterilized and add a tablespoonful of vinegar to a fair-sized saucepan or kettle. Also two cloves were added, since these would be suitable in any soup or made dish.

Pickled Mushrooms

For pickled mushrooms only the tiniest and firmest buttons are chosen. These are boiled in diluted vinegar for ten minutes. One third water being used for strong vinegar. Celery and a little spice are added, and they are sealed in pint glass jars.

To Save on the Gas Bill; Burn Newspapers

IN summer many houses are arranged to dispense with the coal range and cook by a gas range and heat the bath-boiler by another gas heater. Whatever the way may be, whether a gas cooker or simple hot plate, etc., to *heat dishwater* costs money. It is therefore a money saving plan to lessen the gas bill by heating the dishwater, or even kettles for washing out light things, as well as dishtowels, by making a fire in the range of newspapers. Refill once and such a fire will answer well. Of course any bits of fat not to be rendered, greasy papers, and scraps of wooden boxes, berry boxes, etc., can go in to add zest to it and get these out of the way.

Even managers of large rooming and apartment houses do this to save the gas bill during the slack months of summer in town, and to have a fire that dies down, at once, when the water is heated. J. D. C.

Bran Bread
Useful as a Steam Pudding Also

2 cups bran flour	3-4 cup raisins
1 cup white flour	3 tablespoons molasses
1 tea spoon soda	1 cup milk
1-4 teaspoon fine salt	1-4 cup water

If sour milk or cream is used, add one teaspoon soda. Steam three hours in a one and one-half quart mould. Being rather heavy to digest in addition to a hearty meal, the writer finds it convenient to use it as the main article for luncheon. She is alone at noon and the recipe makes sufficient for six or seven meals. Keeps moist a week, and is palatable without butter. Using a fireless cooker to steam it, and then only once a week, it is a saving in labor as to preparation of luncheons.

It makes a good steam pudding, if one-fourth cup of chopped nuts and three figs, cut in small pieces, are added; serve with

Creamy Sauce

1-4 cup butter	2 tablespoons milk or cream
1-2 cup powdered sugar	2 tablespoons water
	1-2 teaspoon vanilla

Cream the butter, add sugar gradually, then milk and water, a little at a time, and cook over hot water. If it curdles while mixing, the cooking should blend the ingredients. S. B. P.

QUERIES & ANSWERS

THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit $1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

QUERY 2165. — "Recipe for Rye-and-Indian Bread."

Rye-and-Indian Bread

Soften one cake of compressed yeast in half a cup of scalded-and-cooled milk, Sift into a bowl one cup, each, of white bread flour, rye flour and cornmeal, and one teaspoonful of salt; add one-fourth a cup of molasses or sugar, the yeast and scalded-and-cooled milk to make a stiff dough. It will take about one cup and a half of milk. Add the last of the milk carefully, lest the dough be two soft. When well risen, turn into an ordinary bread pan. When again light bake one hour.

QUERY 2166. — "Menus for Institutions of twenty children. The Institution is like a private home where a good table is laid. The children are from seven to eighteen."

Menus for Children

(7 to 18 years of age)

Breakfast

Sliced bananas (very ripe)
Hot Cereal, Thin Cream
Hot Bacon (Broiled in the Oven) Sandwiches
(stale bread or hot toast)
Milk Cocoa

Dinner

Boiled Forequarter Lamb (yearling)
(buy half a lamb)
Caper Sauce
Boiled Potatoes
Boiled New Turnips
Lettuce, French Dressing
Baked Indian Pudding
Scraped Maple Sugar

Supper

Lamb-and-Tomato Soup Browned Cracker
Hot Boiled Rice, Milk Stewed Prunes
Rye Bread and Butter
Cold water Sponge cake

Breakfast

Native Strawberries
Cold Boiled Ham, Sliced thin
Small Potatoes, Baked
Zwieback Cocoa without Milk

Dinner

Fowl, Steamed and Roasted
Mashed Potato
Asparagus on Toast, Buttered
Graham Bread and Butter
(Bread sliced thin)
Tapioca Custard Pudding, Vanilla Sauce

Supper

Hot Cereal, Thin Cream
Bread and Butter Small Cream Puffs
Stewed Peaches Milk

Breakfast

Oatmeal, Milk
(no sugar)
Eggs Scrambled with Chopped Ham
Bread Toast
Orange Marmalade Milk to drink

Dinner

Chicken Soup
Large Filets of Fresh Fish
Baked with Bread Dressing
Small cubes of Boiled Potatoes
Cooked in Milk with egg-yolks and butter
(no sauce then needed with fish)
Lettuce or Philadelphia Relish
String Beans Bread and Butter
Milk for younger children
Cornstarch Blanc mange
Sugar Thin Cream

Supper

Cream Toast Bread and Butter
Stewed Prunes Oatflake Wafers Milk

Breakfast
Boiled Rice, Milk
(Choice of) Eggs Cooked in Shell or Lamb Chops
Creamed Potatoes
Bread Crumb Griddle Ckaes
Cocoa Milk

Dinner
Choice of Hamburg Steak or Lamb Stew
(fat removed) with vegetables
Baked Potatoes
Stewed Tomatoes
Floating Island

Supper
Fresh Fish Chowder
Browned Crackers
Bread and Butter
Stewed Peaches
Nuremberg Gingerbread
(reduce quantity of almonds)

Breakfast
Native Strawberries
Bacon Broiled in Oven
Ryemeal Muffins
Bread and Butter
Cocoa (without Milk)

Dinner
Roast Leg of Lamb
Franconia Potatoes
Spinach or Beet Tops
Stewed Evaporated Cranberries
Junket Ice Cream
Drop Cookies

Supper
Egg Timbales, Bread Sauce
Oatmeal and Rye Bread
Cottage Cheese
Stewed Prunes
Milk

QUERY 2167.—"Ideas for Simple Sunday Night Suppers, for above Institution. The supper is to be eaten in the library, picnic style." (Children 7 to 18 years of age) Served on individual Trays.

Menus for Sunday Night Suppers

I
Rye Bread-and-Ornage Marmalade Sandwiches
Hot Cocoa
Milk
Stuffed Dates

II
Chicken Salad in Cream Puff Cases
Olives, Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Little Fruit and Nut Cakes
Cocoa
Milk

III
Hot Popcorn and Milk
Chopped Ham Sandwiches
Cooked Prunes, stoned and Rolled in Sugar

IV
German Coffee Cake, Toasted
Milk Cocoa
Caramels

V
Bread-and-Cream Cheese Sandwiches
Evaporated Peaches, Stewed
Cream Pie
Cocoa

VI
Crackers, Milk
Rye Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Strawberry Jam

VII
Bread, Lettuce-and-Veal Loaf Sandwiches
Native Strawberries
Macaroons

VIII
Cubes of Jellied Chicken Broth (in cups)
Hot Toasted Crackers
Sponge Drops Caramels

IX
Egg Sandwiches
Cocoa
White Cake, Pineapple Frosting

QUERY 2168.—"Recipe for Salmon Croquettes and other dishes from Canned Salmon."

Canned Salmon Croquettes

Use the recipe for clam croquettes given on another page in the "Seasonable Recipes," substituting salmon, picked in bits with a silver fork, for the clams.

Salmon Soufflé

Melt two tablespoonfuls butter; in it cook two tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a teaspoonful of paprika; add one pint of milk and stir until boiling; remove from the fire and add half a cup of soft, sifted bread crumbs, the beaten yolks of three eggs and a can of salmon, drained and picked very fine with a silver fork. Mix all together thoroughly, then fold in the whites of three eggs, beaten dry. Turn into a buttered baking dish and let cook in a moderate oven until well puffed and firm at the center. A teaspoonful of onion juice or a tablespoonful of fine-chopped chives, with a tablespoonful of fine chopped parsley, may be added with the fish for flavoring. Chopped green or chili pepper is a good addition. A tablespoonful of lemon juice may also be added. Serve with tomato, cream or Hollandaise sauce.

Canned Salmon Salad

Drain the salmon, separate into large flakes and set these on a bed of heart-leaves of lettuce. Mix one teaspoonful of scraped onion, six tablespoonfuls of oil, three tablespoonfuls of red wine or cider vinegar, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika and pour over the whole. Serve at once.

Hot Canned Salmon

Set the unopened can of salmon into a saucepan of boiling water and let boil ten or fifteen minutes; open the can at the edge and all around the top, that the salmon may be removed unbroken. Drain off all the liquid possible. Turn the fish on to a folded napkin on a hot platter. Garnish with a slice of lemon or hard-cooked egg and parsley. Serve with egg or pickle sauce (drawn butter).

Other Recipes for Canned Salmon

Canned salmon may be served in cream sauce, one cup and a third of salmon to a cup of sauce, in shells or ramekins, either with or without buttered crumbs. Seasoned with considerable pepper, and mustard if desired, it becomes Deviled Salmon. With the addition of half a teaspoonful (or less) of curry powder and a teaspoonful of lemon juice, it is Salmon à la Indienne.

Canned Salmon with chopped olives or capers or both, with or without chopped eggs, makes a good sandwich filling.

QUERY 2169.—"Recipe for Cornstarch Cake and cake made with water in place of milk."

1 cup butter
1 cup sugar
6 eggs
½ cup flour.
¾ cup cornstarch
2 teaspoonfuls baking-powder
1 teaspoonful vanilla extract

Plunketts

Cream the butter; add the sugar, beating until foamy. Beat the whites of the eggs until dry and the yolks until light colored and thick; pour the yolks over the whites and "cut and fold" together. Sift together, twice, the flour, cornstarch and baking-powder. Add the beaten eggs to the butter and sugar, gradually, then add the dry ingredients and the vanilla extract. Bake in individual tins, buttered. Ice or not as desired. The cake may be baked in layers.

Cake Made with Water

⅔ cup butter
1¼ cups sugar
1½ tablespoonfuls caramel syrup
3 cups flour
4 level teaspoonfuls baking powder
⅔ cup water
3 eggs, beaten without separating

Mix in the usual manner and in the order given. Bake in a sheet in a large pan. Cover with boiled frosting. The syrup may be omitted.

QUERY 2170.—"Recipes for Rhubarb Jam and Jelly."

Rhubarb Jam (Scotland)

Select the red stalks of rhubarb, as it makes the richest colored preserve. Take off the strings of skin, but keep as much of the red underneath as possible. Cut the stalks into half-inch slices, cover with an equal weight of sugar and let stand over night. For each three or four pounds of fruit, add the grated rind and juice of one lemon. Let boil half an hour after it comes to the boiling point, then let simmer very gently another half an hour. An ounce of blanched, sweet almonds, sliced thin, may be added.

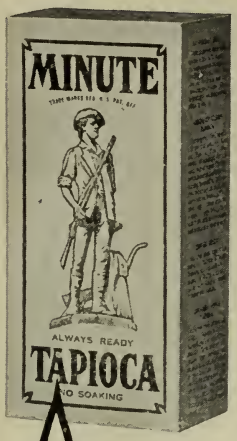
Rhubarb Marmalade

1 quart bright red rhubarb stalks.
Yellow rind and pulp six oranges.
1½ pounds sugar

Boil the ingredients together very slowly until well reduced. The rind of the orange may be grated or cut into shavings and boiled tender before it is added to the other ingredients.

Rhubarb Jelly

We have not made rhubarb jelly, but think it may be made successfully. If the mixture should not "jell", it may be used for sweetening pies or as



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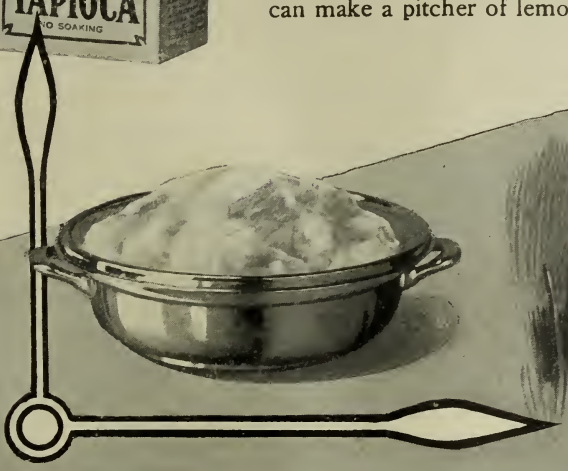

Minute Tapioca

Date Tapioca

Stir frequently for fifteen minutes in a double boiler one quart of boiling milk, two large tablespoons of Minute Tapioca and one-half cup of sugar. Add the beaten yolks of three eggs about three minutes before removing from the stove. When partially cool, stir in one cup of chopped dates; cover with the well beaten whites of the eggs, with one tablespoon sugar added, and brown quickly in an oven.

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honey on bread. Cut the stalks in inch lengths; add a few tablespoonfuls of water to avoid burning and let cook on the top of the range or in the oven until soft throughout, then let drip in a jelly bag. Heat to the boiling point, let boil rapidly ten minutes, then add as many cups of sugar as there were of juice and let boil until the mixture jellies on a cold p'ate.

Query 2171.—"Recipe for Chicken Mousse made with whipped cream and gelatine and served cold."

Chicken Mousse

Scald one cup of milk, cream or well-reduced chicken broth; beat the yolks of three eggs slightly; add one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of paprika and cook in the hot liquid until the mixture coats the spoon. Remove from the fire and add one-fourth a package of gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water or chicken broth. Strain the preparation over half a cup of cooked, chicken breast, chopped, pounded in a mortar and sifted. Stir over ice water, until the mixture begins to set, then fold into it one cup of whipped cream. Turn into small timbale molds, or into a large mold lined with paper. The molds may be decorated with pistachio nuts or truffles, or both may be used. Serve when chilled and firm with lettuce or other green salad. This is particularly good with lettuce and tomatoes. French or mayonnaise dressing may be used.

To decorate the molds, rince them in chicken aspic or butter them slightly.

Query 2172.—"Recipe for Chicken Timbales with Sauce."

Chicken Timbales (Yellow)

Chop fine the uncooked meat from the breast of one chicken, (there should be one cup of meat); add an egg and beat until smooth, then beat in three more eggs, one after another; add three-fourths a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of white pepper and gradually beat in one pint of cream. Turn into well-buttered timbale molds and cook on several folds of paper and surrounded with boiling water until firm in the center. Serve, turned from the molds and surrounded with Bechamel sauce.

Chicken Timbales (white)

Pass the breasts of two uncooked chickens through a meat chopper; add one teaspoonful of salt, a dash of white pepper and a grating of nutmeg, then beat into the mixture, one at a time, the unbeaten whites of three eggs, and then very gradually beat in one pint of cream. Cook the mixture in small, well-buttered timbale molds. The molds should stand on many folds of paper and be surrounded by boiling water. When the mixture is firm in the center, it is cooked. Serve, turned from the molds and surrounded by white or Bechamel sauce.

Chicken Timbales

Remove the meat from the breast and wings of a chicken. There should be a generous half pound of meat. Scrape the flesh from the fibers; to it add the unbeaten white of an egg and pound to a smooth paste; add a second white of egg and pound again till smooth, then add half a cup of cold white sauce and pound a third time till smooth. Set a fine gravy strainer into one dish of a double boiler of suitable size, and with a pestle press the mixture through a sieve. Fold into it the whites of two eggs, beaten dry, and one cup of double cream, beaten quite firm. Turn into buttered-and-decorated timbale molds and let bake, set on several fold of paper and surrounded with boiling water, until firm. Serve, turned from the molds, with Bechamel or mushroom sauce. Decorate the molds with figures cut from pimentoes or sliced truffles. Butter the molds and decorate at once, then set aside to chill, that the butter may hold the decorations in place. Let

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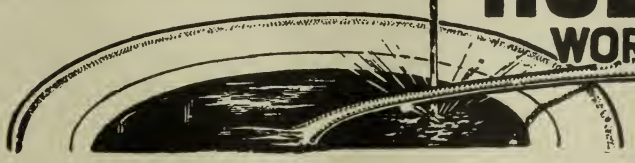

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the molds stand two or three minutes, that the cooked mixture contract a little, then unmold. Too strong heat ruins any timbale.

Bechamel Sauce

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook three tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper; when bubbling and frothy, stir in one cup of well-seasoned chicken broth and half a cup of rich milk and stir until boiling. Add a cup of button mushrooms, cut in halves, and, if desired, the yolks of two eggs, beaten and diluted with half a cup of cream.

QUERY 2173.—"Recipe for German Coffee Cake on a wreath (ring) cake."

German Coffee Cake

1 cup scalded milk
2 cakes compressed yeast
¼ cup water
Flour for sponge
⅓ cup melted butter
¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoonful salt
1 egg
Grating lemon rind
Flour

Make a sponge with the milk, yeast softened in the water, and flour; when light add the other ingredients and flour to make a very stiff batter; beat thoroughly, when light again spread in a buttered dripping pan, cover, and let rise. When ready for the oven, brush over with beaten egg and dust thickly with sugar and cinnamon, mixed.

Swedish Tea Ring

Soften a cake of compressed yeast in one fourth a cup of scalded-and-cooled milk; mix and add to one cup of milk, scalded and cooled to a lukewarm temperature. Stir in enough flour to make a batter; beat until smooth, then cover and set aside to become light. Add one whole egg and a yolk, or three yolks of eggs, one-fourth cup of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and flour to make a dough that may be kneaded. Knead until smooth and elastic. Cover and set aside (out of draughts) to become doubled in bulk. Without cutting the dough down, divide into two pieces of same size. Set one of these upside down (crusty side down) on a board; pat and roll into a rectangular sheet less than half an inch thick; brush over with butter, sprinkle with sultana raisins and pecan nuts, or filberts, broken in pieces. Use from a half to a full cup of fruits and nuts; roll up like a jelly roll; lift the roll to a baking pan and bring the ends together to form a ring; fasten the ends secure and in such a careful manner as will conceal the joining. With scissors cut through the ring from the edge nearly to the center, at each side, entirely round the ring; cut a little on the slant and turn each division with the scissors or fingers, to show the layers of dough and fruit, etc. That is, cut down through the roll with the scissors and with them turn the cut side of the dough upward. When again light brush the dough with beaten yolk of egg, mixed with milk, and dredge with sliced nuts. Bake about half an hour.

QUERY 2174.—"Recipe for a Candy made with maple syrup."

Maple-and-Nut Creams

Boil two cups of maple syrup to 238 degrees Farenheit, on a sugar thermometer or until a soft ball may be formed when tested in cold water. Remove from the fire and stir until creamy. Drop from a teaspoon,in small rounds,on a buttered plate. At once press the unbroken half of a pecan or English walnut meat on the top of each. For good results two persons are required, as the candy "sets" very quickly.

Maple Fondant Creams

Dissolve one cup of granulated sugar in half a cup of hot cream and let boil to the soft ball stage; add half a cup of cocoanut (fresh or dessicated) and stir until creamy, then quickly shape into balls; let stand to dry a little, then dip in maple fondant.

Maple Fondant

1½ cups maple syrup
1 cup granulated sugar
¼ cup boiling water
¼ teaspoonful cream of tartar

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Stir the syrup, sugar and water until the sugar is dissolved and the mixture is boiling; wash down the sides of the saucepan with fingers or cloth, wet in cold water, cover and let boil two or three minutes; let boil uncovered (in large saucepan) to 258 degrees F. (soft ball). Turn the syrup upon a large platter or marble, wet with cold water. When cold work with a wooden paddle until creamy; gather into a mass, cover with a damp cloth and let stand an hour or more; pack into a jar, cover closely and set aside for twelve hours or longer. To use, melt over warm water, beating constantly, meanwhile.

QUERY 2175.—"Recipes for Fish Timbale."

Fish Timbale

Use the recipes given for chicken timbales, in answer to Query 2172. Halibut, flounder, salmon and swordfish are suitable for this use. Bass, cod, haddock and sea trout are two watery to give good results.

QUERY 2176.—"What is the correct way of carving a Leg of Lamb."

Carving a Leg of Lamb

Authorities are about evenly divided as to whether the outer or the under side of the leg shall be set uppermost on the platter and be carved first The outside gives the largest number of slices and slices of the largest size; slices from the under side are thought to be more tender. Cut directly across the thickest portion of which ever side is set uppermost on the platter, then slant the knife and cut the slices from the bone below.

QUERY 2177.—"Recipe for a Date Pudding."

Date Soufflé

½ lb. dates
5 whites of eggs
½ cup sugar
1 pint milk
3 yolks of eggs
⅓ cup sugar
½ teaspoonful vanilla

Clean the dates in boiling water, drain, remove stones, and cut the flesh in bits. Beat the whites dry; fold in the sugar and the dates, turn into a buttered-and-sugared baking dish and let cook in boiling water until well puffed and firm. Serve hot with a custard made from the other ingredients and chilled. Flavor the custard after it is chilled.

Steamed Date Pudding

⅔ cup soft bread crumbs
⅔ cup flour
2 level teaspoonfuls baking powder
⅔ cup fine-chopped suet
⅔ cup sugar
2 eggs, beaten light
⅔ cup dates, in bits
½ teaspoonful salt
⅔ cup milk

Mix together the first five ingredients; add the salt, dates, beaten egg and milk, and mix thoroughly. Steam two hours in a buttered mold. Serve with hard or liquid sauce.

QUERY 2178.—"Is it proper to set Oatmeal to cook in cold water."

Cooking Oatmeal

We see no reason for setting oatmeal to cook in cold water. Use boiling, salted water and cook thoroughly.

QUERY 2179.—"Is Rice a proper article of food for one who is forbidden starchy food."

Composition of Rice

Rice contains, in 100 parts, 12.3 water, 8.0 protein, .3 fat, 79.0 carbohydrates (largely starch), .4 mineral matter. From the above table, it is evident that one forbidden starchy food should not be allowed to eat rice in any form. This inquirer should write to the department of agriculture, Washington, D. C. for Farmer's Bulletin No. 142.

REFRIGERATORS—ICE BOXES

and all places where meats and foods are kept should be regularly disinfected and purified by using

Platt's Chlorides,

The Odorless Disinfectant.

Destroys germs and foul odors, does not permeate the food.

Safe, Efficient and Economical. Sold Everywhere

HENRY B. PLATT
42 Cliff Street, New York City, N. Y.

Welch's Deserves the Confidence of Mothers

THIS pure, delicious, unfermented juice of the finest Concords is a healthful, enjoyable beverage for the children. It is not a manufactured drink. Nature makes it, and the quick, exact, sanitary Welch method of pressing the fresh grapes, sterilizing and hermetically sealing their juice in glass gives you all the goodness and wholesomeness of Nature's best AT its best in

Welch's

"The National Drink"

Keep a case in the house for the use of your family and for entertaining your guests.

BOOK OF CHILDREN'S GAMES FREE

We have prepared a booklet of games for children's parties, which we will be glad to mail you on request.

TRY THE FAMOUS WELCH PUNCH

Welch Punch. For a dainty, unfermented punch, take the juice of three lemons, juice of one orange, one quart of water, one pint of Welch's and one cup of sugar. If desired, all or part charged water may be used. Add sliced oranges and pineapple and serve cold.

If unable to get Welch's of your dealer we will ship a trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, for $3. Sample 4-oz. bottle mailed for 10c. Booklet of recipes free.

The Welch Grape Juice Company - - Westfield, N. Y.

Exit the Cow

THE latest touch in the romance of the soya bean comes with the discovery that it may be used in the large-scale production of artificial milk. Since 1906, the year of its first importation into Europe from China, Japan, Korea and Manchuria, the utilization of this famous Asiatic growth has advanced by leaps and bounds. The beans go in the making of oil and the manufacture of soap, with their waste returned to the soil as fertilizers. Cattle cakes are prepared from them for winter feeding. Soya meal is in large demand; soya sauces and relishes are already widely known. From the same leguminous plant come vermicelli, biscuits and other food products. To-day the West receives something like a million tons of the beans each year; for England alone the frieght on them amounts to $5,000,000 annually.

A Chinaman was the first to experiment with soya in the preparation of a substitute for milk, but the disagreeable taste of the liquid that came from his primitive laboratory made it unpalatable for Occidentals. A German expert then took up the enterprise, and English chemists now claim to have carried it to complete success. The new milk is built up from a basis of casein obtained from the soya bean. The beans are treated by a special process whereby all oil and waste matter are removed, leaving only the pure casein. To this basis are added, in exact proportions, fatty acids, sugars and salts. Then, in order that the synthetic milk may approximate in all resepcts to real milk, bacteria of the required strains, including lactic acid bacilli, are introduced into the fluid and allowed to act on it until "maturity" is reached. Complete emulsification is secured by the process.

This artificial product is now to be put on the market as a "pure and wholesome milk of high nutritive value" — "a real milk from which cheese and butter can be made" — "a milk," moreover, "that can be produced more cheaply than the article obtained from the cow." People who have tasted it call the fluid "quite indistinguishable from the milk now in use," and "delightfully smooth on the palate." By varying the proportion of casein, fat, sugar or salts, it can be adapted at need to children or invalids, according to medical prescription. Everything else said of it being true, the soya product has one crowning recommendation. It solves the "clean milk" problem, and is absolutely free from the "milk-borne" diseases that now harrass the dairyman, the legislator and the consumer.

—*The Boston Herald.*

They only leave the hole of Carnation Doughnuts

You are offering mighty wholesome food when you give your children doughnuts made with Carnation Milk—because they are light and digestible.

Carnation Milk

From Contented Cows

is not only nourishing, safe and delicious as a beverage for the children and as a food for babies, but its use in the household will mean a noticeable reduction in the quantity of butter and cream needed. Test it in this recipe:

Carnation Doughnuts

One cup sugar, two teaspoons butter, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon nutmeg or cinnamon, three eggs, one-third cup of Carnation Milk, two-thirds cup water, flour to make soft dough. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, add salt and spice, add beaten eggs, milk and water, and flour to make soft dough, sifting one rounding teaspoonful baking powder into each cup of flour used. Toss on floured board. Roll, cut and fry in deep fat until a delicate brown. Sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Evaporated—Sterilized

Carnation Milk is fresh milk with part of the water taken out—by evaporation—and sterilized to preserve its wholesomeness.

Our methods are thoroughly sanitary

For example—in our condenseries the copper and glass-lined containers, pipes and utensils are as carefully scalded and cleansed every day as the milk pitcher in the neatest of homes.

In sterilizing Carnation Milk we apply a greater degree of heat than is required in ordinary pasteurization.

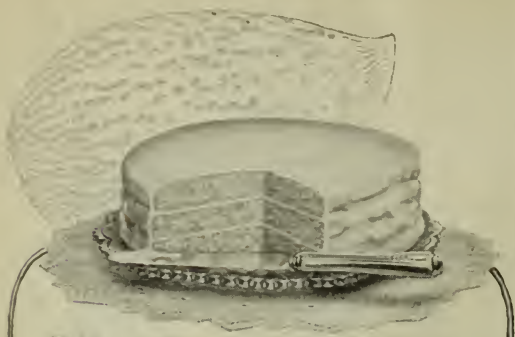
Use Carnation Milk in all your baking and daily cooking—it adds to the flavor and is also economical—less butter is needed.

Ask your grocer for "The Story of Carnation Quality"—including choice recipes—or write us.

Try Carnation Milk today

Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company

General Offices: Seattle, U. S. A.



The finest Almonds come from Smyrna

WHICH would you rather use, an extract made from peach and apricot stones or one made from choice Smyrna Almonds?

Burnett's ALMOND EXTRACT

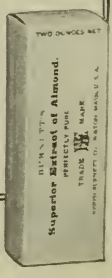
Burnett's Almond Extract is carefully extracted from the finest selected Smyrna Almonds. Besides purity and delicacy of flavor, it possesses greater strength than the ordinary "almond" flavoring.

Try a bottle of Burnett's Almond Extract the next time you make cake, or use it in ice cream or candy in which almond flavor will be found delicious—and *almond* flavor will acquire a new meaning for you. When preserving peaches a few drops in each jar will add greatly to the flavor.

Dainty and Artistic Desserts

115 suggestions for new and dainty desserts. Please mention your grocer's name when writing for it.

JOSEPH BURNETT CO.
Dept. K
36 India Street, Boston, Mass.
Burnett's Vanilla *has been the standard for 67 years.*



Western Package
Eastern Package

Polly's Course in Designing

(Continued from Page 765)

the shops allowed Polly to exhibit some sample baskets. No artist ever worked harder over a masterpiece than did Polly over those sample baskets. Indeed, they were masterpieces when they were arranged. There were apples, polished to the last degree of shine, plums, pears and luscious grapes. Little pie-pumpkins, squashes, immaculate beets and carrots, celery, cabbage, cauliflower and lettuce filled other baskets. Everything which the farm produced was represented. Polly's brothers grew almost as enthusiastic as she and selected for her the most perfect specimens of their kind. The younger children helped Polly weave some of the smaller baskets. These were filled with nuts and some of the smaller fruits. Little jars of preserves and jellies, which Polly had carefully made under the mother's supervision, found their way into some of the baskets.

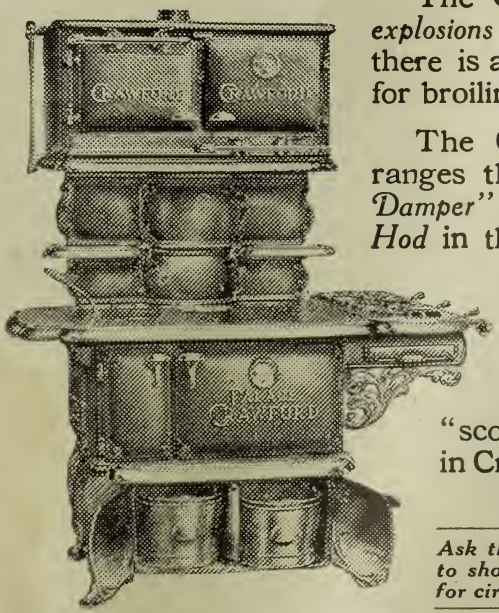
Polly's baskets charmed the city customers. She had to work early and late to fill the orders that came pouring in for the Thanksgiving and Christmas trade. Even her father grew interested in spite of himself. Never before had the produce of the MacDougall farm brought such prices as when manipulated by Polly's artistic fingers. Even doughnuts, made by Mrs. MacDougall's choice recipe, cookies and little home-made cakes were pressed into service to fill some of the baskets.

It was a wealthy Polly who sat down to figure up her gains. She said to her father, "If I pay you what the fruits and vegetables would have brought, had you sold by the old method, then I will have earned all the rest by myself, won't I?" Mr. MacDougall looked down at her proudly. "Keep it all, little girl," he said, "and use it for that course in Designing at the Institute. You have shown me that artistic girls, as well as stenographers, can earn money."

Combination Coal and Gas

Crawford Ranges

You need a coal range in Winter for kitchen warmth and for continuous hot water supply, but in Summer when you want a cool kitchen and less hot water a Gas range is the thing. You get ***both*** in the **Crawford Combination Range** and you get the ***best*** of each.

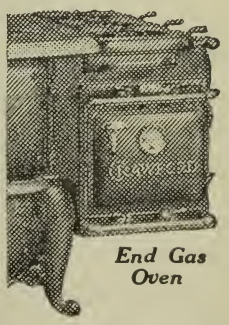


Double Gas Ovens at Top of Range

The Crawford **Gas Ovens** are *safe; explosions are impossible.* In the End Ovens there is an extra set of burners at the top for broiling.

The Crawford Ranges are the only ranges that have the wonderful *"Single Damper"* (patented), the *Ash Hod* and *Coal Hod* in the base (patented), and the *Cup-Joint Oven Flues* that heat all parts of the oven alike. No "cold corners" nor "scorching spots" in Crawford Ovens.

Ask the Crawford Agent to show you and write us for circular.



End Gas Oven

WALKER & PRATT MFG. COMPANY, 31-35 UNION ST. BOSTON, MASS.

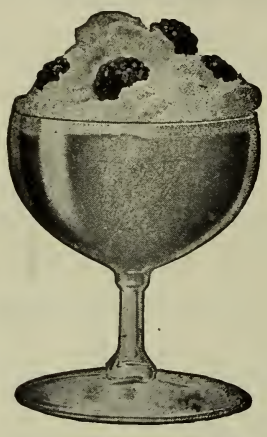
The New

NESNAH

Desserts

Can be "Made in a Jiffy"

With the aid of fruit, berries, whipped cream, etc., the practical housewife can serve Nesnah in an endless variety of dainty and attractive forms.



You simply dissolve it in milk or cream, let stand a few moments, and you have, ready to serve, a most exquisite dessert.

It is the one tasty, delicious food-dessert. Not to be confounded with gelatine preparations.

NINE FLAVORS

VANILLA
CHOCOLATE
ORANGE
LEMON
PISTACHIO
RASPBERRY
MAPLE
CARAMEL
COFFEE

10c a Package

At All Grocers

Sample sent free —full-size package on receipt of 10 Cents. State choice of flavor.

Prepared by

"The Junket Folks"

Box 2507

LITTLE FALLS N. Y.

German Home and Kitchen Proverbs

(Continued from Page 784)

The sad case of Frau Muller, forced in her old age to enter a Home, shows how true it is that "One mother can better care for ten children than ten children for one mother;" and careless Onkel Franz, badly cheated by a much *too* clever brother-in-law, shows that you must, "If your best friend is a fox, keep an eye on your chickens."

Whatever the topic, whatever its lesson, there's a proverb to fit it:

"Roasted chickens lay no eggs."

"The day breaks even though the cock crow not."

"Pills must be swallowed, not chewed."

"Even a blind hen will sometimes find a grain of corn."

"First, I and mine; then, thou and thine."

"Never crawl where you might soar."

"A full stomach hates to study."

"Adam's children are just like Adam." and the sardonic:

"Adam just *had* to have an Eve on whom to blame his own misdoings."

A bashful swain hovers around a girl like "the cat round the hot mush;" and a favorite dish, a crowd, or the housekeeping money, as they rapidly disappear, "melt away like butter in the sun." An unexpected happening, an incredible story, will make the German housekeeper say, "Well, *well*! Will some one please fry me a couple of storks!" and a sad tale of worry, anxiety, or anticipated hard, bad luck, will bring from her the consoling "*No* broth is ever eaten as hot as it is ladled out in the kitchen." And one of the truest words ever spoken shall 'round up this little collection:'

"Eggs and 'they-says' are brittle; beware!
For an egg, once broken; and a 'they-say' once spoken,
Will never, no *never*, become whole by repair!"

From Grape to Glass Unchanged

Just the first crush of clear sweet juice from the choicest Concord Grapes—undiluted, unadulterated, unfermented, unchanged.

RED WING the GRAPE JUICE with the Better Flavor

Red Wing Grape Juice is sold for 10, 20, 30 and 55 cents east of the Rockies.

When you buy Grape Juice, *ask* for Red Wing—*insist* on the brand that *insures* the utmost in purity, quality and grapey goodness. Write for booklet containing recipes for many dainty grape delicacies that delight both guests and home folks. It's *free*.

Manufactured by

Puritan Food Products Co., Inc.

Fredonia, N. Y.

A May Day Treat For You

Let the Knox Cooks send you enough

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

to make six plates of Cherry Sponge

1 tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
½ cup cold water. 1 cup of cherry juice.
Juice of one lemon. ½ cup of sugar.
1 ½ cups cherries. Whites of two Eggs.

Soak gelatine in the cold water 5 minuses and dissolve in the hot cherry juice. Add Cherries (stoned and cut in halves) and lemon juice. When jelly is cold and beginning to set, add whites of 2 eggs beaten until stiff. Mold and when ready to serve turn on to serving dish and garnish with whipped cream, putting chopped cherries over the top.

NOTE: This same recipe may be used with other canned fruits.

THIS will be our treat to you for the month of May. You will be so delighted you will always have Knox Gelatine in your home.

Send us your grocer's name, enclosing a 2-cent stamp and we will send you the Knox Gelatine.

We want every reader of this publication to know how to use KNOX GELATINE for all kinds of Desserts, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, Salads and Candies.

We will send you, free, an illustrated book of recipes with the Gelatine.

Chas. B. Knox Co.
7 Knox Ave.
Johnstown, N. Y.

The Way to Distinguish an Imperfect Can

WHEN the housewife is dissatisfied with Canned Foods, it is almost always because of an imperfect can or difficulty in opening it.

Occasionally, in making a can, the seam is not closed perfectly tight, or it is injured by rough handling in shipping, and air gradually leaks into the can through some very small opening that cannot be easily discovered. This causes the tin to bulge out slightly at the ends and the contents to deteriorate.

Before opening a tin of Canned Foods of any kind, whether they be prepared at home or not, always examine the top and bottom. If the tin is convex or buldged out, it is best to return it to the dealer. Probably it is overfilled, or not cooked enough, but it might be an imperfect can, and it is best not to accept it.

If the can is sound and the ends flat, or slightly drawn in, you can be sure that the contents are in perfect conditions.

To open the can, remove enough of the label so as to see the seam on the side of the can; lay the can on its side and insert the opener right next to this seam and close to the top. Now hold the can firmly on the table in an upright position and work the opener away from the seam until you have cut entirely around the can. You can then turn back the entire top and the fruit will not be mutilated when it is poured. If the can is held firmly, there is no danger of cutting the hands.

A Revised Version

One predicts a future for the schoolboy who wrote the following terse narrative about Elijah:

"There was a man named Elijah. He had some bears and he lived in a cave. Some boys tormented him. He said: 'If you keep on throwing stones at me, I'll turn the bears on you and they'll eat you up.' And they did and he did and the bears did."

Hawaiian Pineapple

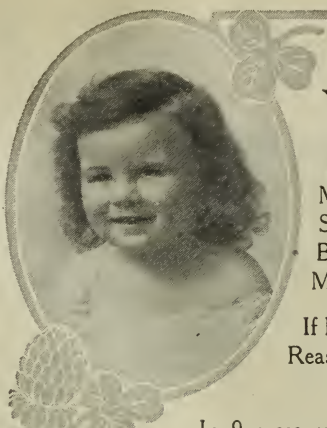
—the golden luscious kind, is a delicious dessert for early summer days, simply chilled and served; it also makes tempting ices, sherbets and fruit drinks; or it is the highly satisfactory basis of many fine salads, pastries and puddings suitable for the home table or for entertaining. All described in our free booklet, **"How We Serve Hawaiian Pineapple,"** by the following 15 culinary experts:

Fannie Merritt Farmer
Marion Harland
Janet McKenzie Hill
Alice Getchell Kirk
Marion Harris Neil
Lilian Dynevor Rice
Sarah Pearson Stuart
Josephine Grenier
Christine Terhune Herrick
Helen Louise Johnson
Anna W. Morrison
Maria Parloa
Sarah Tyson Rorer
Emma Paddock Telford
Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Ask your grocer for Hawaiian Pineapple, Sliced, Crushed, or Grated. It is picked ripe, canned right and costs no more than domestic fruits. Send for free booklet today. Address

Hawaiian Pineapple Publicity Department
1507 Tribune Building, New York

Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple frozen in the can and eaten with Whipped Cream



DOES

YOUR BABY

Measure up to the Standard of the BETTER BABY Movement?

If Not, What is the Reason?

In 9 cases out of 10 it is a question of Feeding.

If properly fed, other conditions being correct, Baby should at least be Normal in his physical development.

Mental development depends largely upon a satisfying food.

All milk makes a curd in the Baby's Stomach. The curd should be light, so the digestive juices of the delicate stomach can act readily upon it.

Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk makes a light, flocculent curd similar to that of Mother's Milk.

It contains the necessary elements for building firm flesh and bone. The baby is satisfied and grows normally.

Send for Feeding Chart and literature.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO

"Leaders of Quality"

Est. 1857

NEW YORK

The unexpected guest
will always find you ready if your pantry contains a can of

Kornlet
THE MILK OF GREEN CORN

It is a pleasure to serve these dainty dishes which can be quickly prepared with this delicious preparation of green sweet corn.

Kornlet Soup—Whets the appetite for more.
Kornlet Pudding—For a delicious dessert.
Kornlet Fritters—My—but they are good.
Kornlet Au Gratin—As a side dish—very nourishing.
Kornlet Breakfast Cakes—Start the day just right.

Recipes on the wrapper and in the booklet.
If your grocer cannot supply you, send us his name and address with 25c in stamps and we will send you a full sized can by Parcel Post, prepaid; also our **Kornlet** Recipe Booklet, free.

Meadow Queen Canned Food is Dependable

The Haserot Canneries Co.
413 Huron Road, Cleveland, Ohio

Your
Soups,
Gravies and
Sauces
will be "just right" if flavored with

Kitchen Bouquet
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Flavoring and Coloring for Soups, Sauces and Gravies

A dash added before serving will impart an appetizing aroma a delicious flavor, a rich brown color, and establish your reputation for home-cooking equal to the best. Write today for a Free Sample Bottle, with new 1914 Booklet of tested recipes.

Kitchen Bouquet is sold by grocers everywhere.

THE PALISADE MFG. CO., 353 Clinton Av., W. Hoboken, N. J.

In Answer to Prayer

THE author of "Seventy Years Young," Mrs. Emily P. Bishop, tells of one way, and a very good way, indeed, of insuring an answer to our prayers.

A little girl's brother set a trap to catch birds. The little girl knew that it was wrong, cruel, against the laws of kindness, and altogether inexcusable. She wept at first, then her mother noticed that she became cheerful again, and she was asked the cause.

"I prayed for my brother to be a better boy."

"What else?" inquired her mother.

"I prayed that the trap would not catch any little birds."

"What else?"

"Then I went out and kicked the old trap all to pieces."

Another Higher Critic

A SUNDAY school teacher told about in "Everybody's", after conducting a lesson on the story of "Jacob's Ladder," concluded by saying: "Now is there any little girl or boy who would like to ask a question about the lesson?"

Little Susie looked puzzled for a moment, and then raised her hand.

"A question, Susie?" asked the teacher.

"I would like to know," said Susie, "if the angels have wings, why did they have to climb up the ladder?"

The teacher thought for some moments, and then, looking about the class, asked: "Is there any little boy who would like to answer Susie's question?"

The Real Question

"My son," said the father impressively; "suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you?"

"Why," said the son irreverently, "I'd stay here; the question is, what would become of you?" — *Ladies Home Journal.*

Makes Cooking Easy.

Coal, Wood and Gas Range.

This Range is also made with Elevated gas oven, or if gas is not desired, with Reservoir on right end It can be furnished with fire-box at either right or left of oven as ordered

A Woman Can't Help

wanting a Plain Cabinet Glenwood, it is so Smooth and Easy to clean. No filigree or fussy ornamentation, just the natural black iron finish—"The Mission Idea" applied to a range. A room saver too—like the upright piano. Every essential refined and improved upon.

The Broad, Square Oven

with perfectly straight sides is very roomy. The Glenwood oven heat Indicator, Improved baking damper, Sectional top, Revolving grate and Roller bearing ash-pan are each worthy of special mention.

The Glenwood Gas Range

attachment, consisting of Oven, Broiler and Four burner top, is made to bolt neatly to the end of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood coal range. It matters not whether your kitchen is large or small—there's a Plain Glenwood made to fit it.

Glenwood Ranges

Write for free booklet 73 of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood to Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.
If interested in a separate Gas Range ask for booklet 77.

EDDY Refrigerators

They Stand Back of Every Successful Housewife

EDDY Refrigerators are backed up by practical experience as well as by scientific construction.

EDDY Refrigerators are made right. Thick walls, with an air circulation that is perfect, the hot air is kept out, and the cold air is confined in such a manner that you obtain the greatest results from the ice.

EDDY Refrigerators are made of white pine, which wood is the best non-conductor of heat. Fitted with slate stone shelves, which retain the cold and are most sanitary in every particular.

For 67 years EDDY Refrigerators have pleased successful housewives.

Ask to see them at your dealers
Send for 1914 catalog

D. EDDY & SONS CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

Enjoy these clams all summer long

The months without an R are the best months to enjoy Pioneer Minced Sea Clams. You appreciate more than ever their delicacy and fine flavor. They make dainty dishes—such as Creamed Minced Clams, Deviled Minced Clams, Minced Clam Salad, as well as soups and chowder—that set the lagging appetite on edge.

Pioneer MINCED SEA Clams

have no equal. They are packed from fat, tender Razor clams, found only on North Pacific Shores—with the salt sea flavor preserved for your enjoyment. If your grocer doesn't handle Pioneer Minced Sea Clams

Order a can Parcel Post

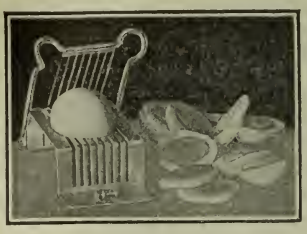
Send us 25c for full sized can, or $1.25 for six cans. Can makes 1 1-2 quarts soup, 1 quart chowder, or the 22 other good dishes shown in our

Free Recipe Book

Tells how to make delectable soups, chowders, salads, omelets, fritters, patties, etc. Be sure to mention dealer's name when you write.

Sea Beach Packing Works
105 Pacific Ave., Aberdeen, Wash., U. S. A.

A NOVELTY That Does Efficient Work



AN
EGG SLICER

Saves Time and Eggs

Does the work quicker and better than it can be done in any other way.

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The Boston Cooking-School Magazine Co.
BOSTON, MASS.

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Send us your poems or melodies today, Prompt acceptance guaranteed if available. Examination, advice and Big Book FREE. DUGDALE CO., 225 Dugdale Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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ROCKY MT. TEACHERS' AGENCY. EMPIRE BLD'G, DENVER, COLO.

Put goodness into your bread by using

Fleischmann's Yeast

and make the baking easier for yourself at the same time. Fleischmann's Yeast will do it—always. Send for our recipe book—it's free.

The Fleischmann Company
701 Washington Street New York City

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CRESCO FLOUR

DIET FOR DYSPEPTICS

And Cases of
KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES AND OBESITY

Makes delicious foods for everybody.
Unlike other foods. Ask grocers. For book or sample, write
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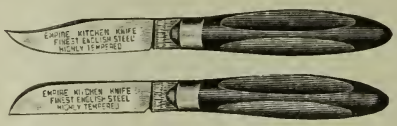

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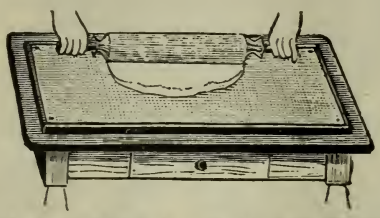

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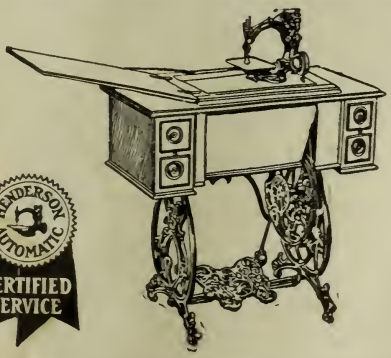

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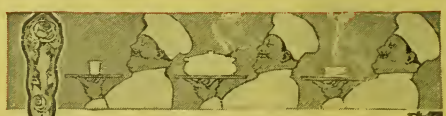

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